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Farquhar
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THE

WORKS

Of the late INGENIOUS.

Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR:

Containing all his

POEMS, LETTERS,

ESSAYS AND COMEDIES.

In Two VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

The TENTH EDITION. Corrected from the Errors of former Impreſſions. To which are added ſome MEMOIRS of the Author, never before Publiſh'd.

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MDCC LXXII.

MEMOIRS

OF

Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

MR. *FARQUHAR*, an ingenious comic Writer and Poet, was the Son of a Clergyman in *Ireland*, and born at *Londonderry* in the Year 1678. There he received the Rudiments of Education, and diſcovered a Genius early devoted to the Muſes. When he was very young, he gave Specimens of his Poetry; and diſcovered a Force of Thinking, and Turn of Expreſſion, much beyond his Years. His Parents, having a numerous Iſſue, could beſtow on him no other Fortune than a liberal and polite Education; therefore, when he was qualified for the Univerſity, he was ſent to *Trinity College* in *Dublin*. This was in the Year 1694. He made great Progreſs in his Studies, and acquired a conſiderable Reputation: but his gay and volatile Diſpoſition could not long reliſh the Gravity and Retirement of a College-life; and therefore, ſoon quitting it, he betook himſelf to the Diverſions of the Stage, and got admitted into the Company of the *Dublin* Theatre. He had the Advantage of a good Perſon, and was well received as an Actor, though his Voice was ſomewhat weak: For which he was reſolved to continue on the Stage, till ſomething better ſhould offer. But his Reſolution was ſoon broken by an Accident, whereby he was near turning a feigned Tragedy into a real one: for being to play the Part of *Guyomar*, who kills *Vaſquez*, in Mr. *Dryden*'s *Indian Emperor*, and forgetting to exchange his Sword for a Foil, in the Engagement he wounded his brother Tragedian, who repreſented *Vaſquez*, very dangerouſly; and tho' the wound did not prove mortal, yet Mr. *Farquhar* was ſo ſhock'd at it, that he determined never to appear on the Stage any more.

Soon after this, Mr. *Farquhar*, who had now no I
ducement to remain at *Dublin*, went to *London*. Aft
his Arrival there, which was in the Year 1696, the c
lebrated Actor and his Friend Mr. *Wilks*, ceaſed not
ſollicit him, till he had prevailed with him to write
Play. *Wilks*, knowing his Humour and Abilities, a
ſured him, that he was conſidered by all in a muc
higher Light than he had yet ſhewn himſelf in; and th
he was much fitter to furniſh Compoſitions for t
Stage, than to echo thoſe of other Poets upon it; but h
was more ſuſtantially invited by a genteel Accommod
tion, which ſuffered him to exerciſe his Genius at h
Leiſure; for the Earl of *Orrery*, who was a Patron a
well as Maſter of Letters, conferred a Lieutenant's Com
miſſion upon him in his own Regiment in *Ireland*, whic
Mr. *Farquhar* held ſeveral Years, and behaved himſel
well as an Officer, giving ſeveral Proofs both of Cou
rage and Conduct. In the Year 1698, his firſt Comedy
called *Love and a Bottle*, appeared upon the Stage
and for its ſprightly Dialogue and buſy Scenes wa
well received by the Audience, tho' *Wilks* had n
Part in it. It may not be amiſs to remember, that th
Year after the celebrated Mrs. *Oldfield* was, partly upo
his Judgment and Recommendation, admitted on th
Theatre; ſhe then being ſixteen Years of Age.

In the Beginning of the Year 1700, he brought hi
Conſtant Couple, or, *Trip to the Jubilee*, upon the Stage
it being then a Jubilee Year at *Rome*, when [redacted]lot
of all Countries made their Trip thither, to [redacted]
and Trinkets for the Convenience of their Soul[redacted] Bo
dies. In the Character of Sir *Harry Wildair*, our Au
thor drew ſo gay and airy a Figure, ſo ſuited to *Wilks*'
Talents, and ſo animated by his Geſture and Vivacity o
Spirit, that the Player gained almoſt as much Reputa
tion as the Poet. Towards the latter End of this Year
we meet with Mr. *Farquhar* in *Holland*, probably upon
his military Duty; from whence he has given a very fa
cetious Deſcription of thoſe Places and People, in Two
of his Letters dated from the *Brill* and from *Leyden*.
And in a third, dated from the *Hague*, he very humou
rouſly relates how merry he was there at a Treat made
by the Earl of *Weſtmorland*, while not only himſelf, bu
King

King *William*, and others of his Subjects, were detained there by a violent Storm. There is alſo among his Poems, an ingenious Copy of Verſes to his Miſtreſs upon the ſame Subject; which Miſtreſs is ſuppoſed to have been Mrs. *Oldfield*: For that Lady was often heard to ſpeak afterwards of many agreeable Hours ſhe had ſpent in Captain *Farquhar*'s Company. In the Beginning of 1701, he was a Spectator, if not a Mourner, at Mr. *Dryden*'s Funeral; but the Deſcription he has made of it in one of his Letters is not much calculated to inſpire Sorrow.

Mr. *Farquhar*, encouraged by the prodigious Succeſs of his laſt Play, made a Continuation of it in the ſame Year 1701, in his Comedy called *Sir Harry Wildair*, or, *The Sequel of the Trip to the Jubilee*; in which Mrs. *Oldfield* received as much Reputation, and was as greatly admired in her Part, as *Wilks* was in his. In 1702, he publiſhed his Miſcellanies, or, Collection of Poems, Letters, and Eſſays, which contain a variety of humourous and pleaſant Sallies of Fancy. It is ſaid, that ſome of the Letters were publiſhed from Copies returned him, at the Requeſt of Mrs. *Oldfield*. There is at the End of them an Eſſay, which is called, *A Diſcourſe upon Comedy, in Reference to the Engliſh Stage*. There is one among the Letters, which he calls *The Picture*, containing a Deſcription and Character of himſelf, which begins thus: *My Outſide is neither better nor worſe than my Creator made it, and the Piece being made by ſo great an Artiſt, 'twere Preſumption to ſay there were many Strokes amiſs. I have a Body qualified to anſwer all the Ends of its Creation, and that's ſufficient. As to the Mind, which in moſt Men wears as many Changes as their Body, ſo in me 'tis generally dreſſed like my Perſon in black. In ſhort, my Conſtitution is very ſplenetic and very amorous; both which I endeavour to hide, leſt the former ſhould offend others, and the latter incommode myſelf: And my Reaſon is ſo vigilant in reſtraining thoſe two Failings, that I am taken for an eaſy-natured Man by my own Sex, and an ill-natured Clown by yours.—I have very little Eſtate, but what lies under the Circumference of my Hat; and ſhould I by Misfortune come to loſe my Head, I ſhould not be worth a Groat. But I ought to thank Providence, that I can by three Hours Study live one-*

one-and-twenty, with Satisfaction to myself; and contri to the Maintenance of more Families, than ſome who h Thouſands a Year. This, though not all, is enough a Specimen.

In the Year 1703, came out another diverting Com of his, called *The Inconſtant*, or, *The Way to win h* But now plain *Engliſh* Productions, with nothing good Senſe, natural Humour, and Wit to recomm them, began to give way to *Italian* and *French* Ope the airy Entertainments of Dancing and Singing, w conveyed no Inſtruction, awakened no generous Paſ nor filled the Breaſt with any thing great and mar and therefore this Comedy was received more co than the former, tho' not at all inferior to them Merit. Mr. *Farquhar* was married this Year, and was at firſt reported, to a great Fortune; which in he expected, but was miſerably diſappointed. The L had fallen in love with him, and ſo violent was her ſion, that ſhe reſolved to have him at any Rate; an ſhe knew he was too much diſſipated in Life to fa love, or to think of Matrimony, unleſs Advantage annexed to it, ſhe firſt cauſed a Report to be ſprea her being a great Fortune, and then had given hir underſtand, that ſhe was in love with him. *Farq* married her; and what is pretty extraordinary, the he found himſelf deceived, his Circumſtances em raſſed, and his Family increaſing, he never upbra her for the Cheat, but behaved to her with all the licacy and Tenderneſs of an indulgent Huſband.

Very early in the Year 1704, a Farce called *Stage Coach*, in the Compoſition of which he was joi concerned with another, made its firſt Appearance, was well received. His next Comedy, named *The T Rivals*, was play'd in 1705. In 1706 was acted Comedy, called *The Recruiting Officer*. He dedicate *to all Friends round the Wrekin*, a noted Hill near *Shr bury*, where he had been to recruit for his Comp and where, from his Obſervations on Country Life, Manner that Serjeants inveigle Clowns to inliſt, and Behaviour of the Officers towards the Milk-maids Country Wenches, whom they ſeldom fail of deba ing, he collected Matter ſufficient to build a Com

upon; in which he was ſo ſucceſsful, that even now that Comedy fails not to bring full Houſes. His laſt Comedy was *The Beaux's Stratagem*, of which he did not live to enjoy the full Succeſs. He was unhappily oppreſſed with ſome Debts; and this obliged him to make Application to a certain Courtier, who had formerly given him many Profeſſions of Friendſhip. His pretended Patron adviſed him to convert his Commiſſion into the Money he wanted, and pledged his Honour, that in a ſhort Time he would provide him another. This Circumſtance appearing favourable, and unable to bear the Thoughts of Want, he ſold his Commiſſion: But when he renewed his Application, and repreſented his diſtreſſed Situation, his noble Patron had forgot his Promiſe, or rather perhaps had never reſolved to fulfil it. This diſtracting Diſappointment ſo prey'd upon our Author, that it carried him off this worldly Theatre, while his laſt Play was acting in the Height of its Succeſs, at that of *Drury-lane*. His Death happened in 1707, before he was 30 Years of Age. His friend Mr. *Wilks* was very kind to his two Daughters, and propoſed to his Brother Managers, who readily came into it, to give each of them a Benefit, to put them out to Mantua-makers.

The Author of the *Muſes Mercury*, or *Monthly Miſcellany*, for *May* 1707, has the following Paſſage. *All that love Comedy will be ſorry to hear of the Death of Mr.* Farquhar, *whoſe two laſt Plays had ſomething in them truly humorous and diverting. It is true, the Critics will not allow any Part of them to be regular; but Mr.* Farquhar *had a genius for Comedy, of which one may ſay, that it was rather above Rules than below them. His Conduct, though not artful, was ſurpriſing; his Characters, though not great, were juſt; his Humour, though low, diverting; his Dialogue, though looſe and incorrect, gay and agreeable; and his Wit, though not ſuper-abundant, pleaſant. In ſhort his Plays have, upon the whole, a certain Air of Novelty and Mirth, every Time they are repreſented; and ſuch as love to laugh at the Theatre will probably miſs him more than they now imagine.* He ſeems to have been a Man of Genius, rather ſprightly than great, rather flowery than ſolid. His Comedies are diverting, becauſe his Characters are natural, and

ſuch as we frequently meet with; but he has uſed no Art in drawing them, nor does there appear any Force of Thinking, or deep Penetration into Nature, in any of his Performances; but rather a ſuperficial View, pleaſant enough to the Eye, tho' capable of leaving no great Impreſſion on the Mind. He had, it muſt be allowed, a lively Imagination; but then it was not capable of any great Compaſs. He had Wit too; but it was of ſuch a Kind, that it rather loſt than gained by being dwelt upon: and it is certainly true, that his Comedies in general owe their Succeſs as much to the Player as to any thing intrinſically excellent in themſelves.

However, if the Sale of Books be any Proof of their Merit, there is Reaſon enough to think well of Mr. *Farquhar*; for the Eighth Edition of his Works, containing all his Poems, Eſſays, and Comedies, publiſhed in his Life-time, was printed in *London*, in 2 vols. 12mo. in the Year 1742.

TO THE READER.

SIR,

IN this Collection of Letters, it is but reaſonable that you ſhould have one among the reſt; and tho' I may want the Honour of your Acquaintance, yet be aſſur'd, there is no Perſon in the World more willing to oblige you than your humble Servant. I have heard ſuch a Character of your Honour, your Wit, your Judgment, your Learning, and your Candour, that I am in a perfect Rapture to think how happy I ſhall be in your Hands.

It was a good ancient Cuſtom with our Forefathers, to begin their Prefaces with Kind Reader. *I would have reviv'd that Faſhion with all my Heart, and call'd you* Courteous, *or* Gentle Reader, *as you very well deſerve; but I thought the Stile a little too obſolete for a Book that I deſign'd ſhould be a* Beau. *For you muſt underſtand, Sir, that this Gentleman is Span new from Top to Toe, talks of every Thing but Religion, admires himſelf very much, and his greateſt Ambition is to pleaſe the Ladies. But to finiſh his Character, he is perfectly civil to every Body he meets, and with a more particular and profound Reſpect does he run to kiſs your Hands.*

He is none of thoſe Bully-books that come bluff into the World, with Damme, Reader, you're a Blockhead if you don't commend me. *No, no, Sir——If you like him, why you have all the Senſe that he thought you had——If you diſlike him, you have more Senſe than he was aware of, that's all.*

Beſides all this, he has more Manners than to come among Gentlemen with his Taylor's Bill in his Hand, and to entertain the Company with a long Preface or Inventory to his Equipments; as ſuch a Thing coſt ſo much, and ſuch a Thing is worth ſo much, the Work of ſuch a Part is excellent, the

Faſhion from Paris, *and the Taylor a* Frenchman; *you muſt pardon him for that, Sir: If you like the Suit, taking it all together, approve his Fancy, and allow it becomes him, he's your very humble Servant.*

Moreover, Sir, I wou'd have you to know, that this Gentleman is of ſome Circumſtance and Condition, and has not been engag'd in the Shifts that ſome late Sparks are put to for their Habiliments, who ferrit all the Wit-brokers in Town, taking up from ſeveral Places, and ſtrut in a ſecond-hand Finery, patch'd up of the Scraps and Remnants of the eminent Men of the Age. *For I muſt tell you, Sir, tho' his Cloaths be but plain, yet they are his own, taken up handſomely at one Place, where he may have Credit for as much more, when theſe are worn out.*

And now, dear Sir, let me intreat you to receive him with the uſual Forms of Civility; if you be a Courtier, you will ſhew your Breeding; receive him with a ſincere Smile, ſwear to do him all the Service you can, and you will certainly keep your Word——as you us'd to do. From the City he expects more than an ordinary Reception, becauſe he is become one of their Honourable Society; he is bound to his Bookſeller, and ten to one may ſerve ſeven Years in his Shop, if the Town don't club to purchaſe his Freedom; he expects good Quarter from the Wits and Critics, becauſe he ſets up for neither; beſides, he has ſcatter'd ſome little Nonſenſe here and there, that they might not be diſappointed of their Prey. But his greateſt Concern is for his Entertainment with the Ladies, reſolv'd however not to complain, thinking it a greater Honour to fall a Sacrifice to the Reſentment of the Fair, than to live by the Approbation of Men. Tho' he has ſome Grounds for a more moderate Fate at their Hands, becauſe a great Part of the Work was firſt deſign'd for one of that Sex, without any farther Conſideration of pleaſing the World; and the Beauties of the Book, if there be any, were brought from a Lady's Cabinet to the Preſs; and if it can but from the Preſs get back again into the Ladies Cloſets, there may it reſt, and Peace be with it.

Now, Sir, as we met good Friends, pray let us part ſo; I hate quarrelling mortally, and eſpecially with a Perſon of your preſent Character and Condition; and as you like my Epiſtolary Stile, we ſhall ſettle a farther Correſpondence.

On

)n the Death of General Schomberg, *kill'd at the* Boyn.

A PINDARICK.

I.

HAT diſmal Damp has overſpread the War?
The Victor gives more than the Conquer'd fears:
The Streams of Blood are loſt in Floods of Tears,
ınd Victory with drooping Wings comes flagging from afar.

II.

The *Britiſh* Lion roars
Along the fatal Shores;
'h' *Iberniaη* Harp in mournful Strains,
ſixt with the *Eccho* of the Flood, complains:
ound whoſe reflecting Banks the grieving Voice,
Shakes with a trembling Noiſe,
As if afraid to tell
low the Great, Martial, Godlike *Schomberg* fell.

III.

Gods! How he ſtood,
All terrible in Blood,
topping the Torrent of his Foes, and Current of the
le, *Moſes* like, with Sword inſtead of Wand, (Flood.
'his redder Sea of Gore cou'd ſtrait command;
'ut not, like *Moſes*, to ſecure his Flight,
ut Spite of Waves and Tides, to meet and fight.

IV.

he labouring Guns oppos'd his Paſſage o'er
With Throws tormented on the Shore,
Of which delivered, they ſtart back and roar,
As frighted as the Monſter which they bore.
The furious Offspring ſwath'd in curling Smoak,
And wrapt in Bands of Fire,
Hot with its Parent's ſulph'rous Ire,
And wing'd with Death, flies hiſſing to the Stroke.

V.

Like ſome great rugged Tow'r,
The ancient Seat of Pow'r,
Bending with Age its venerable Halls,
With old and craggy Wrinkles on its Walls,
The Neighbour's Terror whilſt it ſtands, and Ruin when (it falls.
Thus mighty *Schomberg* fell —
Spreading wide Ruins o'er the Ground,
With Deſolation all around,
Cruſhing with deſtructive Weight
The Foes that undermine his ſeat;
Whilſt *Victory*, that always ſpread
Her tow'ring Pinions o'er his Army's Head,
Making his Banner ſtill her Lure,
Like *Marius*'s Vultures, to make Conqueſt ſure,
Seeing the ſpacious Downfal ſo bemoan'd,
Perch'd on the Ruins, clapt her Wings, and groan'd.

VI.

Thus * *Iſrael*'s Hero 'twixt the Pillars ſat,
The *Ne plus ultra* of his Fate;
Theſe *Columns* which upheld his Name,
Much longer by their Fall,
Than thoſe erected ſtrong and tall,
The ſtanding Limits of *Alcides*'s Fame,
He ſat depriv'd of Sight,
Like a black rolling Cloud involv'd in Night,
Conceiving *Thunder* in its ſwelling Womb,
Big with ſurpizing Fate, and ruſhing Doom:
No Flaſh the ſudden Bolt muſt here diſcloſe:
The Lightning of his Eyes extinguiſh'd by his Foes.

* *Sampſon.*

His Foes induſtrious in their juggling Fate,
Him ſlaviſhly enchain'd we ſee,
To what muſt ſet him free,
And them his cheated Keepers captivate.
He ſhook his Chains with ſuch a Noiſe,
The trembling Rout,
Amidſt their Joys,
Gaz'd all about,
And heard the real *Sampſon* in the Voice:
They ſaw him too, 'twas *Sampſon* all,
Who by his Thundring Fall
Gave the loud dread Alarm,
Dragging a Train of Vengeance by each *Giant* Arm,
Their chilling Fears did ſuch Amazement frame,
They ſeem'd all ſtiff and dead before the Ruin came:
The Ruin! only ſuch unto his Foes;
From thence his glorious Monument aroſe;
But *Time*'s corroding Teeth, in ſpite of Stone,
Has eat thro' all, and even the very Ruin's gone:
But *Schomberg*'s Monument ſhall ne'er decay,
The gliding *Boyn*
Time never can disjoin,
Nor on its Floods impoſe his Laws;
They ſlide, untouch'd, from his devouring Jaws,
And always running, yet muſt ever ſtay.

VII.

Hark! how the *Trumpets* hollow Clangors ſound!
The Army has receiv'd an univerſal Wound:
The Death of *Schomberg* hung
On every fault'ring Tongue,
Whilſt pallid Grief did place
A ſympathizing Death in every Soldier's Face:
But hold, ye mighty Chiefs,
Suſpend your needleſs Griefs,
And let victorious Joy your Arms adorn;
The mighty Warrior's *Ghoſt*,
Upon the *Stygian* Coaſt,
Your Sorrows, more than his own Fate, does mourn.
He ſcorns to be lamented ſo,
Moving in ſtately *Triumph* to the Shades below.
Behold the Sprites that lately felt the Blow

Of

Of his commanding warlike Arm,
They ſhivering all ſtart wide, and even more fleeting
As if that powerful Hand, [grow;
That cou'd their groſſer Shapes alive command,
Had Power to diſſolve their airy Form.

VIII.

Then let not funeral Plaints his Trophies wrong,
Let Spoils and Pageants march his Hearſe along,
And ſhout his *Conclamatum* in Triumphal Song.
All baleful *Cyprus* muſt be here deny'd,
But Laurel Wreaths fix in their blooming Pride;
For as he conquer'd living, ſo he conqu'ring dy'd.

Written on Orinda's *Poems lent to a* Lady, *in Imitation of* Ovid.

ME *Damon* ſends his amorous Cauſe to plead,
Orinda muſt for *Damond intercede:*
Me has he choſe to move your angry Mind,
Me the ſoft Fav'rite of the ſofter Kind.
Me has he choſe your rigorous Breaſt to move,
He knows my Force in Poetry and Love.
Me has he choſe to tell his anxious Pain;
Read me, and read the Paſſion of the Swain.
Whatever Power of Love my Lines can ſhow,
It falls far ſhort of what he feels for you:
Where'er *Orinda* melts in moving Strains,
Think, *Cælia*, think that *Damon* thus complains:
Whene'er I grieve, think *Damon* grieves for you,
Pity the Swain that does ſo humbly ſue:
This *Damon* begs, *Orinda* begs it too.

To the ingenious Lady, Author of the Fatal Friendſhip, *deſign'd for a Recommendatory Copy to her Play.*

LET others call the ſacred Nine to aid
Their moving Thoughts, in moving Numbers laid;
Invoke the fiery *God*, with all the Throng,
That ancient Bards implor'd to guide their Song;

Whilſt

Whilſt I for nobler Inſpiration ſue,
Scorning their weaker Helps, invoking you.
You, who alone have Pow'r our Thoughts to raiſe,
And wing our Fancy to attempt your Praiſe,
Nought but your charming Beauty can diſpenſe
A Flame ſufficient to deſcribe your Senſe.
Whilſt ſo much Beauty in your Form is ſhown,
No Pen on Earth can reach it but your own.
Go on then, *Daphne*, *Phœbus* will purſue,
His chaſter Fires are all enjoy'd by you;
You are his fairer Nymph, you bear his Laurel too.
Go on, thou Champion for thy Sex deſign'd,
And prove the Muſes are of Female Kind;
Let diſtant Nations *Engliſh* Beauties prize,
As much for Charms of Wit, as Pow'r of Eyes:
Your moving Scenes the raviſh'd Audience drew,
Raptures we felt, as when your Eyes we view;
Such Arts were us'd to mix our Hopes and Fears,
You made Grief pleaſing, and we ſmil'd in Tears.
Thus Lovers view a Miſtreſs's Diſdain,
And love to look, tho' ſure to look in Pain.
Th' Effects of labour'd Art your Work reveals,
Yet a ſuperior Art that Art conceals.
Here Nature gains, tho' naked, thus diſplay'd;
Like Beauty, moſt adorn'd, when leaſt array'd.
Go on then, doubly arm'd, to conquer Men;
Phœbus his Harp and Bow, you boaſt your Eyes and Pen.
All to the firſt without Reluctance yield,
But your victorious Pen has forc'd the Field.

An Epigram on the Riding-Houſe in Dublin, *made into a Chapel.*

A *Chapel* of the Riding-Houſe is made;
We thus once more ſee *Chriſt* in Manger laid;
Where ſtill we find the Jockey Trade ſupply'd,
The *Layman* bridled, and the *Clergy* ride.

To

To a Lady, being detain'd from viſiting her by a Storm.

SO poor *Leander* view'd the *Seſtian* Shore,
Whilſt Winds and Waves oppos'd his Paſſage o'er;
More moiſt with Tears, becauſe by Floods reſtrain'd,
Than in theſe Floods had he his Wiſh obtain'd;
So drown'd yet burnt within, upon the Banks he lean'd;
Lean'd, begging Calms; and as he begging lay,
Implor'd with Sighs the Winds, with Tears the Sea.
One wou'd have thought by all theſe Mixtures ſent,
To raiſe a ſecond greater Storm he meant.
Juſt ſo whilſt kept from you by Storms I weep;
The Winds my Sighs, my Tears augment the Deep;
With flowing Eyes I view the diſtant Side,
The Space that parts us doth myſelf divide.
Here's only left the poor external Part,
Whilſt you, where'er you move, poſſeſs my Heart.
Depriv'd of Love, and your bleſt Sight, I die,
Whilſt you the firſt, and Storms the laſt deny.

The Lover's Night.

THE Night's black Curtain o'er the World was ſpread,
And all Mankind lay Emblems of the Dead;
A deep and awful Silence, void of Light,
With duſky Wings ſat brooding o'er the Night:
The rolling Orbs mov'd ſlow from Eaſt to Weſt,
With Harmony that lull'd the World to Reſt;
The Moon withdrawn, the oozy Floods lay dead,
The very influence of the Moon was fled;
Some twinkling Stars, that thro' the Clouds did peep,
Seeming to wink as if they wanted Sleep;
All Nature huſh'd, as when diſſolv'd and laid
In ſilent *Chaos* ere the World was made;
Only the Beating of the Lover's Breaſt
Made Noiſe enough, to keep his Eyes from Reſt;
His little World, not like the greater, lay,
In loudeſt Tumults of diſorder'd Day;

His

His Sun of Beauty ſhone to light his Breaſt,
With all its various Toils and Labours preſt;
The Sea of Paſſions in his working Soul,
Rais'd by the Tempeſts of his Sighs, did roll
In tow'ring Floods, to overwhelm the whole;
Thoſe Tyrants of the Mind, vain Hope and Fear,
That ſtill by Turns uſurp an Empire there,
Now raiſing Man on high, then plunging in Deſpair.
Thus *Damon* lies, his Grief no Reſt affords,
'Till ſwelling full, it thus burſt out in Words.
Oh! I could curſe all Woman-kind but one,
And yet my Griefs proceed from her alone;
Was not our Paradiſe by Woman loſt?
But in this Woman ſtill we find it moſt.
Hell's greateſt Curſe a Woman, if unkind,
Yet Heav'ns great Bleſſing, if ſhe loves, we find.
Oh! if ſhe lov'd, no God the Bliſs cou'd tell,
She wou'd be Heav'n itſelf, were ſhe not ſo much Hell.
Thus our chief Joys with moſt Allays are curſt,
And our beſt Things, when once corrupted, worſt.
But Heav'n is juſt; ourſelves the Idols fram'd,
And are for ſuch vain Worſhip juſtly damn'd.
Thus the poor Lover argu'd with his Fate;
Æmylia's Charms now did his Love create,
That Love repuls'd, now prompted him to hate.
Sometimes his Arms wou'd croſs his Boſom reſt,
Hugging her lovely Image printed on his Breaſt;
Where flattering Painter Fancy ſhew'd his Art,
In charming Draughts, his Pencil *Cupid*'s Dart;
The Shadow drawn ſo lively did appear,
As made him think the real Subſtance there;
Then was he bleſt, all Rapture ſtunn'd with Joy,
Exceſs of Pleaſure did his Bliſs deſtroy;
He thought her naked, ſoft, and yielding Waſte,
Within his preſſing Arms lay folded faſt;
Nay, by the Gods, ſhe really there was plac'd:
Elſe how cou'd Pleaſure to ſuch Raptures flow?
Th' Effect was real.——Then the Cauſe was ſo.
What more can moſt ſubſtantial Pleaſure boaſt,
Than Joy when preſent, Memory when paſt?
Then Bliſs is real which the Fancy frames,
Or theſe call'd real Joys, are only Dreams.

The

The Brill, Auguſt the 10*th*, 1700, *New Stile.*

Dear SAM,

TO give you a ſhort Journal of my ſhort Voyage, on *Wedneſday* I got to *Harwich* about Four in the Afternoon, and alighted at one of the cleaneſt, beſt-furniſh'd *Inns* in the Kingdom; my Warrant for the Packet-boat coſt me *Half a Piece*, and to the Officers for not executing their Duty, *Half a Crown*. This Place, like moſt Sea-Ports, we found extravagantly dear; but to eaſe that Inconvenience, we were adviſ'd to get aboard by Eleven at Night. Here I met a Gentleman, whoſe Company I was very happy in, though extremely concern'd for the Occaſion of his Voyage, which was an Expreſs to the King of the Duke of *Glouceſter*'s Death. This was the firſt News I had of this public Loſs, which I had not much Time to reflect upon, being ſo nearly touch'd on the Score of my private Concern by a violent Storm that immediately came upon us: You may gueſs at our Circumſtances, when I aſſure you, that our greateſt Comfort was the Lightning, that ſhew'd the Seamen their Buſineſs, which otherwiſe they muſt have grop'd for; all Intercourſe of Speech being broken off by the Loudneſs of the Thunder. We had ſuch warm Work, that I ſometimes allowed it a juſt Thought, that Satan ſhould be entitled *Prince of the Air*; and again, why the Devil ſhould command the Artillery of Heaven I could not ſo well comprehend. I ſupported myſelf with the Thought, that Providence had no deſign upon me, but that this Tumult of the Elements was their Manner of expreſſing their Grief for the Loſs of his *Highneſs*; or that they were angry at Mr. *L———r* for bringing ſuch unwelcome News into their Dominions, and for making a Property of them to ſpread it abroad. By this Kind of Poetical Philoſophy I bore up pretty well under my Apprehenſions, tho' never worſe prepared for Death, I muſt confeſs; for I think I had never ſo much Money about me at a Time. We had ſome Ladies aboard that were ſo extremely ſick, that they often wiſh'd for Death, but were

ımnably afraid of being drown'd. But as the
e ſays, *Sorrow may laſt for a Night, but Joy cometh*
rning; the Weather clear'd up with the Day,
ıd turn'd Weſterly, and in a few Hours, I was
› ſay, we ſaw *England* out of Sight. All *Thurſ-*
had a freſh Gale and cold Chickens; our Wine
out at a ſtrange Rate; for our Stomachs ebb'd
v'd like the Element. On *Friday* Morning we
ıe Coaſt of *Holland*, a ſtiff Gale, and the Sea
h. I was mightily pleaſed to view the Con-
you may be ſure; but as I ſtood upon the *Poop*
; its firſt Appearance with my *Perſpective*, I had
Rebuke for my Curioſity by a great Sea, that
Fore and *Aft*, that I was ſeaſon'd for a *Dutchman*
ately. Whether this be a Compliment of Salu-
ıſually paid to Strangers, or that the *Batavian*
ards took me for a Spy upon their Frontiers, I
ave the Skipper to determine. In ſhort, by
; of a ſtaunch Ship, and the Influence of a ſtaunch
in Favour of the *Old Bailey Bar*, we got over
at the *Maeſe*; and the *Dutch* Wave has clear'd
-ſight of an Error that we *Britons* are very fond
the *Thames* is the fineſt River in the Univerſe;
.n aſſure you, *Sam*, that the *Rhine* is as much
it, as a *Pair of Oars* before a *Sculler*, let all the
between *Chelſea* and *Richmond* argue never ſo
the contrary; tho' in one Sort of *Traffick* upon
't of the *Thames* we exceed the whole World,
· the Quantity and Cheapneſs of the Commo-
nd I believe the Store-houſe for this Kind of
ncluding the *Play-houſe* and the *Roſe*, may con-
th moſt *Marts* in *Europe*.

Day at Eleven we landed at the *Brill*, and
ave a ſmall Taſte of this *Republick*, that makes
Noiſe in the World.——My Fancy, in reſpect
ſtation, has generally been ſo fruitful, that the
Part of my Hopes has frequently ended in
ıintments; and I have ſeldom found Things
› to anſwer the *Idea* that I have uſually fram'd
Excellence; but here I muſt confeſs the Rea-
:eds the Shadow, and I am pleas'd once in my
find a Thing that can afford me ſubſtantial
Pleaſure

Pleaſure in the Enjoyment. I have read much of this Place, fancy'd more, yet all falls ſhort of what I ſee.

At my firſt Entrance into this Town, I made one Diſcovery, which I believe has hitherto eſcap'd moſt Travellers, *viz.* That the *Dutch* are the greateſt *Beaux* in the World, only with this Difference from the Gentleman at *White*'s, that their Finery is much more noble and ſubſtantial; I never knew the faireſt, fineſt, full-bottom Wig, moſt nicely fixt on the moſt beautiful Block in the Side Box, look half ſo genteel as a *Dutch* Canal with a ſtately Row of flouriſhing Trees on each Side, and ſome Twenty beautiful Bridges laid a-croſs it, within Sixty or Seventy Paces one of another. I never knew a Valet, and a Barber with Razors, Tweezers, Perfumes, and Waſhes, work half ſo hard upon a Gentleman's Face, that deſign'd a Conqueſt on a Birth-Night, as I have ſeen a luſty *Dutch* Woman with a Mop and warm Water ſcrub the Marbles and Tiles before the Door, till ſhe had ſcour'd them brighter than any Fop's Complexion in the Univerſe. No Firſt-rate Beau with us, drawn by his Six before and Six behind, lolling luxurioufly in his Coach, appears half ſo gallant as a jolly *Skipper* at the Stern of his Barge, with a fur'd Cap like Rays about his Head, the Helm in his Hand, and his Pipe in his Mouth, with Liberty ſeated in One *Whiſker*, and Property in t'other; and in this Splendor making the *Tour* of half a Dozen fine Cities in a Day, without either Qualm of the Spleen or Twinge of the Gout. Such a Perſon I take for a Beau of the firſt Magnitude, who ſcorning to be lugg'd by Beaſts as Fellows are to *Tyburn*, can harneſs the Winds and Waves for his Equipage; and improving on the Works of Providence, make the univerſal Elements (Air and Water) ſubmit to his private Compoſition of Advantage and Diverſion. To ſee the Wind work in his Sails, and play with his Pendants, muſt certainly afford more ſubſtantial and pure Satisfaction, than the Wince of a Horſe, or the Crack of a Coach-whip.

In ſhort, dear *Sam*, I am not ſo bigotted to Domeſtic Cuſtoms, as not to approve what is admirable here: and you muſt pardon me, that I have thrown up the Prejudices of Nativity with my Beef and Pudding as I came

came over; and 'tis no ſmall Part of my preſent Wonder, why we ſhould call the *Dutch* a ſlovenly Sort of People, ſince to the Eye, which muſt determine that Circumſtance, they are much more gaudy than that Nation we ſo mimic and admire, and with this Advantage, that they are gay without Levity, and fine beyond Foppery. Why we ſhould mention the *Dutch* with Contempt, and the *French* with Admiration, is a ſevere Satire upon the *Engliſh* Judgment, when the Bravery of the Former attract the Admiration of Men, and the Pageantry of the Latter draw only the Eyes of Women: But our *Engliſh* Ladies are ſo very fine, that we are very willing to pleaſe them, and thus are drawn into this unreaſonable Prejudice; but we ought to take care, that by being thus particular Slaves to our reſpective *Miſtreſſes*, we be'nt drawn at laſt into univerſal Bondage to a *Maſter*. The *French* have taken no ſmall Pains of late Years to render themſelves agreeable; they treat us like a Miſtreſs, do every Thing that they fancy will pleaſe us, till they bring us at laſt to act whatſoever ſhall pleaſe them. But this is no news; and I think it a little improper to tell you an *Engliſh* Story from a Place where you may expect ſome foreign Entertainment. I have no more to ſay at preſent, but that I am juſt going for *Rotterdam*, and departing from a *Scotch* Houſe here, where nothing of that Country is to be found but the Landlord; for the Rooms are a Paradiſe for Cleanlineſs, but the Hoſt is a Rogue for his Reckoning. I have got ſuch a Heap of Silver out of a Piſtole, as upon a handſome Counter might give Credit to a Banker; and I can aſſure you, that while I have a Brother to that Piſtole left, you ſhall not ſee

Your Friend and Servant.

Leyden,

Leyden, October, 15, 17

Dear SAM,

THE uſual Excuſe of Gentlemen abroad for ne lecting their Friends at home is, that new S of different Objects continually entertaining us w Changes of Admiration, the Ideas of our old Acquai ance are by Degrees worn out by the Acceſſion of t new; but this kind of Forgetfulneſs were too ſever Charge upon the Merit of my Friends and my o Gratitude, both which I will chuſe to maintain; a I leave it to your Charity to make me an Excuſe my Silence. The Truth is, I have had a very tedic Fit of Sickneſs, which had almoſt ſent your Friend longer Journey than he was willing to undertake preſent; but now being pretty well recovered, I c only inform you in general, that every Day ſupri me with ſome agreeable Object or other; and I fi very much to my Wonder, that the Accounts I have h of this Country are very different from the Obſervatio that may be made upon the Place. Some general R marks there are indiſputably certain, as that nothi can parallel the *Dutch* Induſtry, but the Luxury *England*; and that the Money laid out in the Taverns *London*, in purchaſing Diſeaſes, would victual the wh *United Provinces* very plentifully at their wholſo Courſe of Diet; that the Standing Army maintain'd the *Dutch* for their Security againſt a foreign For are not half ſo expenſive as the Fifty thouſand Lawy kept up by our civil Factions in *England*, for no oth Uſe but to ſet us continually by the Ears; People, li the *Jews*, that are tolerated in all Governments for t Intereſt of the Public, while their main Drift is to e rich themſelves, and who by their Gettings and Cu ning have brought their Riches and Practice into Proverb. The Lawyers here put the Queſtion onl Whether the Thing be lawful? and upon Applicati to the Statutes the Controverſy is immediately d termined. But our Caſuiſts at *Weſtminſter* diſpute n ſo much upon the Legality of the Cauſe, as upon t

Lett

ætter of the Law, and make more Cavils on the leaning of the Words that ſhould determine Juſtice, ıan upon the Equity of the Allegations contended for y the Parties; and the Bulk of our Laws have loaded ıſtice ſo heavily, that 'tis become a Burden to the eople, who in Regard of their Sufferings in this Kind ould borrow an Appellation from Phyſic, and be all'd *Patients* rather than *Clients*.

Another Thing worth Conſideration, in Reſpect of he Laws in *Holland*, is this: None but honeſt Men nake Eſtates by their Practice; for the ſiding with the rrong Party brings the Lawyer into Contempt, and ays him under a ſevere Reprehenſion, either of Ig- ıorance in his Buſineſs, or Knavery to the People: idence it comes to paſs, that Injuſtice, not finding a Patron to ſupport its Cauſe, is forc'd to remove to a neighbouring Country, where the wrong Side was never known to make its Aſſertor bluſh; where the Eloquence of *S——re* and the Impudence of *S——n* are plauſible Pretences for patronizing Injuſtice and abuſing the Client: But there are Bravoes in all Parts of the World, that will take Money for cutting of Throats, whether there be Grounds or not for the Reſentment.

So much for the Law, now for the Goſpel, *Sam.* I think *Holland* may contend for the Catholic Church with any Part in *Europe*, becauſe it is more univerſal in its Religion than any Country in the Univerſe. 'Tis a pleaſant Thing to ſee *Chriſtians*, *Mahometans*, *Jews*, *Proteſtants*, *Papiſts*, *Armenians* and *Greeks*, ſwarming together like a Hive of Bees, without One Sting of Devotion to hurt one another; they all agree about the Buſineſs of this Life, becauſe a Community in Trade is the Intereſt they drive at; and they never joſtle in the Way to the Life to come, becauſe every one takes a different Road. One great Cauſe of this ſo amicable a Correſpondence and Agreement, is, that only the Laity of theſe Profeſſions compoſe the Mixture; here are no Ingredients of Prieſtcraft to ſour the Compoſition; Pulpits indeed they have, but not like *Hudibraſs*'s Eccleſiaſtic Drums, that are continually beating up for Volunteers, to the alarming the whole Nation. Here is no Intereſt of Sects to be manag'd

under

under the Cloak of gaining Proſelytes to the
nor ſtrengthning of Parties by Pretence of reclain
Souls; every Shepherd is content with his own
and *Muſti*, *Levite*, *Pope* and *Preſbiter*, are all Ch
in this, that they live in Unity and Concord.

'Tis a ſtrange Thing, *Sam*, that among us,
can't agree the whole Week, becauſe they go di
Ways upon *Sundays:* This is to make the Lord's
Sower of Diſſenſion, and Religion (which is call
Bond of Peace) to be the Brand of Diſcord and
buſtion: But we have ſome Preachers that think
ſelves inſpir'd with the Spirit, when they are
poſſeſs'd by the Devil; the Fervency of whoſe
diſmiſſes Congregations with Heats and Heart-bu
of Spirit, and blows up the Coals on the Altar
their Neighbour's Houſes on Fire; the Efficacy
Pulpit is ſufficiently ſhewn in the Practice of th
gregations. No People in the World are ſo
notional Principles of Faith; and to what Purpo
following Inſtance will ſhew you. Two Gentle
my Acquaintance, one a devout Hearer at *Covem*
den Church, and the other a violent Zealot for
Burgeſs's Meeting, met one Evening at *Tom*'s
Houſe, and wou'd adjourn to the *Fleece Tavern*,
courſe upon ſome Point of Doctrine managed that
by their reſpective Miniſters. The Drawer brou
a Bottle of new *French*, and the Diſſenter intr
Predeſtination: After two or three hearty Glaſſe
Diſpute grew pretty warm, and the Quotations
Fathers and the Texts of Scripture made ſuch a
that two Wenches, that uſually ply upon thoſe
over-hearing the Buſtle, took them for a couple
vites, and ſo made account to bolt in upon 'em, a
their Mackarel; the Fervency of the Argumen
preſently abated upon the Appearance of the L
and a Topick of a more familiar Nature aſſum'd
both being pretty well convinc'd of their Oppo
Fire and Fancy, the Whores were diſmiſs'd, and
deſtination re-aſſum'd; the Argument grew warm
the Diſputants grew fuddled: In ſhort, they di
themſelves ſtark drunk, drew their Swords to deci
Controverſy; and had not one Mr. *Fern* come in,

ds that Predeſtination had not ſent one to the
ınd t'other to the Gallows. But they parted
at laſt, and ſaid one to t'other, *I am ſorry at my*
lear Friend, that you won't go to Heaven my Way;
away he reel'd to a Bawdy-houſe. Now the
ıf the Fable is this: If the Divines, inſtead of
peculative Theology, had preach'd that Day a
ng Sermon againſt Drunkenneſs and Fornication,
bable that the *Faith* of theſe Gentlemen had been
ıe leſs fortify'd, and their *good Works* much more
'd.

I beg your Pardon for this Digreſſion; I was
to ſay that, excepting a few general Remarks,
f which I have mention'd, the Accounts we have
People are very lame, and ſometimes exactly op-
o the Truth: I ſhall mention one or two Particu-
ıt I found very obvious.

have a Notion in *England* that the *Dutch* are very
Drunkards; whether this Aſperſion ariſes from
People's confounding the *High-Dutch* with the
or that there is a Sottiſhneſs in their Miens and
lexions, I can't determine; but this I can aſſure
hat the Report is as falſe, as ſhou'd I aver, that
ople in *London* are the moſt chaſte and ſober Gen-
ı in the World. 'Tis true, indeed, they will take
oping Glaſs of Brandy, but that is only what is
tely neceſſary to moderate the Moiſture and Cold-
f their Conſtitution, and us'd in ſuch Quantity by
ieaner Sort only, who living continually in the
', muſt require an Allowance to fortify themſelves
ſt the Chilneſs of their Habitations; for you muſt
that whole Families, Men, Women and Children,
ontinually in Boats, and have no more Tenement
y-land than a *Thames* Salmon; but notwithſtand-
ıis incumbent Neceſſity of their taking a Cup of
reature, I never have ſeen, ſince I came into this
ıry, but one *Dutchman* drunk; and altho' his Im-
ıence was no more than is naturally incident to any
in his Condition, yet the whole Boatful of People,
ıe Number of ſixty Perſons, ſhew'd the greateſt
ſion imaginable to his Circumſtances, except two
ree jolly *Engliſhmen* that made very good Sport with

his Humour; and had not we, with ſome *French* Gentlemen, protected his Carcaſe, his Countrymen wou'd have ſous'd him in the Canal very heartily for his Debauch.

As the laborious Life of the inferior Sort requires an exhilerating Glaſs, ſo the ſame Neceſſity, both as to Time and Charge, ſecures them from Exceſs: And for their Gentry, they are indeed ſociable in their own Houſes; but were it not for Strangers, all Places of Public Entertainment muſt conſequently fall; which is the greateſt Argument imaginable for the Sobriety and Temperance of a People; whereas 'tis very well known, that if the very Taverns in *London*, with Seven or Eight handſome Churches, and One or Two of our Inns of Court, (all which we could well enough ſpare) were but handſomely ſeated on the Banks of a River, they would make a Figure with ſome of the moſt remarkable Cities in *Europe*. This indeed is a noble Argument of the Riches of *England*; but whether our Luxury ſprung from Plenty, or the Temperance of *Holland*, the Effect of Neceſſity, be the happier State, is a Queſtion that I want Leiſure now to determine.

Another Account we have current among us, that there are no Beggars in *Holland*; that they are very careful in employing the Poor. That their Manufactures require a great many Hands is moſt certain, but ocular Demonſtration is too ſtrong a Proof againſt all their Induſtry; and I am apt to believe, that the Order of Mendicants is of a very late Inſtitution, elſe ſo viſible a Falſity cou'd never have put this Trick upon Travellers. Whether their late expenſive Wars have ruin'd more People than their Manufactures can employ, or that the Poverty of the *Spaniards* in the Neighbouring *Netherlands*, have by degrees infected the meaner Sort, I ſhan't be poſitive; but nothing is more certain, than that a well-diſpos'd Chriſtian may find as many Objects of Charity here as in any Part of *England*, if we may judge of their Wants by the Fervency of their Cries.

I do believe that the Charity of the *Dutch* is no great Encouragement to Beggars; which is the Reaſon (I conceive) why the Poor flock all to the Highways and

Track-

ſuits, where the Opportunity is good for Appli-
o Strangers.

theſe, and ſome other ſuch-like Particulars, I
t a Matter of Speculation, how the Generality
Engliſh Nation, being ſo near Neighbours to
ıte, ſhou'd be ſo very ſhort in the Knowledge of
nners and Conſtitution of this People; but this
preſume to proceed upon the following Ac-

of our *Engliſh* that viſit this Place, are either
Gentlemen that come abroad to travel, or Mer-
that make a ſhort Trip upon their own private
ns.

the uſual Way with the firſt of theſe to take
en paſſant, either going or coming; and being
ul Sparks, are ſo fond of the Finery at *Paris*,
elicacy of *Rome*, that they han't Leiſure, forſooth,
ell upon the Solidity of this Place. *France* and
e their Provinces, and *Holland* their Inn upon
ad; they lie for a Night, and away the next
ng.

y can tell you, perhaps, that the *Dutch* Manner
velling is very commodious; that the *Hague* is a
Village, *Amſterdam* a fine City, and that the
are a Parcel of heavy, dull, unconverſible
ires, and ſo they leave them. Nothing can reliſh
f old *England* than this peremptory Declaration. I
willingly underſtand how Gentlemen can make
Eſtimate of the Wit and Ingenuity of a People,
they don't ſtay to make one Acquaintance in the
ry, nor can ſpeak one Syllable of their Language.
t of our young Nobility and Gentry travel under
ition of *French* Governors, who, however honeſt
ir Intentions of ſerving their Pupils, are never-
full of their *Moy-Meme*; and from the Prejudices
h and Education, like all other People, are moſt
ble to the Manners, Language, Dreſs and Be-
ır of their own Nation: and though perfectly
, perhaps, in the Accompliſhments that compoſe
we call a fine Gentleman, yet 'tis probable they
all ſhort in thoſe Qualifications that are abſolutely
ary to an *Engliſhman*, in reſpect of the Intereſt of

his Country, and of theſe I take the *Dutch* Language to be none of the moſt trivial. For at the preſent Juncture, which renders it not only ours, but the Intereſt of *Europe*, that we ſhould be well with theſe People, it were not unneceſſary that our Amity ſhould be linked with private Friendſhips and Correſpondence, as by public Leagues and Alliances. An Inſtance of which is very viſible to our Prejudice in the Habitudes and Familiarity contracted by our young Gentlemen at *Paris*, which, without all Diſpute, is one great Reaſon for the Influence retain'd by that Court, not only over our Faſhions and Behaviour, but which is extenſive alſo to Matters of more weighty Conſequence, including even our Councils, Laws and Government.

The ſecond Sort of People that make a Turn into this Country, are our Merchants, whoſe Speculations are limited by a few Particulars, their Affairs not extending to the Policies of State, nor the Humours of the People, they are ſatisfied to mind their Buſineſs only, and to underſtand the Encouragement of Trade, the Prices and Cuſtoms upon Goods, the Value of Stock, and the Rates of Exchange: Their Converſation lies chiefly between the Store-houſe and the Broad-ſide, and that in one or two Cities at moſt, where their Coreſpondents are reſident. So that all the Account we muſt expect from theſe Perſons, muſt only relate to their Trade in general, or to ſome particular Branch of it, which is univerſally underſtood already through the Intercourſe of our Dealing, and neither ſo improving to our Polity, nor ſatisfactory to the Curious. But even among their Encouragments of Trade ſo univerſally known and admir'd, as the advantageous Situation of their Country, their natural Propenſity to Navigation, the Lowneſs of their Impoſts, *&c.* yet by an odd Accident I came to underſtand one Policy in their Trading Conſtitution, which I have never hitherto met with in any verbal or written Account whatſoever. The Matter was thus in all its Circumſtances.

One Day upon the *Exchange* at *Rotterdam*, I caſually met a Gentleman, who ſome time ago lived one of the moſt conſiderable Merchants in *Ireland*, and about ſome four Years ſince, by great Loſſes at Sea, was forc'd

fly his Country in a very mean Condition. I
in mind of his Misfortunes by a Favour he
ferr'd upon me of a Bottle of Claret and a
ongue, at launching of a new ſhip that he had
Dublin; which Veſſel (Bottom and Goods all
was unfortunately loſt the very firſt Voyage.
tleman ſeem'd very ſenſible of his Misfortunes,
ıl told me, That he ſtill had a glaſs of Wine
ngue at my Service, if I would come and ſee
is Houſe that Evening. I made him a Viſit,
d to my no ſmall Surprize, an handſome Houſe,
rniſh'd, excellent Meat, and as good *Burgundy*
oy'd the Heart of Man. I took the Freedom
Merchant how a Bankrupt ſhou'd come by all
Anſwer to which he gave me the following Ac-
his Affairs.

utch, Sir, (ſaid he) have a Law, that whatever
t in any Part of *Europe*, who has had any con-
Traffic with this Country, whoſe Honeſty is
by his former Accounts, and can prove by
Teſtimony, that his Loſſes and Misfortunes
chargeable upon his Ignorance nor Extrava-
ut purely thoſe of unfortunate Chance, above
of human Prevention; that then ſuch a Mer-
ay repair to them, have the Freedom of any
in the State, have a Supply of whatever
e is willing to take up out of the Public Re-
pon the bare Security of his Induſtry and In-
and all this upon the Current Intereſt, which
above Four *per Cent.*

nt to this (continu'd the Gentleman) my Qua-
for this Credit being ſufficiently teſtify'd, I
here two Thouſand Pounds Sterling, and in
s have gain'd Fifty *per Cent.* So that by God's
, and my own diligent Endeavours, I queſtion
n a few Years I ſhall be able to ſhew my Face
editors, return to my Country, and there live
so.

are two Points remarkable enough: A cha-
ction to relieve diſtreſs'd Strangers, and a
f State for the Intereſt of the Republic, which
r ſoon diſcover by repeating the Conditions.

His Honeſty muſt be manifeſt from his former Accoun his Sufficiency in Buſineſs apparent from his precede Manner of Dealing, his Misfortunes ſuch as were abo human Prevention, as by Storms, Pirates or the lik but above all, he muſt have ſome conſiderable Traf with this Country; there's the Clincher, the *Utile*, t greateſt Encouragement imaginable for all Foreigne to traffic with this Nation, and for the moſt ingenio Traders, who are not always the moſt fortunate, ſeek a Reſidence among them: and what a Life a Vigour theſe two Circumſtances may add to the Tra of a Nation, the flouriſhing Condition of this People the moſt ſufficient Witneſs.

Now, *Sam*, I have tir'd you moſt certainly, for I a weary myſelf, and we are ſeldom the ſooneſt tir'd wi our own: The Gravity of my Stile you muſt impute the Air of the Country, and the Length of my Letter a very rainy Day that has kept me within; and to e cuſe the Matter it ſhall coſt you nothing, for I ſent by a Gentleman who can aſſure you that what I ha ſaid is true. I ſhall at leaſt conclude with a Tru that I am,

Dear SIR, Yours, &

An Epilogue *ſpoken by Mr.* Wilks, *at his firſt A pearance upon the* Engliſh *Stage.*

AS a poor Stranger wreck'd upon the Coaſt,
With Fear and Wonder views the Dangers paſt
So I with dreadful Apprehenſions ſtand,
And thank thoſe Pow'rs that brought me ſafe to Lan
With Joy I view the ſmiling Country o'er,
And find, kind Heav'ns! an hoſpitable Shore.
'Tis *England* ——— This your Charities declare,
But more the Charms of *Britiſh* Beauties there;
Beauties that celebrate this Iſle afar,
They by their Smiles, as much as you by War;
True-Love, true Honour, here I can't fail to play,
Such lively Patterns you before me lay.

V

Offence, tho' not from Cenſure free,
diſtant Iſle too kind to me;
with Favours I was forc'd away,
I wou'd not accept what I cou'd never pay.
I cou'd pleaſe; but there my Fame muſt end,
ıer none muſt come to boaſt, but mend.
ement muſt be great, ſince here I find
s, Examples, and my Maſters kind.

ılogue *on the propos'd Union of the two Houſes.*

W all the World's ta'en up with State Affairs,
ome wiſhing Peace, ſome calling out for Wars.
ewike fit we ſhou'd inform the Age,
ıre the preſent Politics o'th' Stage:
ifferent States, ambitious both, and bold,
e-born Souls; the New Houſe and the Old,
ng contended, and made ſtout Eſſays,
ſhou'd be Monarch, abſolute in Plays,
as the Battle held with bloody Striſe,
many ranting Heroes loſt their Life;
h their Enmity, that e'en the Slain
quer Death, riſe up and fight again.
rom the Gallery, Box, the Pit and all,
dience look'd, and ſhook its awful Head,
ing to ſee ſo many Thouſands fall,
n look'd pale to ſee us look ſo red.
ce of Numbers, and Poetic Spell,
rais'd the ancient Heroes too from Hell,
l our Troops; and on this bloody Field,
ſeen great *Cæſar* fight, great *Pompey* yield.
ıms of Treaſure too we did advance,
w ſome mercenary Troops from *France*;
ooted Rogues, who when they got their Pay,
o their Heels——*Alons*——and run away.
ou have ſeen great *Philip*'s conqu'ring Son,
ı twelve Years did the whole World o'er-run;
as he fought, and found a harder Job
t One Play-houſe, than ſubdue the Globe:

All this from Emulation for the Bays,
You lik'd the Conteſt, and beſtow'd your Praiſe:
But now (as buſy Heads love ſomething new)
They would propoſe an *Union*—Oh, *Mort dieu.*
If it be ſo, let *Cæſar* hide his Head,
And fight no more for Glory, but for Bread.
Let *Alexander* mourn, as once before,
Becauſe no Worlds are left to conquer more.
But if we may judge ſmall from greater things,
The preſent Times may ſhew what *Union* brings,
You feel the Danger of *United Kings.*
If we grow one, then Slav'ry muſt enſue
To Poets, Players, and, my Friends, to you.
For to one Houſe confin'd, you then muſt praiſe
Both curſed Actors, and confounded Plays.
Then leave us as we are, and next advance
Bravely to break the Tye 'twixt *Spain* and *France.*

On the Death of a Lady's Sparrow, in imitation Catullus *for his* Leſbia's.

MOurn all ye Muſes, mourn ye Nymphs and Lov
Mourn all ye Woods, mourn all ye Trees a
Weep all ye Streams, ye Foreſts fade and mourn, (Grov
Your well-lov'd Bird muſt ne'er again return.
Let the dull Air ne'er be ſerene again,
Let all the Winds with loudeſt Sighs complain.
The once bleſt Winds, whilſt they cou'd bear away
His charming Notes, and with his Feathers play.
How ſhall I grieve, or how bewail his Death?
None fit to ſing, that wants his tuneful Breath:
Like the melodious Swan prepar'd to die,
He ſhou'd himſelf have ſung his Elegy.
Ye winged Choriſters, come here and ſing,
Lament his Death; ſweet Flow'rs and Bloſſoms bring,
To ſtrew his Grave with Beauties of the Spring.
Sweet was his Voice, well were his Notes belov'd,
His careful Miſtreſs with his Tunes he mov'd;
Oft has he ſung upon the Flow'ry Plain,
But ne'er, alaſs! like wretched me, in vain.

Rot

her alone the pretty Bird wou'd fly,
to the Fair, and in her Boſom lie;
oſom, fairer than the Silver Sky:
did the Wanton play, and there was bleſt,
ıere alone he made his downy Neſt;
r Diſcourſe to him he underſtood,
indly anſwer'd with what Voice he cou'd.
her Head oft wou'd he flutt'ring move,
›read a living Canopy above;
ıouſand pretty things ſhew'd his officious Love.
ſhe walk'd, when ſhe began to ſing,
her own Breath he fann'd her from his Wing;
would he pluck the Daiſies here and there,
› her Hands the bluſhing Preſents bear.
Woods he ſcorn'd, and choſe with her to dwell,
ingers did all Boughs by far excel.
ıged Choriſters, come here and ſing,
: his Death; ſweet Flow'rs and Bloſſoms bring,
w his Grave with Beauties of the Spring.
ı! he's gone, his pleaſing Sports muſt ceaſe;
:one, alas! and now no more can pleaſe;
ı his Voice, and ſtill his ſtiff'ning Wing,
'er again muſt to his Miſtreſs ſing.
s deep Grave by mournful *Cupid* made,
:lf cloſe by in a ſad Poſture laid,
ing his Golden Arrow, late his Spade.
d his Grave let circling *Fairies* play,
the whole Night, and ſcarce depart by Day.
l things grieve, *Selinda*'s Sparrow's gone;
r's Sparrow, ſo belov'd alone.
m the tender Virgin mourns and cries,
:r dear Sparrow ſhe laments and ſighs,
to be bury'd there, whene'er ſhe dies.
ball the winged Choir flock here and ſing,
t her Death, ſweet Flow'rs and Bloſſoms bring,
w her Grave with Beauties of the Spring.

On the Death of the late Queen.

WHilſt Heav'n with Envy on the Earth look'd do
Saw us unworthy of the Royal Pair,
And juſtly claim'd *Maria* as its own,
Yet kindly left the Glorious *William* here:
The Heav'n and Earth alike do in the Bleſſings ſha
He makes the Earth, She Heav'n our great Allies:
And tho' we mourn, ſhe for our Comfort dies;
Nor need we fear the raſh preſumptuous Foe,
While She's our Saint above, and he our King belo

A SONG.

I.

TELL me, *Aurelia*, tell me pray,
How long muſt *Damon* ſue;
Prefix the Time, and I'll obey,
With Patience wait the happy Day
That make me ſure of you.

II.

The Sails of Time my Sighs ſhall blow,
And make the Minutes glide;
My Tears ſhall make the Current flow,
And ſwell the haſting Tide.

III.

The wings of Love ſhall fly ſo faſt,
My Hopes mount ſo ſublime,
The Wings of Love ſhall make more haſte,
Than the ſwift Wings of Time.

The Aſſignation. A SONG.

I.

'HE Minute's paſt appointed by my Fair.
The Minute's fled
And leaves me dead
Anguiſh and Deſpair.

II.

latter'd Hopes their Flight did make
ith the appointed Hour;
can the Minutes paſt o'ertake,
d nought my Hopes reſtore.

III.

your Plaints, and make no Moan,
ou ſad repining Swain;
ugh the fleeting Hour be gone,
e Place does ſtill remain.

IV.

Place remains, and ſhe may make
ends for all your Pain;
reſence can paſt Time o'ertake,
r Love your Hopes regain.

An Epigram.

NS vitam panis, nobis dans gaudia vinum,
Omnia dans aurum, ſunt pretioſa nimis:
mmunt bonum eſt, at res eſt flebilis altra
ns, eſt communis fœmina ubique, nihil.

In Engliſh *thus,*

Ature's chief Gifts unequally are carv'd;
It ſurfeits ſome, while many more are ſtarv'd.
Bread, her Wine, her Gold, and what before
Common Good, is now made Private Store:
ng that's Good we have among us Common,
l enjoy the Common Ill——A Woman.

To a Gentleman that had his Pocket picked of a W and ſome Gold by a Miſtreſs.

A Burleſque Letter.

I'M ſorry, *Sam*, thou'rt ſuch a Ninny
To let a Wench rob thee of Guinea.
And thus to ſpend and loſe your Cobbs,
By laviſh op'ning both your Fobbs.
You're fairly fobb'd to let her get all,
Both one and alſo t'other Metal.
Your Work was on a pretty Score,
You dug the Mine, ſhe found the Ore,
The Devil take the cunning Whore.
You ſlily laid her down to reſt her,
And on the Bed ſhe found a Teſter.
Your Watch too, *Sam*, (Theſe Men of Power
Muſt lie with Doxies by the Hour)
A Minute's Time did that command;
Then her's, it ſeems, was Minute Hand.
She wound you up to her own Liking,
Then ſtole the Watch while your were ſtriking:
Then think not, Sir, that you're undone;
What's wound ſo high, muſt next run down:
In revelling Time, you thought no Sin
To play a Game at *In and In*.
I wonder tho' you did not win for't,
Since that you were ſo fairly in for't:
But what deſtroy'd you in a Trice,
She held the *Box*, you ſhook the Dice:
The Devil was in the Dice then ſurely,
To loſe when you plaid ſo ſecurely,
And *Three* to *One* was lay'd ſo purely.
But what's the worſt of all Miſhaps,
You dread, they ſay, ſome After-claps:
If that be ſo, my deareſt *Sammy*,
You'll curſe, and bid the Devil damn ye:
The Fruits of *Wild Oats*, which you ſcatter,
Is nothing elſe but *Barley Water*.
The Seed-time's good, you know my Meaning,
But, faith, the Harveſt's only gleaning.

Take Heart howe'er, 'tis my Deſire,
You will revive, the P——x expire;
Then riſe like *Phœnix* from the Fire.
The Metal's ſtronger that's well ſolder'd,
And Beef keeps ſweeter once 'tis powder'd:
So farewel, *Sam*, and may you ne'er want
Such a true faithful humble Servant.

May *the Fourth, from* Temple Inner,
The Poſt's going out, I in to Dinner.

Gray's Inn, Wedneſday.

'TIS a Preſumption to imagine, that you have thought my Letters worth the keeping, and yet a greater Preſumption to expect you ſhou'd now return them, if you have kept them ſo long; but I hope the Deſign will partly excuſe my Requeſt: I have promis'd to equip a Friend with a few Letters to help out a Collection for the Preſs, and there are none I dare ſooner expoſe to the World than thoſe to you, becauſe your Merit may warrant their Sincerity, and becauſe your Ladyſhip was pleas'd to commend them: This makes me imagine, Madam, that they have ſtill ſecur'd a Place in your Cabinet, tho' the unworthy Author cou'd merit no Room in your Heart; whence I may infer, that they may be as acceptable to you in Print as in my Manuſcript; but if you have a Mind to ſecure Trophies of ſo poor a Conqueſt, I ſhall be proud to return them as ſoon as ever they are tranſcrib'd; for which I now pawn my Word and Honour, as ſincerely as I once did the Heart of,

MADAM,

Your moſt humble Servant.

Tueſday

Tueſday Morning, one St
on, and t'other off.

I Have had your Letter, Madam, and all that I derſtand by it is, that your Hand is as great a dle as your Face; and 'tis as difficult to find out Senſe in your Characters, as to know your Beau your Maſk: but I have at laſt conquer'd the Mai head of your Writing, as I hope one Day I ſhall th your Perſon; and am ſure you han't loſt your Virgi if the Lines in your Complexion be half ſo crook thoſe in your Letters. I return your Compliment Advice in the ſame Number of Particulars that you pleas'd to ſend me. Firſt, If you are not handſome ver ſhew a Face that may frighten away that Adr which your Wit has engaged. Secondly, Never lieve what a Gentleman ſpeaks to you in a Maſk: while the Ladies wear double Faces, 'tis but Juſtice our Words ſhould bear a double Meaning.——L You muſt never adviſe a Man againſt wandring, if yo ſign to be his Guide. You tell me of ſwearing known Lye: I don't remember, Madam, that I ſwore I lov'd you; tho' I muſt confeſs that a little I in a half Mourning Mantua and a deep Mourning C plexion, has run in my Head ſo much ſince Mo Night, that I'm afraid ſhe will ſoon get in my He But now, Madam, hear my Misfortune.

The angry Fates, and dire Stage-Coach,
Upon my Liberty incroach,
To bear me hence with many a Jog.
From thee my charming dear Incog.
Unhappy Wretch! at once who feels
O'erturns of Hack and Fortune's Wheels.

This is my Epitaph, Madam, for now I'm a Man; and the Stage-Coach may moſt properly be c my Hearſe, bearing the Corps only of deceas'd *F*— for his Soul is left with you, whom he loves above Womankind; by whom you may judge of the He of his Paſſion, for he cares not one Farthing for whole Sex, as I hope to be ſaved.

Thur

Thurſday 11 *o'Clock.*

peep is Child's Play, and 'tis Time for a Man to be tir'd of it. I went Yeſterday to *Bedlam* upon mad Aſſignation, ſtay'd till Seven like a Fool, to t one, who, unleſs ſhe were mad, wou'd never . I begin to believe that they are only Wiſe that ere, and we Poſſeſs'd that put them in; they at ave this Advantage over us Lunatics at Liberty, hey find Pleaſure in their Frenzy, and we a Tor- in our Reaſon. I was ſo tir'd with walking there g, that I could not bear the Fatigue of putting off loaths, but ſat up all Night at the Tavern; ſo that Letter is but juſt come to my Hand, when, like *Prettyman*, I have one Boot on and the t'other off. and Honour have a ſtrong Battle, but here comes riend to claim my Engagement, ſo Love is put to out, and away for *Eſſex* immediately; but a Word vice before we part. Pray conſider, Madam, whe- our good or ill Stars have uſually the moſt Aſcen- over your Inclinations, and accordingly proſecute Intentions of correſponding with me or not; wou'd e advis'd by me, you wou'd let it alone; for by neaſineſs that my ſmall Converſe has already rais'd , I gueſs at the greater Diſturbance of being far- xpos'd to your Charms, unleſs I may hope for hing which my Vanity is too weak to enſure. For- as always been my Adverſary; and I may con- that Woman, who is much of her Nature, may e the ſame Way; but if you prove as blind as ſhe, ay, perhaps, love me as much as ſhe hates me. My le Service to your two Siſter Fairies, and ſo the take you all.

If you will anſwer this——you may.

Eſſex,

Eſſex, Friday Morn.

I Have been on Horſeback, Madam, all this Morn which has ſo diſcompos'd my Hand and Head, I can hardly think or write Senſe; the Poſture of Affairs is a little extraordinary in ſome other Parts a me; for my Saddle was very uneaſy. The Hare we hu put me in Mind of a Miſtreſs, which we muſt g after with Hazard of breaking our Necks, and aft our Pains, the Puſs may prove a Witch at the Long I have had no Female in my Company ſince I left Town, or any Thing of your Sex to entertain me: your *Eſſex* Women, like your *Eſſex* Calves, are Butchers Meat; and if I muſt cater for myſelf, mend me to a Pit Partridge, which comes pretty c and where I may have my Choice of a whole C How well I love this Kind of Meat you may g when I aſſure you, that I have purely fed upon Idea ever ſince, which has ſtuck as cloſe to me a Shirt; which by the Way I han't ſhifted ſince I into the Country; for clean Linen is not ſo modiſh as a Lover might require. I receiv'd juſt now an pertinent Piece of Banter from an angry Fair; ſhe I pawn'd my Soul to the Devil for the great Succe my Play. But her Ladyſhip is thus angry, beca would not pawn my Body to the Devil for another of Play, of which I preſume the Lady to be a very petent Judge; I ſhall diſappoint her now, as form for I will ſet her raging mad with the Calmneſs o Anſwer: Beſides, Madam, there is nothing can p out of Humour, that comes by that Poſt which b a Line from you; tho' I muſt tell you in , that I begin to have but a mean Opinion of r; for were it in the leaſt parallel to your Wi of your other Conqueſts wou'd raiſe your e any Correſpondence with a Perſon, whoſe is his Indifference.

Gray's Inn, Wedneſday Morning.

THE Arguments made uſe of laſt Night for ſtill keeping on your Maſk, I endeavour'd to refute with Reaſon; but that proving ineffectual, I'll try the Force of Rhime, and ſend you the Heads of our Chat in a Poetical Dialogue between You and I.

You.

Thus Images are veil'd which you adore:
Your Ignorance does raiſe your Zeal the more.

I.

All Image-Worſhip for falſe Zeal is held;
Falſe Idols ought indeed to be conceal'd.

You.

Thus Oracles of old were ſtill receiv'd,
The more ambiguous, ſtill the more believ'd.

I.

But Oracles of old were ſeldom true;
The Devil was in 'em——ſure he's not in you.

You.

Thus maſqu'd in Myſteries does the Godhead ſtand,
The more obſcure, the greater his Command.

I.

The Godhead's hidden Power wou'd ſoon be paſt,
Did we not hope to ſee his Face at laſt.

You.

You are my Slave already, Sir, you know,
To ſhew more Charms wou'd but increaſe your Woe;
I ſcorn an Inſult to a conquer'd Foe.

I.

I am your Slave, 'tis true; but ſtill you ſee
All Slaves by Nature ſtruggle to be free.
But if you wou'd ſecure the ſtubborn Prize,
Add to your Wit the Fetters of your Eyes;
Then pleas'd with Thraldom would I kiſs my Chain,
And ne'er think more of Liberty again.

Sunday,

Sunday, after Sermon

I Came, I ſaw, and was conquer'd; never had M more to ſay, yet can I ſay nothing; where oth go to ſave their Souls, there have I loſt mine; but I h that Divinity, which has the juſteſt Title to its Serv has received it; but I will endeavour to ſuſpend th Raptures for a Moment, and talk calmly.

Nothing upon Earth, Madam, can charm beyo your Wit, but your Beauty; after this, not to love y would proclaim me a Fool; and to ſay I did, when thought otherwiſe, would pronounce me a Knave: any Body call'd me either, I ſhould reſent it; and if y but think me either, I ſhall break my Heart. You ha already, Madam, ſeen enough of me to create a Liki or an Averſion; your Senſe is above your Sex, then your Proceeding be ſo likewiſe, and tell me pla what I have to hope for. Were I to conſult my Mer my Humility would chide any Shadow of Hope; b after a Sight of ſuch a Face, whoſe whole Compoſiti is a Smile of Good-nature, why ſhould I be ſo unju to ſuſpect you of Cruelty: Let me either live in *Lon* and be happy, or retire again to my Deſart to check m Vanity that drew me thence; but let me beg to recei my Sentence from your own Mouth, that I may he you ſpeak, and ſee you look at the ſame Time; th let me be unfortunate if I can.

If you are not the Lady in Mourning that ſat upon my Right Hand at Church, you may go to the Devil, for I'm ſure you're a Witch.

Madam,

IF I ha'n't begun thrice to write, and as often thrown away my Pen, may I never take it up again; my Head and my Heart have been at Cuffs about you thes two long Hours——Says my Head, You're a Coxcomb fo

r troubling your Noddle with a Lady, whoſe Beauty as much above your Pretenſions, as your Merit is be-w her Love. Then anſwers my Heart, Good Mr. ead, you're a Blockhead; I know Mr. *F*———*r*'s erit better than you; as for your Part, I know you be as whimſical as the Devil, and changing with ery new Notion that offers; but for my Share, I am t, and can ſtick to my Opinion of a Lady's Merit for er; and if the Fair She can ſecure an Intereſt in me, onſieur Head, you may go whiſtle. Come, come, nſwer'd my Head) you, Mr. Heart, are always leading is Gentleman into ſome Inconvenience or other; was not you that firſt entic'd him to talk to this Lady? our damn'd confounded Warmth made him like this ady, and your buſy Impertinence has made him write her; your leaping and ſkipping diſturbs his Sleep by ight, and his good humour by Day: In ſhort, Sir, I ill hear no more on't: I am Head, and I will be ey'd————You lie, Sir, reply'd my Heart, being very angry) I am Head in Matters of Love, and f you don't give your Conſent, you ſhall be forc'd; or I am ſure that in this Caſe all the Members will be on my Side. What ſay you, Gentlemen Hands? Oh ſay the Hands) we would not forego the tickling Plea-ure of touching a delicious white, ſoft Skin for the World.———Well, what ſay you, Mr. Tongue? Zounds, ſays the Linguiſt, there is more Extaſy in ſpeaking three ſoft Words of Mr. Heart's ſuggeſting, than whole Orations of Signior Head's; ſo I am for the Lady, and here's my honeſt Neighbour Lips will ſtick to't. By the ſweet Power of Kiſſes, that we will, (reply'd the Lips,) and preſently ſome other worthy Members ſtanding up for the Heart, they laid violent Hands *(nemine contradicente)* upon poor Head, and knock'd out his brains. So now, Madam, behold me as perfect a Lover as any in *Chriſtendom*, my Heart purely dictating every Word I ſay; the little Rebel throws itſelf into your Power, and if you don't ſupport it in the Cauſe it has taken up for your Sake, think what will be the Condition of the Headleſs and Heartleſs

Farquhar.

Monday,

Monday, Twelve o'Clock at Nigh

GIVE me Leave to call you, dear Madam, and t you that I am now ſtepping into Bed, and that ſpeak with as much Sincerity as if I were ſtepping in my Grave: Sleep is ſo great an Emblem of Death, t my Words ought to be as real, as if I were ſure ne to awaken; then may I never again be bleſt with t Light of the Sun, and the Joys of *Wedneſday*, if you a not as dear to me as my Hopes of waking in Health a morrow Morning; your Charms lead me, my Inclin tions prompt me, and my Reaſon confirms me,

MADAM,

Your Faithful, and

Humble Servan

My humble Service to the Lady, who muſt be chief Mediator for my Happineſs.

Madam,

IN order to your Ladyſhip's Command, I have ſe you my Thoughts upon your two weighty Maxi of amorous Policy——*If we fly, they purſue*, and *joyment quenches Love:* But I ſhall run a greater Haza of your Diſpleaſure by my Obedience, than I ſhould the Neglect of your Commands; theſe Subjects leadi me into more Gravity, than is well conſiſtent with r own Inclinations, or the Peruſal of a fair Lady. B to the Buſineſs.

To examine rightly how far theſe Female Maxi are in Force, we muſt diſpoſe Mankind into a Divific which I think hitherto has eſcap'd the *Logicians*; to w the Men of Idleneſs, and Men of Buſineſs. Under t firſt Branch of which Diſtinction is reducible a gr

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ıre of the World, and eſpecially that which compoſes Character of what we call the *Beau Monde*; for to ke them all of a Piece, we muſt give them a *French* me too.

The Practice of theſe Gentlemen, I muſt confeſs, has ne a great Way to paſs theſe Maxims for authentic, d have ſufficiently authoriz'd the Ladies to ſtick ſo mly to their Principles; but wou'd they conſider a tle upon what a ſcurvy Foundation theſe Topics are ounded, they would damn the Doctrine for the Sake the Adorers.

Theſe idle Gentlemen (begging their Pardon for ſo miliar an Epithet) ſhou'd ſhew the Ladies what a ifference there is between modiſh Intriguing and true ove; for theſe Sparks make Intriguing their Buſineſs, d Love only their Diverſion. They viſit their iſtreſs as they go to the Park, becauſe it is the Mode; d continue to ſollicit her Favour, not thro' the Imılſe of Paſſion, but becauſe they have nothing elſe to . Some other Motives there are to engage theſe arks in the Purſuit of a fair Lady; as, for Inſtance, on the Survey of his Rent-Roll the Lover finds two three Thouſand a Year ſtill unmortgag'd, ſends wn immediately to his Steward to ſcrew up his Teants to due Payments, and concludes with *Money coners all Things:* A potent Proverb I muſt confeſs, to ick his Reſolution. But here conſider, Madam, what is that purſues you; not the Gentleman, but Fidlers, laſquerades, Jewellers, Glovers, Milleners, hir'd Poa, with the confus'd Equipage of all their reſpective rades; the Devil a Dart of Love is in the whole andle, no more than there is in the Straw and Oats at keep a Horſe for *Newmarket*; here are only two eaſts to be back'd, one for Pleaſure, and t'other for rofit; I will feed one for the Plate, and pamper the ther for my own Riding.

A ſecond Life to his Purſuit is his Vanity; the Beau ving receiv'd a Repulſe over Night, ſteps to his Glaſs the Morning, and ſurveying his charming Shape, *death*, (ſays he) *why ſhould I deſpair of Succeſs? Blood, am as pretty a Fellow as another, but I think my Calves a little of the largeſt. Ah, that's it, ſhe did not like my Dreſs*

Dreſs Yeſterday——Here, Boy, reach my blue Coat, I'll tie my Cravat with a double Knot To-day, and wear the Buckles of my Garters behind. Thus while his foppiſh Fancy can invent any particular Change or Whimſey in his Dreſs, his Hopes are nouriſh'd by an abuſive Preſumption, that the Ladies are ſmitten by ſuch *Bagatel* Impertinence. Here indeed, Madam, the firſt Maxim, *If we fly, they purſue*, is in Force, but upon ſcurvy Terms; for the Continuation of ſuch a Coxcomb's Addreſs is the greateſt Satire upon the Sex; and a Woman of true Senſe, rather than be plagu'd with ſuch a Follower, if there were no other Way, ſhould give him her Perſon to be quit of his Company; for here I dare be ſworn your ſecond Maxim will hold, that *Enjoyment quenches Love:* For theſe Gentlemen love as they hunt, for Diverſion, as I ſaid before; and no ſooner is one Hare ſnapt up, but they beat about for another. Beſides, Madam, 'tis but a modeſt Preſumption that theſe Men of Pleaſure and Idleneſs muſt have an Ingredient of the Fool in their Compoſition, which cannot reliſh the true and laſting Beauties of a fine Woman; they cannot make a true Eſtimate of her Senſe, her Conſtancy, her ſeveral little kind and endearing Offices, which can only engage the Affections of a Man that truly underſtands their Value.

This brings into my Conſideration how far theſe Maxims may be applicable to your correſponding with the latter Part of the Diſtinction, which I call'd the Men of Buſineſs; by which I underſtand Men of Senſe, Learning and Experience, and call them Men of Buſineſs, becauſe I wou'd exclude a Parcel of flaſhy, noiſy, rhiming, atheiſtical Gentlemen, who arrogate to themſelves the Title of Wit and Senſe, for no other Cauſe but the Abuſe of it: Such muſt be rank'd with the firſt Sort of Lovers, for they are the idleſt of Mankind; neither do I confine the Character of a Man of Buſineſs to the Law, the Church, the Court, Trade, or any particular Employment: I intend it a farther Latitude, and incluſive of all thoſe, who deriding the Fop, and deteſting the Debauchee, have laid down to themſelves ſome certain Scheme of Study, in any lawful Art or Science,

Science, for the Benefit of the Public, or their own private Improvement.

Upon this Foundation we may rationally conclude the Actions of ſuch Men to flow directly from the Operations of their Reaſon. But here, Madam, without Doubt, the Ladies will interrupt me——*Hold, Sir,* (ſay they) *we abſolutely deny that Love and Reaſon are conſiſtent*; from which it follows, that your Men of Buſineſs have no Buſineſs here.

I am very ſorry, Madam, in the firſt Place, that the Qualification which muſt recommend a Man to a fair Lady, muſt debaſe him ſo near the Level of a Brute, and deprive him of that divine Stamp by which he is diſtinguiſh'd from the Beaſts of the Field. What an Affront is this to your Sex, that one muſt no ſooner begin to admire a Woman, but he muſt ceaſe to be a Man; and that the Glory which a Lady receives by the Plurality of her Adorers, ſhould depend only upon the Eſteem of ſo many irrational Creatures! No, no, Madam, I am too much a Courtier to let this vulgar Calumny and ſevere Reflection upon your Sex paſs unexamined.

I ſhall therefore make bold to ſay, that this very Opinion touching the Inconſiſtency of Love with Reaſon, has coſt the fair Sex more Tears, and has ſubjected Men to more Curſes, than the worſt Circumſtances of Falſhood and Perjury; for depending upon this Principle of the Ladies, the greateſt Raſcals have appear'd the moſt paſſionate Lovers, becauſe the greateſt Knaves make the beſt Fools, and the moſt uſual Cloak for natural Villany, is an artificial Simplicity.

But granting ſuch Follies and Abſurdities to be the Reſults of a real Paſſion, ſuch Love ought not to gain one Grain the more Weight in the Balance of true Senſe; for if the Lover be a Fool, this Extravagance is but what is natural to his Temper, and expoſes itſelf as wildly in the Effects of his other ordinary Paſſions, as in Anger, Fear, Joy, Grief, and the like, and muſt not properly be call'd the Strength of his Love, but the Weakneſs of his Reaſon; and the ſame Pitch of Paſſion that may make a *Wittall* appear Lunatic, would ſcarcely be diſcernible in a *Dorimant*. But if the Force

of

Love raiſe a Man of true Senſe to the Pitch of playing the Fool, 'tis then, if not more ridiculous, at leaſt much more dangerous in the Conſequence; for be aſſur'd, Madam, that the Bent of his Deſire muſt be too violent to laſt long, and when once it begins to decline, 'twill prove as violent in the Fall as in the Riſe; and the conſtant Reſult of a ſober Reflection, is the Hatred and Deteſtation of any Thing that had made him guilty of Extravagance, and debas'd him below the Dignity of his Reaſon; and there is no Medium in this Caſe between the extravagant Lover and the inveterate Enemy.

But begging your Ladyſhip's Pardon for this Digreſſion, I ſhall return to my Man of Buſineſs, and ſee how far your Principle, *If we fly, they purſue*, is applicable to a Perſon of this Character.

To the Examination of this Point, 'twill not be amiſs to conſider the ſeveral Paces and Proceedings of ſuch a Lover in his Amour. A Man of Buſineſs and Study has his Thoughts too round and compact within himſelf, to have his Fancy ſallying out upon the Appearance of every Beauty that his daily Converſation may throw in his Way; but if once it lights upon that Fair, which can rouſe him from his Indifference, raiſing a Pleaſure in his Eyes when ſhe's preſent, and an Uneaſineſs in his Heart in her Abſence, 'tis no Imprudence to indulge the Thought. Love (he conſiders) is a Bleſſing; and ſince it depends ſo much upon a Sympathy of Natures, why may'nt I expect that the fair Creature, who has rais'd ſuch Emotions in me, may in Time, perhaps, be brought to have a mutual Concern upon her? The Happineſs that I may expect from her Love, if her other Qualities be proportionable to her Beauty, will infinitely reward the Pains of my enquiring into her Life and Converſation. Here is the Foundation of Love fairly laid; and now the Gentleman goes to work upon the Structure: He firſt enquires into the Lady's Character, but that as a Man of Senſe ought to do, without truſting the Malice of ſome that may be her Enemies, nor yet conſulting the Partiality of her Friends. His Reaſon may make a tolerable good Balance between both; and if perhaps ſome Slip in her

Conduct

ſt has made the Scale of her Accuſation the heavieſt,
ſome Grains of Love to throw into the other to
ꝛpoiſe it. His next Buſineſs is to gain Admittance
Company; here he may find a thouſand Beauties
nent, or as many Failings perhaps to deſtroy, his
; and to his Examination he muſt refer his Judg-
ıpon the different Characters he might have heard
before; for no reaſonable Man will peremptorily
de from the Mouth of Common Fame; 'tis a no-
Liar, and generally in Extremes. If he believes
ıe Lady's Prejudice, he may wrong her Innocence
ɛdreſs; and if he truſts flying Report in her Favour,
y be impos'd upon himſelf: For the Vulgar (by
I mean the Lac'd Coat as well as the Hobnail)
enter into the nice Secrets of Female Behaviour;
ɔmetimes miſtake Levity for Freedom, ill Humour
avity, Noiſe and Tattle for Wit and Senſe: Some-
ıhey change Hands, and call an Air of good Breed-
ıquetry; they brand Affability and Good-nature with
me of Looſeneſs; and, in ſhort, there can be no ſuch
as a Woman in their Eſtimate, all muſt be Angels,
Devils. Now my Lover ſhall find out all theſe Di-
ɔns; he ſhall, in Spite of Female Diſſimulation,
to the very Bottom, and diſcover the leaſt Paint
ıhe Mind, as he does that upon the Face. Having
the Lady's Temper conformable to his own, or be-
leaſt aſſur'd, that he can frame his own Humour
are with her's; having known her Senſe and Under-
ıg ſufficient for a prudent Conduct, at leaſt pliable
ıd Advice, he ſtands fix'd in his Reſolution, and
'd upon his Affection.

ıs the beautiful Edifice of Love is gradually and
rais'd, whereof Reaſon is ſtill the Corner-ſtone;
ce the trifling Pomp of a Fop's Preparation, which,
Lord Mayor's Pageant, is built in a Night, glitters,
gaz'd at for a Day, and the next dwindles into no-

The Building thus finiſh'd, the next Buſineſs is
ite the Fair Gueſt; 'tis impoſſible to confine the
of his Addreſs to any particular Obſervation, be-
they may be ſo diverſify'd by the Circumſtances of
ɔver, the Accidents of Time, Place, or according
ıe Humours and Inclinations in the Lady's Temper,

which laſt have always prov'd the moſt effectual M
of gaining a Heart. If the Lady's Diſpoſition be in
able to Gaiety, he makes the Muſes ſpeak a good W
for him; he can diſpenſe in an Evening with a very
Play, to have the Pleaſure of acting the Lover him
nay, he can comply ſo far, as to commend a very
thing, if his Miſtreſs is pleas'd to approve it; he can
a Turn in the *Mall* with his Hat off, tho' the Weath
very cold, and join with her in railing at my Lord S
a-one, or Miſtreſs Such-a-one, tho' perhaps he un
ſtands the Quarrel to be no more than a Pique, or a
of Malice. If the Lady's Temper be more grave an
date, he can ſit an Hour or two condemning the Vic
the Town, and extolling the Pleaſures of a Country L
nay, ſometimes perhaps he may have a Fling at the
vernment, and be a little Jacobitiſh to pleaſe her; h
wait on her to Church, and hear a Levite thump,
and Nonſenſe out of a Pulpit Cuſhion for an Hour,
call it an excellent Sermon, to humour her Approbati
with a thouſand other little fooliſh Fancies, which
cauſe they are not very hurtful in themſelves, and
Cuſtom has brought them into Play, muſt be borne
upon this Occaſion; and when all is done, Cerem
looks as decently in Love, as in Religion; and a Cl
in an Intrigue makes as aukward a Figure as a Quake
Church. Our Lover therefore writes, viſits, ſighs,
clares his Paſſion with all Demonſtrations of Submi
and Sincerity; all which is often repeated to ſave
Lady's Modeſty, and to ſooth a little pleaſing Vanity
cident to the Female Sex of ſeeing themſelves admi
He is ſatisfy'd alſo that the World ſhou'd know it,
ſubmits to the Cenſure of a whining Coxcomb, to fav
the Lady's yielding by the plauſible Excuſe of a h
Siege; but if after all this he finds his Pretenſions to
Purpoſe, your Maxim, Madam, *If we fly*, &c. will
be of Force to detain him longer; he has the ſa
Thread of Reaſon to guide him out of the Labyri
that led him in; he has not perhaps the ſame Support
his Hope, that every glittering Spark with a Coach
Six can pretend; but were his Fortune ever ſo conſide
ble, he wou'd not affront the Lady's Honour, nor
own Judgment, ſo far as to ſuppoſe her of a mercen

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Temper; neither can he imagine that the charming Fair, whoſe Senſe he has ſo much admir'd, ſhou'd be captivated with the tying of his Cravat, or the Fancy of his Snuff-Box. No, no, he is rather convinc'd, that there is ſomething diſagreeable to the Lady in his Perſon, Behaviour, or Converſation, which being a Defect of Nature, or Education, he muſt patiently ſubmit to, without cutting his Throat; and he's the more willing to take up with his Failings, becauſe Time may perhaps produce ſome other Lady, that may value him upon theſe very Circumſtances that made the firſt diſdain him; ſo that in Spite of your celebrated Maxim, he betakes himſelf to his Buſineſs, has the Manners to free the Lady from his Impertinence, and the Prudence to diſengage himſelf of the Trouble. Neither is he much diſtreſs'd to withdraw his Affections; for as the Proſpect of Happineſs was the firſt Foundation of his Love, ſo the Progreſs of his Paſſion muſt have been houriſh'd with Favours to keep it alive, and as naturally without this Fuel will the Fire go out of itſelf.

I have already, Madam, ſo far tranſgreſſed the Bounds of a *Billet-doux*, that I am afraid to meddle with your ſecond Maxim: But give me a Moment's Patience, Madam, and I'll make quick Work with—*Enjoyment quenches Love:* One Simile, Madam, and I take my Leave. What a ſtrange and unaccountable Madneſs wou'd it appear in a Subject of *England*, a Gentleman that enjoys Peace and Plenty, Eaſe and Luxury; if he, diſcontented with his happy State, ſhou'd raiſe a Combuſtion in his Country, turn ambitious Rebel, make a Party againſt his Prince, and by Force and Treachery lay hold upon the Government, and all this for the bare Pleaſure of being called King. I can aſſure you, Madam, did the Pleaſures of a Monarch conſiſt in nothing more than being plac'd in a Throne, with a Crown upon his Head, and the Scepter in his Hands, we ſhould have the upſtart Prince uſe his Government as a Fool does a fair Lady after Enjoyment; he wou'd ſoon be cloy'd with his Deſire, and uneaſy till he got quit of it. But if our *Noll* underſtood the Policy of Government, the many Glories that attend a Crown, the Pomp of Dependencies, the Sweets of abſolute Power, with the many Delights and Joys that attend his Royalty, he would maintain his Station to the laſt Drop of Blood.

This is eaſily applicable to a Man of Senſe gaining the Crown of Beauty; he can judge of the Charms of his Poſſeſſion, and values Enjoyment only as the Title to his greater Pleaſures: There are a thouſand Cupids attending the Throne of Love, all which have their ſeveral pretty Offices and ſerviceable Duties to exhilerate their Maſter's Joy, and contribute to his conſtant Diverſion, if he but underſtands how to employ them.

How far, Madam, I have recommended to you the Addreſſes of an ingenious Man, I dare not determine; but I am afraid I have ſaid ſo much againſt the Paſſion of Fools, that I have ruin'd my own Intereſt; tho' you can't reckon me among the idle Part of Men, being ſo happily employed this Morning by the Commands of ſo fair a Lady.

Your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant.

Friday Night, 11 *o'Clock.*

IF you find no more Reſt from your Thoughts in Bed than I do, I cou'd wiſh you, Madam, to be always there, for there I am moſt in Love. I went to the Play this Evening, and the Muſic rais'd my Soul to ſuch a Pitch of Paſſion, that I was almoſt mad with Melancholy. I flew thence to *Spring-Garden*, where with envious Eyes I ſaw every Man pick up his Mate, whilſt I alone walked like ſolitary *Adam* before the Creation of his *Eve*; but the Place was no Paradiſe to me; nothing I found entertaining but the Nightingale, which methought in ſweet Notes, like your own, pronounc'd the Name of my Dear *Penelope.*——*As the Fool thinketh, the Bell clinketh.* From hence I retir'd to the Tavern, where methought the ſhining Glaſs repreſented your fair Perſon, and the ſparkling Wine within it, look'd like your lively Wit and Spirit; I met my dear Miſtreſs in every thing, and I propoſe preſently to ſee her in a lively Dream, ſince the laſt thing I do,

, is to kiſs her dear Letter, claſp her charming Idea ıy Arms, and ſo fall faſt aſleep.

My Morning Songs, my Ev'ning Pray'rs,
My Daily Muſings, Nightly Cares.

Adieu.

'Ere am I drinking, Madam, at the Sign of the . Globe; and it ſhall go hard but I make the Voy- of old Sir *Drake* by to-morrow Morning: We have :ſh Gale and a round Sea; for here is very good Com- r and excellent Wine; From the Orb in the Sign, I ſtep to the Globe of the Moon, thence make the Tour l the Planets, and fix in the Conſtellation of *Venus*. ſee, Madam, I am elevated already. Here's a Gen- an tho', who ſwears he loves his Miſtreſs better than mine, but if I don't make him ſo drunk that he ſhall orge his Opinion, may I never drink your Health n; the generous Wine ſcorns to lie upon a Traitor's nach, 'tis Poiſon to him that profanes Society by be- a Rogue in his Cups. I wiſh, dear Madam, with all Heart that you ſaw me in my preſent Circumſtances, wou'd certainly fall in Love with me, for I am not :lf; I am now the pleaſanteſt fooliſh Fellow that ever 'd a Lady's Heart, and a Glaſs or two more will fill with ſuch Variety of Impertinence, that I cannot fail ıſs for agreeable. You, Drawer, bring me a Plate of —Ha! How the Wine whizzes upon my Heart; d is forging his Love-Darts in my Belly——— Ice, Dog, Ice——The Son of a Whore has brought me hovies. Well! This is a vexatious World. I wiſh re fairly out of it, and happy in Heaven, I mean your Arms; which is the conſtant Prayer of your Humble ant, Drunk or Sober.

deſign To-morrow in the Afternoon to beg your Pardon for he ill Manners of my Debauch; and make myſelf as great Emperor, by inviting your Ladyſhip to the Entertainment ioclefian.

IN purſuance to your Order, Madam, I have ſent yo here inclos'd my Picture; and I challenge *Vandike* o *Kneller* to draw more to the Life. You are the firſt Per ſon that ever had it; and if I had not ſome Thought that the Subſtance would fall to your Share, I would no part with my Likeneſs. I hope the Colours will neve fade, tho' you may give me ſome Hints where to men the Features, having ſo much Power to correct the Life.

The Picture.

MY Outſide is neither better nor worſe than m Creator made it, and the Piece being drawn by ſ great an Artiſt, 'twere Preſumption to ſay there wer many Strokes amiſs. I have a Body qualify'd to anſwe all the Ends of its Creation, and that's ſufficient.

As to the Mind, which in moſt Men wears as man Changes as their Body, ſo in me 'tis generally dreſt lik my Perſon in black. Melancholy is its every Day Ap parel; and it has hitherto found few Holidays to make i change its Clothes. In ſhort, my Conſtitution is ver Splenetic, and yet very amorous; both which I en deavour to hide, leſt the former ſhould offend other and that the latter might incommode myſelf. And a Reaſon is ſo vigilant in reſtraining theſe two Faiſing that I am taken for an eaſy-natur'd Man with my ow Sex, and an ill-natur'd Clown by yours.

'Tis true, I am very ſparing in my Praiſes and Com pliments to a Lady, out of a Fear that they may affec myſelf more than her. For the Idols that we worſhi are generally of our own making; and though it fal Men may not ſpeak what they think, yet Truth ma catch them on t'other Hand, and make them think what they ſpeak. But moſt of all am I cautiou of promiſing, eſpecially upon that weighty Article o Conſtancy, becauſe, in the firſt Place, I have neve try'd the Strength of it in my own Experience; and ſecondly, I ſuppoſe a Man can no more engage for hi Conſtancy than for his Health, ſince I believe they bot equally depend upon a certain Conſtitution of Body and how far, and how frequently, that may be liable t Alteratio

Alteration, eſpecially in Affairs of Love, let the more judicious determine.

But ſo far a Man may promiſe, that if he find not his Paſſion grounded on a falſe Foundation, and that he have a Continuance of the ſame Sincerity, Truth and Love to engage him; that then his Reaſon, his Honour, and his Gratitude, may prove too ſtrong for all Changes of Temper and Inclination.

I am a very great Epicure, for which Reaſon I hate all Pleaſure that is purchas'd by Exceſs of Pain. I am quite different from the Opinion of Men that value what is dearly bought; long Expectation makes the Bleſſing always leſs to me, for by often thinking of the future Joy, I make the Idea of it familiar to me, and ſo I loſe the great Tranſport of Surprize; 'tis keeping the Springs of Deſire ſo long upon the Rack, till at laſt they grow looſe and enervate: Beſides, any one of a creative Fancy, by a Duration of Thoughts, will be apt to frame too great an Idea of the Object, and ſo make the greater Part of his Hopes end in a Diſappointment.

I am ſeldom troubled with what the World calls Airs and Caprices; and I think it an Idiot's Excuſe for a foliſh Action, to ſay 'twas my Humour. I hate all little malicious Tricks of vexing People for Trifles, or taking them with frightful Stories, malicious Lies, ſtealing Lap-dogs, tearing Fans, breaking China, or the like: I can't reliſh the Jeſt that vexes another in earneſt: In ſhort, if ever I do a wilful Injury, it muſt be a very great one.

I am often melancholy, but ſeldom angry; for which reaſon I can be ſevere in my Reſentment, without incurring myſelf: I think it the worſt Office to my Nature, to make myſelf uneaſy for what another ſhould be puniſh'd.

I am eaſily deceiv'd, but then I never fail at laſt to find out the Cheat; my Love of Pleaſure and Sedateneſs makes me very ſecure, and the ſame Reaſon makes me very diligent when I am alarm'd.

I have ſo natural a Propenſity to Eaſe, that I cannot fearfully fix to my Study, which bears not a Pleaſure in

the Application, which makes me inclinable to Poetry above any thing elſe.

I have very little Eſtate, but what lies under the Circumference of my Hat; and ſhould I by Miſchance come to loſe my Head, I ſhould not be worth a Groat; but I ought to thank Providence that I can by three Hours Study live one and twenty with Satisfaction to myſelf, and contribute to the Maintenance of more Families, than ſome who have Thouſands a Year.

I have ſomething in my outward Behaviour, which gives Strangers a worſe Opinion of me than I deſerve; but I am more than recompens'd by the Opinion of my Acquaintance, which is as much above my Deſert.

I have many Acquaintances, very few Intimates, but no Friend, I mean in the old Romantic Way; I have no Secret ſo weighty, but what I can bear in my own Breaſt; nor any Duels to fight, but what I may engage in without a Second; nor can I love after the old Romantic Diſcipline. I would have my Paſſion, if not led, yet at leaſt waited on by my Reaſon: and the greateſt Proof of my Affection that a Lady muſt expect, is this: I would run any Hazard to make us both happy, but would not for any tranſitory Pleaſure make either of us miſerable.'

If ever, Madam, you come to know the Life of this Piece, as well as he that drew it, you will conclude that I need not ſubſcribe the Name to the Picture.

WELL! Mrs. *V*—— and my charming *Penelope* are to lie together to-night; what wou'd I give to be a Mouſe (God bleſs us) behind the Hangings to hear the Chat. You don't know, Madam, but my Genius, which always attends you, may overhear your Diſcourſe; therefore not one Word of *George*. I'm reſolv'd to have a Friend to lie with me to-night, that I may quit ſcores with you; and it ſhall go hard but I prove as kind to my Companion, as you are to yours; though I muſt confeſs, that I had rather be in Mrs. *V*———'s Place, with

with all the little Pillows about me, or in that of Monſieur *Adonis* upon the Chair.

My Rival is a Dog of Parts,
That captivates the Ladies Hearts;
And yet by Jove *(I ſcorn to forge)*
Adonis *ſelf muſt yield to* George.
I am a Dog as well as he,
Can fawn upon a Lady's Knee;
My Ears as long, and I can bark,
To guard my Miſtreſs in the Dark:
I han't four Legs, that's no hard Sentence,
For I can paw and ſcrape Acquaintance.
I am a Dog that admires you,
And I'm a Dog if this ben't true;
And if Adonis *does outrival me,*
Then I'm a greater Son of a Bitch than he.
Reach my Waiſtcoat——but ne'er trouble it,
I am already a Dog in a Doublet.

Was ever ſuch a poetical puppy ſeen? But when my Miſtreſs is ſick, 'tis then *Dog-days* with me, tho' tis but a Cur's Trick, I muſt confeſs; but I would be content to bark at this Rate all my Life, ſo that I might hunt away all Rats and Mice from my fair Angel, whoſe fearful Temper is the only Mark of Mortality about her. The Remembrance of the Water-Rat laſt Night has inſpir'd me with the following Lines.

Fair Roſamond *did little think*
Her Cryſtal Pond ſhould turn a Sink,
To harbour Vermin that might ſwim,
And frighten Beauties from the Brim.
Henceforth, deteſted Pond, no more
Shall Beauties crown your verdant Shore;
Your Waves ſo fam'd for am'rous League,
Are now turn'd Ratſbane to Intrigue.

Now good Morrow, my fair Creature, and let me know how you are recover'd from your Fright.

WHY ſhould I write to my deareſt *Penelope*, when I only trouble her with reading what ſhe won't believe? I have told my Paſſion, my Eyes have ſpoke it, my Tongue pronounc'd it, and my Pen declar'd it; I have ſigh'd it, ſwore it, and ſubſcrib'd it; now my Heart is full of you, my Head raves of you, and my Hand writes to you, but all in vain. If you think me a Diſſembler, uſe me generouſly like a Villain, and diſcard me for ever; but if you will be ſo juſt to my Paſſion, as to believe it ſincere, tell me ſo, and make me happy; 'tis but Juſtice, Madam, to do one or t'other.

Your Indiſpoſition laſt Night, when I left you, put me into ſuch Diſorder, that not finding a Coach, I miſs'd my Way, and never minded whither I wander'd, 'till I found myſelf cloſe by *Tyburn*. When blind Love guides, who can forbear going aſtray? Inſtead of laughing at myſelf, I fell to pitying poor Mr. *F——r*, who, whilſt he rov'd abroad among your whole Sex, was never out of his Way, and now by a ſingle She was led to the Gallows. From the Thoughts of Hanging, I naturally enter'd upon thoſe of Matrimony: I conſider'd how many Gentlemen have taken a handſome Swing, to avoid ſome inward Diſquiets; then why ſhou'd not I hazard the Nooſe, to eaſe me of my Torment? Then I conſider'd, whether I ſhou'd ſend for the Ordinary of *Newgate*, or the Parſon of St. *Anne*'s; but conſidering myſelf better prepar'd for dying in a fair Lady's Arms, than on the three legg'd Tree, I was the moſt inclinable to the Pariſh-Prieſt: Beſides, if I dy'd in a fair Lady's Arms, I ſhou'd be ſure of Chriſtian Burial at laſt, and ſhould have the moſt beautiful Tomb in the Univerſe. You may imagine, Madam, that theſe Thoughts of Mortality were very melancholy; but who cou'd avoid the Thoughts of Death when you were ſick? And if your Health be not dearer to me than my own, may the next News I hear be your Death, which would be as great a Hell, as your Life and Welfare is a Heaven to the moſt amorous of his Sex.

Pray let me know in a Line, whether you are better or worſe, whether I am Honeſt or a Knave, and whether I ſhall live or die.

I can

I Can no more let a Day paſs without ſeeing or writing to my dear *Penelope*, than I can ſlip a Minute without thinking of her. I know nobody can lay a juſter Claim to the Account of my Hours, than ſhe who has ſo indiſputable a Title to my Service; and I can no more keep the Diſcovery of my Faults from you, than from my own Conſcience, becauſe you compoſe ſo great a Part of my Devotion. Let me therefore confeſs to my deareſt Angel, how laſt Night I ſaunter'd to the *Fountain*, where ſome Friends waited for me; one of 'em was a Parſon, who preaches over any Thing but his Glaſs: Had not his Company and *Sunday* Night ſanctify'd the Debauch, I ſhou'd be very fit for Repentance this Morning; the ſearching Wine has ſprung the Rheumatiſm in my Right Hand, my Head akes, my Stomach pukes, I dream'd all this Morning of Fire, and wak'd in a Flame: To compleat my Miſery, I muſt let you know all this, and make you angry with me. I deſign tho' this Afternoon to repair to St. *Anne*'s Prayers, to beg Abſolution of my Creator and my Miſtreſs; if both prove merciful, I'll put on the Reſolution of amending my Life, to fit me for the Joys of Heaven and you.

Dear Madam,

NOW I write with my aking Hand the Dictates of my aking Heart; my Body and my Soul are of a Piece; both uneaſy for Want of my dear *Penelope*. Excuſe me, Madam, for troubling you with my Diſtemper; but my Hand is ſo ill, that it can write nothing elſe, becauſe it can go no farther.

MIſfortunes always lay hold on me, when I forſake my Love, or fall ſhort of my Duty; your Coach was full, and Mr. *C——r* was vaniſh'd, ſo I had no Pretence left to avoid ſome ſober Friends, that wou'd haul me into a Cellar to drink Cyder; a dark, chilly, con-

founded Hole, fit only for Treaſon and Tobacco. Bein warm with the Throng of the Playhouſe, I unadviſed threw off my Wig; the Rawneſs of this curſed Plac with the Coldneſs of our Tipple, has ſeiz'd upon me violently, that I'm afraid I ſhan't recover it in a Tric I have got ſuch a Pain in my Jaws, that I ſha'nt be ab to eat a Bit: So now, Madam, I muſt either live upo Love or ſtarve. For Heaven's Sake then, dear Madar ſend me a little Subſiſtence; let not a hungry Wret periſh for want of an Alms: Your Charity, for th Lord's Sake. Kind Words is all I crave; and the mo uncharitable Prelate will afford a Beggar his Bleſſing. Pity my Condition, Fair Charmer, I have got a Co without, and a Fire within, Love and Cyder do not agre ſo I'll have no more Cellars. If you don't ſend m ſome Comfort in my Afflictions, expect to have a No to this *Purpoſe*——Be pleas'd to accompany the Cor of an unfortunate Lover, who dy'd of an aching Cho and a broken Heart.

YOUR Verſes, Madam, I have read, ſcan'd an conſider'd over and over; I muſt ſtill complain the Difficulty of your Characters; but your Senſe is lik a rich Mine, hard to come at, but when found, an in nite Treaſure, I wou'd anſwer you in Verſe, but for th Reaſon that follows.

Of all the ſpecious Wiles and formal Arts,
Us'd by our young intriguing Men of Parts,
None can their Ignorance in Love expreſs,
So much as whining Words in fawning Verſe,
The Nymph, whoſe ſofter Breaſt ſoft Numbers gain,
Muſt have a Soul celeſtially ſerene,
Seraphically bright, and ſparkling as her Mien.
But Women now that Character diſown,
They are all Mortal, very Mortal grown.
By Verſe was Beauty's Empire firſt ordain'd,
And ſtubborn Man to Love by Verſe was chain'd.
Verſe gave to Love his Quiver and his Bow,
Nay, e'en from Verſe he had his Godhead too.

And now ungrateful Beauty ſcorns that Aid,
By which its greateſt Triumphs firſt were made:
A ſordid Blockhead, with an empty Skull,
Shall have Acceſs, becauſe his Pocket's full.
Curſe on thee, Gold—why, Charmer, tell me why
Shou'd that which buys a Horſe, bright Beauty buy?
O cou'd I find (grant Heav'n that once I may)
A Nymph fair, kind, poetical and gay;
Whoſe Love ſhou'd blaze, unſully'd, and divine,
Lighted at firſt by the bright Lamp of mine;
Free as a Miſtreſs, faithful as a Wife,
And one that lov'd a Fiddle as her Life;
Free from all ſordid Ends, from Int'reſt free,
For my own Sake affecting only me.
What a bleſt Union ſhou'd our Souls combine?
I her's alone, and ſhe be only mine.
Free gen'rous Favours ſhou'd our Flames expreſs,
I'd write for Love, and ſhe ſhou'd love for Verſe,
In deathleſs Numbers ſhou'd my fair one ſhine,
Her Love, her Charms ſhou'd blazon every Line,
And the whole Page be like herſelf, Divine.
Not Sachariſſa's *ſelf, great* Waller's *Fair,*
Shou'd for an endleſs Name with mine compare;
My Lines ſhould run ſo high, the World ſhou'd ſee
I ſung of her, and ſhe inſpired me.
Vain are thy Wiſhes, wretched Damon, *vain,*
Thy Verſe can only ſerve thee to complain:
Wealth makes the Bargain, Love's become a Trade,
Blind Love is now by blinder Fortune led.
Who then wou'd ſing, or ſacred Numbers boaſt,
Since Love, the juſt Reward of Verſe, is loſt?
Of the ſoft Sex why were the Muſes made,
If in ſoft Love they can't afford us Aid?
No, Cupid, *no, you have deceiv'd too long,*
My Muſe and Love have ever done me wrong;
Farewel, ungrateful Love, farewel, ungrateful Song.

You ſee, Madam, that my Rhime has argu'd me out of Love; but I'm violently ſuſpicious that my Reaſon will convince me, that I am ſtill as much your Captive as ever; for I have the greateſt Inclination in the Word to intreat the Favour of meeting your Ladyſhip in the *Park* To-

To-morrow by Six. If you tarry till Seven, you may find me at the End of the Lover's Walk, hanging upon one of the Trees, which will be the readieſt Way, for aught I ſee, to bring our Amour to a Concluſion. I am an impudent Fellow; that's to prevent your Reflection upon my preſuming to appoint you a Place of Aſſignation.

IF any Thing ſhould come to your Hands, Madam, that I writ laſt Night, I humbly beg that you wou'd pardon its Impertinence; for I was ſo fuddled, that I hardly remember whether I writ or not. You'll think perhaps that my Excuſe needs as much an Apology as my Fault; but you ought to forgive me, when I aſſure you, that I ſhall never forgive myſelf. I have vow'd this Morning never to taſte Wine, till I can recover that Opportunity of ſeeing you, that Wine made me loſe. I went to the *Royal Exchange* at Two, and ſtay'd in the City till Twelve at Night; I din'd with Mr. *B——x*, who (by the Way) is a pretty Gentleman, but has a confounded Wife; ſuch Stories have I heard of her Perſecution, and his Long-ſuffering, that he deſerves to go to Heaven, and ſhe to Hell for ſending him; and ſo much for a Citizen's Wife. I come now from Mr. *Dryden*'s Funeral, where we had an Ode in *Horace* ſung, inſtead of *David*'s Pſalms; whence you may find, that we don't think a Poet worth Chriſtian Burial. The Pomp of the Ceremony was a Kind of Rhapſody, and fitter, I think, for *Hudibras* than him, becauſe the Cavalcade was moſtly Burleſque; but he was an extraordinary Man, and bury'd after an extraordinary Faſhion; for I do believe there was never ſuch another Burial ſeen. The Oration indeed was great and ingenious, worthy the Subject, and like the Author, whoſe Preſcriptions can reſtore the Living, and his Pen embalm the Dead. And ſo much for Mr. *Dryden*, whoſe Burial was the ſame with his Life; Variety, and not of a Piece. The Quality and Mob, Farce and Heroics; the Sublime and Ridicule mixt in a Piece, great *Cleopatra* in a Hackney-Coach.

And

And now, Madam, for the Application; let us conſider, ſt we are all mortal, that neither Wit can protect a Man, r Beauty a Woman, from the Impertinence of a Burial: here is but one Way, let us join our Forces to diſap. int it, as thus: Beauty cauſes Love, Love inſpires Poe. y, and Poetry makes Wit immortal: So in Return, Wit fir'd with Gratitude, that extols your Charms, and ſo akes Beauty immortal. Now, Madam, if your Beauty an make as mad Work in my Head, as it has in my leart, I will ſhew the World ſuch a Copy of your Coun. enance, that you ſhall be as fair a hundred Years hence, as ou are at this Inſtant; all the Worms in the Church-yard hall not have Power to touch one Feature in your Face; and for my Part, if I am not more a Poet a hundred Years hence than I am now, I'll be damn'd. And I can aſſure you, that Mr. *Dryden* had never dy'd, had he not grown too old to pleaſe the Ladies; and if that be my Caſe already, the Lord have Mercy upon me.

YOur ſtrange and unexpected Declaration of your unkind Thoughts of me, has caſt a Damp upon my Spirits, that will break out either in Melancholy or Rage: I wiſh it prove the latter, for then I ſhall deſtroy myſelf the ſhorter Way; in the Fervency of my Paſſion, and Diligence of Courtſhip, which has alarm'd Part of the World. To be accus'd of Coldneſs and Neglect is—— but I'll ſay no more upon that Subject, 'tis too warm; and if I touch it, will ſet me in a Blaze. I remember the Cauſe of my Uneaſineſs t'other Day, and I remember that Cauſe was repeated laſt Night; and, in ſhort, I remember a thouſand Things that make me mad; and ſince you have taken ſo opportune a Time of telling me of the Coldneſs of my Love, give me Leave to tell you, that my Paſſion is ſo violent, that 'twill give me Cauſe to curſe your whole Sex; nay, even you, tho' at the ſame Time I cou'd ſtab myſelf for the Expreſſion. Now, Madam, I'll endeavour to ſleep, for I ha'n't clos'd my Eyes ſince I ſaw you.

THIS

Hague, October 23, New Stil

THIS is the ſecond Poſt, dear Madam, ſince I ha heard from you, which makes me apprehenſive th you are not well, or that you have forgot the Perſon who Health and Welfare ſo intirely depends upon yours. I'm proud to ſay, that all my Words, my Letters, and E deavours, have unfeignedly run upon the Strain of t moſt real Paſſion that ever poſſeſt the Breaſt of Man; an if, after all this, they ſhould all prove vain, I leave y to judge how poor an Opinion I ſhou'd have of my Un derſtanding, which muſt be a very mortifying Thoug for a Perſon who is very unwilling to paſs for a Fo 'Tis true, I have laid out all the little Senſe I had in yo Service, and if it ſhould be caſt away, I ſhould turn Ban rupt in my Underſtanding, and run ſtark mad upon th Loſs. For God's Sake, Madam, let me know what have to truſt to, that I may once more ſet up for a Ma of ſome Parts, or elſe run away from my Senſes as faſt I can; my Thoughts begin to be very ſevere Creditor and I am perfectly tir'd of their Company. The Kin came hither laſt Night about Eleven from *Loo*; and if th Weather prove fair, deſigns for *England* next *Wedneſda* Providence has deſign'd my ſtaying ſo long, out of i great Mercy to ſecure me from the Violence of a terrib Storm, which has laſted here this Fortnight paſt, to th Degree, that *Holland* is no more at preſent than a gre leaky Man of War, toſſing on the Ocean, and Marine are forc'd to pump Night and Day to keep the Veſſ above Water. I can aſſure you, without a Jeſt, that th Cellars and Canals have frequent Communication, an happy is he that can lodge in a Garret: There are Fe lows planted on all the Steeples, with a conſiderable R ward to him that can make the firſt Land, tho' they ha more Need to look out for a Rainbow; for without th I ſhall believe that God Almighty, in his Articles wi *Noah* after the Flood, has excluded the *Dutch* out of th Treaty. I have tranſcrib'd your Letter to my Lo *A——le*, and will conſult with Captain *L——ce* abo your Affairs, whether it be proper to mention Matte now, or defer it till we come over: My Lord *Weſt——r* treate

treated us Yeſterday with a Pot of *Engliſh* Veniſon ſent him by his Mother. But never was poor Buck ſo devour'd by hungry Hounds; we hunted him down with excellent *Burgundy*——Could this Place afford us good Toaſts as it does Wine, 'twere a Paradiſe. But we made ſhift to call you all over, every Beauty in *London*, from the D——ſs of *G*——*n* to Mrs. *B*——*le*; and when we got drunk, we toaſted the *Dutch* Ladies; and by the Time we got thro' the whole Aſſembly, we were grown as dull and ſottiſh as if we had lain with them. You muſt pardon my Breeding, Madam, and conſider where I am; but I do bluſh a little, and can't ſay a Word more, but that I am,

M A D A M,

Your faithful and moſt humble Servant.

I Receiv'd your Letter, Madam, with the ſtrange Relation of your being robb'd: I can't tell whether my Grief or Amazement was greateſt; it ſuſpended the Pain of the Rheumatiſm for ſome Hours, tho' I gain'd little by that, for it only gave Place to a greater. All the Conſolation I can afford in your Sorrow, is, that you have a Companion in your Afflictions that ſympathizes in every Particular of your Grief. I conſider myſelf a Lady robb'd of my fine Things, ſtripp'd of my beſt Clothes, and, what is worſe, of all my pretty Trinkets, that have coſt me ſome Years in purchaſing. Tho' this be the greateſt Misfortune a fine Lady can ſuſtain, yet I am ſtill more troubled at the Manner of the Action, than at the Greatneſs of my Loſs, that in a Houſe ſo well peopled as mine, in an Hour ſo early, when all the World was awake, that all my good Stars ſhould then be aſleep, is very provoking.

By this, Madam, you may judge whether my Heart e not tun'd to the very ſame Notes of Sorrow with yours; nd as I have the ſame Reaſons for my Grief, ſo perhaps ſhall agree with your Ladyſhip as to the Thoughts which ay afford you moſt Conſolation.

Religion

Religion teaches me, that nothing in this World is properly our own, but borrow'd; and ſince I am oblig'd to reſign even my very Life without murmuring, when he that lent it is pleas'd to recal it, why ſhould I repine at parting with Things of ſo much leſs Importance? But to comfort myſelf after a more worldly Manner, I conſider that my Clothes had been worn out in a Year or two, that my fine Things had been out of Faſhion in a Year or two more; ſo that I have only loſt the Uſe of those Things which four or five Years wou'd have robb'd me of without breaking a Lock, or opening a Window. Beſides, another Thing which gives me no ſmall Comfort is a Reflection on the Mercies of Providence in Matters of greater Moment, as in Relation to my Life, my Honour, *&c.* one Inſtance of which is pretty freſh in my Memory. I recollect that ſome few Months ago I was in a foreign Country, far from my Relations to comfort me or Friends to aſſiſt me; a Stranger to the Place, more to the Language; like a Child among Savage Beaſts; I had no Companion but a Brute more ſavage than they, who betray'd me into the Hands of a Villain, that wou'd have ruin'd me paſt Redemption, had not Providence ſent a Gentleman to my Reſcue, who is now at *Richmond* dying for Love of me. This Deliverance, I think, may make ſufficient Amends for the preſent Loſs.

Now, Madam, that I have gueſs'd at your Thoughts upon the Matter, give me Leave to preſent you with my own Sentiments upon this Affair. And in the firſt Place I think that if the Rogues had ſtripp'd you of all that you enjoy in the World, even the white Covering to your ſelf Nakedneſs, I wou'd catch you in my Arms before an Ducheſs in *Chriſtendom* ſet out in Brocade and Jewels.

I think, Secondly, that a Lady without a Huſband lies very much expos'd to all Abuſes from the rude World; that the Weakneſs of their Conſtitution is a ſufficient Proof, that their Maker deſign'd Man for their Guard. Now if a Lady will neglect the Protection which Providence has deſign'd her, when there is one that begs it very earneſtly, and has ſo long ſollicited for the Honour of the Place; 'tis but juſt, I think, that ſhe meet with ſome ſmall Rubs to mind her of her Inſufficiency. I know, Madam, that your Ladyſhip has a very good and worthy Gentleman

ıan very near you, one who is both a Friend and r to you; but yet a Huſband is ſtill the beſt *Guard*, and there are ſome Privileges annex'd to his which would make Rogues more cautious how they your Bed-Chamber. In the third Place, Madam, Leave to aſk you one Queſtion: Don't you think ief that robb'd you to be a very barbarous Fellow? uld you not be very ſevere upon him, if he were Moſt certainly you would. Then what muſt I f a Perſon that has robb'd me of a Jewel much ecious than any they have taken from you, I mean, e and Quiet? A little Thief has ſtole my Heart ny very Breaſt; the Loſs of which has coſt me ghs and Uneaſineſs than all the Wealth in the could have done. I have purſu'd this charming from Place to Place, from Town to Country, from m to Kingdom, yet all in vain——I beg you now, to conſider this, and be not too ſevere upon the ogues, tho' they ſhould be taken.

is the firſt Service my Hand has done me ſince I dow; and were not the Air too piercing for me to abroad after ſo much Bleeding, I would have all this perſonally; but happen what will, three Days ſhall be the utmoſt Confinement I can lay y Deſire of waiting on you; and that you have long releas'd from my Company, you are more n to the Force of my Illneſs, than the Strength of olution, which is always too weak to encounter ion of,

MADAM,

Your moſt ſincere and humble Servant.

m,

s a ſad Misfortune to begin a Letter with an e; but when my Love is croſs'd, 'tis no Won- t my Writing ſhould be revers'd. I would beg rdon for the other Offences of this Nature which I have

I have committed, but that I have ſo little R judge favourably of your Mercy; tho' I can aſſ Madam, that I ſhall never excuſe myſelf my own the Trouble, no more than I can pardon myſelf nity of attempting your Charms, ſo much above th of my Pretenſions, and which are reſerv'd for ſo worthy Admirer. If there be that Man upon E can merit your Eſteem, I pity him; for an Obliga great for a Return, muſt to any generous Soul be eaſy, tho' ſtill I envy his Miſery.

May you be as happy, Madam, in the Enjoy your Deſires, as I am miſerable in the Diſappoin mine; and as the greateſt Bleſſing of your Life, Perſon you admire love you as ſincerely and as pa ly, as he whom you ſcorn.

A

ISCOURSE

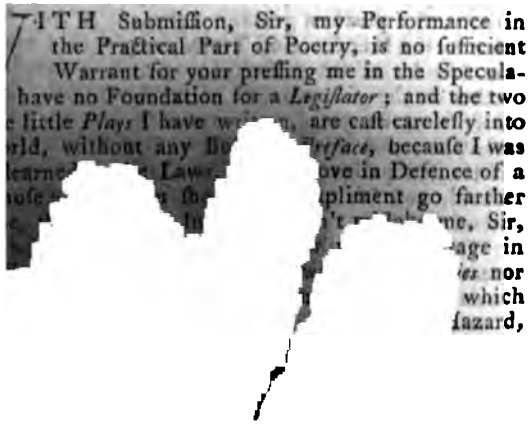
UPON

OMEDY,

In Reference to the

ENGLISH STAGE.

In a LETTER to a Friend.



WITH Submiſſion, Sir, my Performance in the Practical Part of Poetry, is no ſufficient Warrant for your preſſing me in the Specula- have no Foundation for a *Legiſlator*; and the two e little *Plays* I have w[illegible], are caſt careleſly into rld, without any [illegible] *reface*, becauſe I was learn[illegible] Law[illegible] ove in Defence of a ioſe [illegible] ſh[illegible] pliment go farther [illegible] me, Sir, [illegible] age in [illegible] *ies* nor [illegible] which [illegible] hazard,

Hazard, not Study, brings into my Head, without a preliminary *Method* or *Cogitation*.

Among the many Diſadvantages attending Poe none ſeems to bear a greater Weight, than that ſo m ſet up for Judges, when ſo very few underſtand a T of the Matter. Moſt of our other Arts and Scie bear an awful Diſtance in their Proſpect, or with a and glittering Varniſh dazzle the Eyes of the ſighted Vulgar: The *Divine* ſtands wrapt up in his C of Myſteries, and the amuſed *Laity* muſt pay Tithes Veneration to be kept in Obſcurity, grounding Hopes of future Knowledge on a competent Stock preſent Ignorance; (in the greater Part of the Chri World this is plain.) With what Deference and Re nation does the bubbled *Client* commit his Fees and C into the Clutches of the *Law*, where Aſſurance b Juſtice by *Preſcription*, and the wrong Side is never kn to make its *Patron* bluſh. *Phyſic* and *Logic* are ſtro fortified by their impregnable Terms of Art, and *Mathematician* lies ſo cunningly intrench'd within his and *Circles*, that none but thoſe of their Party dare into their puzzling Deſigns.

Thus the Generality of Mankind is held at a gre Diſtance, whoſe Ignorance not preſuming perhaps to open Applauſe, is yet ſatisfy'd to pay a blind Venera to the very Faults of what they don't underſtand.

Poetry alone, and chiefly the *Drama*, lies open to Inſults of all Pretenders; ſhe was one of Nature's el Offſprings, whence by her Birthright, and plain S plicity, ſhe pleads a genuine Likeneſs to her Moth born in the Innocence of Time, ſhe provided not ag the Aſſaults of ſucceeding Ages; and, depending gether on the generous End of her Invention, negle thoſe ſecret Supports and ſerpentine Devices us'd by ther Arts, that wind themſelves into Practice for m ſubtle and politic Deſigns: Naked ſhe came into World, and 'tis to be fear'd, like its Profeſſors, will naked out.

'Tis a wonderful thing, that moſt Men ſeem to hav great Veneration for *Poetry*, yet will hardly allow a vourable Word to any Piece of it that they meet: I your *Virtuoſos* in Friendſhip, that are ſo raviſh'd with notic

nal Nicety of the Virtue, that they can find no Per-
orth their intimate Acquaintance. The Favour of
whipt at School for *Martial's Epigrams*, or *Ovid's*
rs, is ſufficient Privilege for turning *Pedagogues*, and
g all their Succeſſors; and it would ſeem, by the
of their Correction, that the Ends of the Rod were
n their Buttocks. The Scholar calls upon us for
ums and *Oeconomy*; the Courtier cries out for *Wit*,
Purity of Stile; the Citizen for *Humour* and *Nature*;
Divines threaten us for Immodeſty; and the Ladies
have an Intrigue. Now here are a Multitude of
es whereof the twentieth Perſon only has read *Our*
, and yet every one is a Critic after his own Way;
is, ſuch a Play is beſt, becauſe I like it. A very fa-
ir Argument, methinks, to prove the Excellence of
y, and to which an Author wou'd be very unwilling
ppeal for his Succeſs! Yet ſuch is the unfortunate
: of Dramatic Poetry, that it muſt ſubmit to ſuch
ments; and by the Cenſure or Approbation of ſuch
ety, it muſt either ſtand or fall. But what *Salus*,
t Redreſs for this Inconvenience? Why, without all
ute, an Author muſt endeavour to pleaſure that Part
he Audience, who can lay the beſt Claim to a judi-
s and impartial Reflexion. But before he begins,
him well conſider to what Diviſion that Claim does
t properly belong. The Scholar will be very angry
ie for making that the Subject of a Queſtion, which
elf-evident without any Diſpute; for, ſays he, who
pretend to underſtand Poetry better than we, who
e read *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Ovid*, &c. at the Uni-
ſity? What Knowledge can out-ſtrip ours that is found-
upon the Criticiſms of *Ariſtotle*, *Scaliger*, *Vossius*, and
like? We are the better Sort, and therefore may claim
s as a due Compliment to our Learning! and if a
t can pleaſe us, who are the nice and ſevere Cri-
s, he cannot fail to bring in the reſt of an inferior
ak.

I ſhould be very proud to own my Veneration for Learn-
g, and to acknowledge any Compliment due to the
tter Sort upon that Foundation; but I am afraid the
rning of the better Sort is not confin'd to College
adies; for there is ſuch a Thing as Reaſon without Syl-
logiſm,

logiſm, Knowledge without *Ariſtotle*, and Languages ſides *Greek* and *Latin*: We ſhall likewiſe find in the Co and City ſeveral Degrees, ſuperior to thoſe at Commen ment. From all which I muſt beg the Scholar's Pard for not paying him the Compliment of the better Sc (as he calls it;) and in the next Place enquire into Validity of his Title from his Knowledge of *Critici* and the Courſe of his Studies.

I muſt firſt beg one Favour of the Graduate —— t here is a Pit full of *Covent-Garden* Gentlemen, a Gall full of Cits, a hundred Ladies of Court-Education, a about two hundred Footmen of nice Morality, who h ing been unmercifully teaz'd with a Parcel of fooli impertinent, irregular Plays all this laſt Winter, mak their humble Requeſt, that you wou'd oblige them w a Comedy of your own making, which they don't qu tion will give them Entertainment. O, Sir, replies *Square-Cap*, I have long commiſerated the Condition the *Engliſh* Audience, that has been forc'd to take up w ſuch wretched Stuff, as lately has crowded the Stag your *Jubilees* and your *Foppingtons*, and ſuch irregu Impertinence, that no Man of Senſe cou'd bear the l ruſal of 'em. I have long intended, out of pure Fi to the Stage, to write a perfect Piece of this Natur and now, ſince I am honour'd by the Commands ſo many, my Intentions ſhall immediately be put Practice.

So to work he goes; old *Ariſtotle*, *Scaliger*, with th Commentators, are lugg'd down from the high She and the Moths are diſlodg'd from the Tenement of Ye *Horace*, *Voſſius*, *Heinſius*, *Hedelin*, *Rapin*, with ſome hal dozen more, are thumb'd and toſs'd about, to teach t Gentlemen, forſooth, to write a Comedy; and here he furniſh'd with *Unity of Action*, *Continuity of Acti Extent of Time*, *Preparation of Incidents*, *Epiſodes*, *N ration*, *Deliberations*, *Didactics*, *Pathetics*, *Monologues*, l gures, *Intervals*, *Cataſtrophes*, *Choruſes*, *Scenes*, *Machi Decorations*, &c. a Stock ſufficient to ſet up any Moun bank in *Chriſtendom*: And if our new Author would ta an Opportunity of reading a Lecture upon the Play theſe Terms, by the Help of a *Zany* and a Joint-ſtool, l Scenes might go off as well as the Doctor's Packet

t

e Misfortune of it is, he ſcorns all Application to ulgar, and will pleaſe the better Sort, as he calls m. Purſuant therefore to his Philoſophical Dic- he firſt chuſes a ſingle Plot, becauſe moſt agree- the Regularity of Criticiſm; no matter whether it Buſineſs enough for Diverſion or Surprize. He not for the World introduce a Song or Dance, be- his Play muſt be one intire Action. We muſt ex- o variety of incidents, becauſe the Exactneſs of his Hours won't give him Time for their Preparation. Unity of Place admits no Variety of Painting and ct, by which Miſchance perhaps we ſhall loſe the ood Scenes in the Play. But no matter for that; lay is a regular Play; this Play has been examin'd pprov'd by ſuch and ſuch Gentlemen, who are h Critics, and Maſters of Art; and this Play I ave acted. Look'e, Mr. *Rich*, you may venture to t a hundred and fifty Pounds for dreſſing this Play, was written by a great Scholar, and Fellow of a e.

n a grave dogmatical Prologue is ſpoken, to in- the Audience what ſhould pleaſe them; that this as a new and different Cut from the Farce they ſee Day; that this Author writes after the Manner of *ncients*, and here is a Piece according to the Model *Athenian Drama*. Very well! This goes off *Hum*, *ſo*, *ſo*. Then the Players go to work on a Piece d knotty Stuff, where they can no more ſhew their han a Carpenter can upon a Piece of Steel. Here Lamp and the Scholar in every Line, but not a Syl- of the Poet; here is elaborate Language, ſounding ets, Flights of Words that ſtrike the Clouds, whilſt or Senſe lags after, like the Lanthorn in the Tail Kite, which appears only like a Star, while the th of the Player's Lungs has Strength to bear it up Air.

the Audience, willing perhaps to diſcover his an- Model, and the *Athenian Drama*, are attentive to rſt Act or two; but not finding a true Genius of , nor the natural Air of free Converſation, with- y regard to his Regularity, they betake themſelves er Work: Not meeting the Diverſion they expected

on the Stage, they ſhift for themſelves in the Pit, ſi one turns about to his Neighbour in a Maſk, and fo fault of Entertainment now, they ſtrike up for mo verting Scenes when the Play is done: And tho' the be regular as *Ariſtotle*, and modeſt as Mr. *Collier* wiſh, yet it promotes more Lewdneſs in the Conſequ and procures more effectually for Intrigue, than *Rover*, *Libertine*, or *Old Bachelor* whatſoever. A comes the *Epilogue*, which pleaſes the Audience very becauſe it ſends them away, and terminates the F the Poet; the *Patentees* rail at him, the Players him, the Town damns him, and he may bury his in *Paul's*, for not a Bookſeller about it will put Print.

This familiar Account, Sir, I would not have charge to my Invention, for there are Precedents ſi ent in the World to warrant it in every Particular. Town has been often diſappointed in thoſe Critical F and ſome Gentlemen, that have been admir'd in thei culative Remarks, have been ridicul'd in the Pr All the Authorities, all the Rules of Antiquity prov'd too weak to ſupport the Theatre, whilſt ot who have diſpens'd with the Critics, and taken a tude in the *Oeconomy* of their Plays, have been the Supporters of the Stage, and the Ornament of the *D* This is ſo viſibly true, that I need bring in no Inſt to enforce it; but you ſay, Sir, 'tis a Paradox tha often puzzled your Underſtanding, and you lay Commands upon me to ſolve it, if I can.

Look'e, Sir, to add a Value to my Complaiſanc to I muſt tell you in the firſt Place, that I run as gr Hazard in nibbling at this *Paradox* of *Poetry*, as *I* did by touching *Tranſubſtantiation*; 'tis a Myſtery tha World has ſweetly ſlept in ſo long, that they take it ill to be waken'd; eſpecially being diſturb'd of Reſt, when there is no Buſineſs to be done. But I that *Bellarmine* was once as *Orthodox* as *Ariſtotle*; ſince the *German Doctor* has made a ſhift to hew the *Cardinal*, I will have a tug with *ipſe dixit*, tho' for't.

But in the firſt Place I muſt beg you, Sir, to lay your ſuperſtitious Veneration for Antiquity, and the

Expre

ions on that Score; that the preſent Age is illite-
their Taſte is vitiated; that we live in the Decay
ie, and the Dotage of the World is fall'n to our
——'Tis a Miſtake, Sir; the World was never
ſtive or youthful, and true downright Senſe was
nore univerſal than at this very Day; 'tis neither
l to one Nation in the World, nor to one Party of
; 'tis remarkable in *England*, as well as *France*,
od genuine Reaſon is nouriſh'd as well by the Cold
deland, as by the Warmth of *Italy*; 'tis neither ab-
l the Court with the late Reigns, nor expell'd the
/ith the Play-houſe Bills; you may find it in the
Jury at *Hicks's Hall*, and upon the Bench ſometimes
the Juſtices; then why ſhould we be hamper'd ſo
Opinions, as if all the Ruins of Antiquity lay ſo
y on the Bones of us, that we cou'd not ſtir Hand
ot: No, no, Sir, *ipſe dixit* is remov'd long ago,
l the Rubbiſh of old Philoſophy, that in a Man-
ry'd the Judgment of Mankind for many Cen-
is now carry'd off; the vaſt Tomes of *Ariſtotle*
s Commentators are all taken to pieces, and their
bility is loſt with all Perſons of a free and un-
lic'd Reaſon.

:n above all Men living, why ſhould the Poets be
/ink'd at this rate, and by what Authority ſhould
/le's Rules of Poetry ſtand ſo fix'd and immutable?
by the Authority of two thouſand Years ſtanding,
ſe thro' this long Revolution of Time the World
ill continu'd the ſame ——— By the Authority
ir being receiv'd at *Athens*, a City the very ſame
London in every Particular, their Habits the ſame,
Humours alike, their public Tranſactions and pri-
Societies *Alamode de France*; in ſhort, ſo very much
me in every Circumſtance, that *Ariſtotle*'s Criticiſms
give Rules to *Drury-Lane*, the *Areopagus* give Judg-
upon a Caſe in the *King's Bench*, and old *Solon* ſhall
Laws to the *Houſe of Commons*.

t to examine this Matter a little further: All Arts
'rofeſſions are compounded of theſe two Parts, a ſpe-
ive Knowledge, and a practical Uſe; and from an
llence in both theſe, any Perſon is rais'd to Emi-
e and Auth ity in his Calling. The Lawyer has

his Years of Student in the Speculative Part of his Buſineſs; and, when promoted to the Bar, he falls upon the Practic, which is the Trial of his Ability. Without all Diſpute the great *Coke* had many a Tug at the Bar, before he could raiſe himſelf to the Bench; and had made ſufficiently evident his Knowledge of the Laws in his Pleadings, before he was admitted to the Authority of giving Judgment upon the Caſe.

The Phyſician, to gain Credit to his Preſcriptions, muſt labour for a Reputation in the Cure of ſuch and ſuch Diſtempers; and before he ſets up for a *Galen* or *Hippocrates*, muſt make many Experiments upon his Patients. *Philoſophy* itſelf, which is a Science the moſt abſtract from Practice, has its public Acts and Diſputations; it is rais'd gradually, and its Profeſſor commences Doctor by Degrees; he has the Labour of maintaining *Theſes*, methodizing his *Arguments*, and clearing *Objections*; his Memory and Underſtanding is often puzzled by Oppoſitions couch'd in Fallacies and Sophiſms, in ſolving all which he muſt make himſelf remarkable, before he pretends to impoſe his own Syſtems upon the World. Now if the Caſe be thus in *Philoſophy*, or in any Branch thereof, as in *Ethics*, *Phyſics*, which are call'd Sciences, what muſt be done in *Poetry*, that is denominated an Art, and conſequently implies a Practice in its Perfection?

Is it reaſonable, that any Perſon that has never writ a Diſtich of Verſes in his Life, ſhould ſet up for a *Dictator* in Poetry; and without the leaſt Practice in his own Performance, muſt give Laws and Rules to that of others? Upon what Foundation is Poetry made ſo very cheap and ſo eaſy a Taſk by theſe Gentlemen? An excellent Poet is the ſingle Production of an Age, when we have Crowds of Philoſophers, Phyſicians, Lawyers, Divines, every Day, and all of them competently famous in their Callings. In the two learned Commonwealths of *Rome* and *Athens*, there was but one *Virgil* and one *Homer*, yet have we above a hundred *Philoſophers* in each, and moſt part of 'em, forſooth, muſt have a touch at Poetry, drawing it into *Diviſions*, *Subdiviſions* &c. when the Wit of 'em all ſet together would not amount to one of *Martial's Epigrams*.

Of all theſe I ſhall mention only *Ariſtotle*, the firſt and *great Lawgiver* in this reſpect, and upon whom all that follow'd

follow'd him are only Commentators. Among all the vaſt Tracts of this voluminous Author, we don't find any Fragment of an Epic Poem, or the leaſt Scene of a Play, to authorize his Skill and Excellence in that Art. Let it not be alledg'd, that for aught we know he was an excellent Poet, but his more ſerious Studies would not let him enter upon Affairs of this Nature; for every body knows that *Ariſtotle* was no *Cynic*, but liv'd in the Splendor and Air of the Court; that he lov'd Riches as much as others of that Station, and being ſufficiently acquainted with his Pupil's Affection to Poetry, and his Complaint that he wanted an *Homer* to aggrandize his Actions, he would never have ſlipt ſuch an Opportunity of further ingratiating himſelf in the King's Favour, had he been conſcious of any Abilities in himſelf for ſuch an Undertaking; and having a more noble and copious Theme in the Exploits of *Alexander*, than what inſpir'd the blind Bard in his Hero *Achilles*. If his Epiſtles to *Alexander* were always anſwer'd with a conſiderable Preſent, what might we have expected from a Work like *Homer's* upon ſo great a Subject, dedicated to ſo mighty a Prince, whoſe greateſt Fault was his vain Glory, and that he took ſuch Pains to be deify'd among Men?

It may be objected, that all the Works of *Ariſtotle* are not recover'd; and among thoſe that are loſt, ſome Eſſays of this kind might have periſh'd. This Suppoſition is too weakly founded; for altho' the Works themſelves might have eſcap'd us, 'tis more than probable that ſome Hint or other, either in the Life of the Conqueror, or Philoſopher, might appear, to convince us of ſuch a Production: Beſides, as 'tis believ'd he writ *Philoſophy*, becauſe we have his Books; ſo I dare ſwear he writ no *Poetry*, becauſe none is extant, nor any Mention made thereof that ever I could hear of.

But ſtay—Without any further Enquiry into the Poetry of *Ariſtotle*, his Ability that Way is ſufficiently apparent by that excellent Piece he has left behind him upon that Subject——By your Favour, Sir, this is *Petitio Principii*, or in plain *Engliſh*, give me the Sword in my own Hand, and I'll fight with you——Have but a little Patience till I make a Flouriſh or two, and then if you are pleas'd to demand it, I'll grant you that and every Thing elſe.

How eaſy were it for me to take one of Doctor *Tillot* Sermons, and out of the *Oeconomy* of one of thoſe courſes, trump you up a Pamphlet, and call it, *The A Preaching?* In the firſt Place I muſt take a *Text*, and I muſt be very learn'd upon the Etymology of this W *Text*; then this Text muſt be divided into ſuch and *Partitions*, which Partitions muſt have their hard N and *Derivations*; then theſe muſt be ſpun into *Subd ſions*, and theſe back'd by Proofs of Scripture, *Ratioci Oratoris, Ornamenta Figurarum, Rhetoricarum*, and *Aut tas Patrum Eccleſiæ*, with ſome Rules and Directions theſe ought to be manag'd and apply'd; And cloſing this difficult Pedantry with the *Dimenſion of Time* for an Occaſion, you will pay me the Compliment of ar cellent Preacher, and affirm that any Sermon whatſo either by a *Preſbyter* at *Geneva*, or *Jeſuit* in *Spain*, deviates from theſe Rules, deſerves to be hiſs'd, and Prieſt kick'd out of his Pulpit. I muſt doubt your C plaiſance in this Point, Sir; for you know the Forn Eloquence are divers, and ought to be ſuited to the ferent Humour and Capacities of an Audience. Yo ſenſible, Sir, that the fiery choleric Humour of Nation muſt be entertain'd and mov'd by other M than the heavy flegmatic Complexion of another; I have obſerv'd in my little Travels, that a Sermon of Quarters of an Hour, that might pleaſe the Congreg at St. *James's*, would never ſatisfy the Meeting-houſe i City, where People expect more for their Money; having more Temptations of Roguery, muſt have a l Portion of Inſtruction.

Be pleas'd to hear another Inſtance of a different K tho' to the ſame Purpoſe: I go down to *Woolwich*, there upon a Piece of Paper I take the Dimenſion o *Royal Sovereign*, and from hence I frame a Model of a *of War:* I divide the Ship into three principal Parts *Keel*, the *Hull*, and the *Rigging*; I ſubdivide theſe their proper Denominations, and, by the help of a S give you all the Terms belonging to every Rope, every Office in the whole Ship; will you from hence i that I am an excellent Shipwright, and that this Mo proper for a *Trading Junk* upon the *Volga*, or a *Ven Galley* in the *Adriatick Sea?*

But you'll object, perhaps, that this is no parallel Caſe, becauſe that *Ariſtotle's Ars Poetica* was never drawn from ſuch ſlight Obſervations, but was the pure Effect of his immenſe Reaſon through a nice Inſpection into the very Bottom and Foundation of Nature.

To this I anſwer, That Verity is eternal, as that the Truth of two and two making four was as certain in the Days of *Adam* as it is now; and that, according to his own Poſition, Nature is the ſame *apud omnes Gentes.* Now if his Rules of Poetry were drawn from certain and immutable Principles, and fix'd on the Baſis of Nature, why ſhould not his *Ars Poetica* be as efficacious now as it was two thouſand Years ago? And why ſhould not a ſingle Plot, with perfect Unity of Time and Place, do as well at *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, as at the Play-houſe in *Athens?* No, no, Sir, I am to believe that the Philoſopher took no ſuch Pains in Poetry as you imagine; the *Greek* was his Mother Tongue, and *Homer* was read with as much Veneration among the School-Boys, as we learn our *Catechiſm:* Then where was the great Buſineſs for a Perſon, ſo expert in Mood and Figure as *Ariſtotle* was, to range into ſome Order a Parcel of Terms of Art, drawn from his Obſervations upon the *Iliads*, and to call theſe the Model of an *Epic Poem?* Here, Sir, you may imagine that I am caught, and have all this while been ſpinning a Thread to ſtrangle myſelf: One of my main Objections againſt *Ariſtotle's Criticiſms*, is drawn from his Non-performance in Poetry; and now I affirm, that his Rules are extracted from the greateſt Poet that ever liv'd which gives the utmoſt Validity to the Precept, and that is all we contend for.

Look'e, Sir, I lay it down only for a Suppoſition, that *Ariſtotle's* Rules for an *Epic Poem* were extracted from *Homer's Iliads*, and if a Suppoſition has weigh'd me down, I have two or three more of an equal Balance to turn the Scale.

The great Eſteem of *Alexander the Great* for the Works of old *Homer*, is ſufficiently teſtify'd by Antiquity, inſomuch that he always ſlept with the *Iliads* under his Pillow: Of this the *Stagyric* to be ſure was not ignorant; and what more proper Way of making his Court could a Man of Letters deviſe, than by ſaying ſomething in Commenda-

tion of the King's Favourite? A Copy of Commendatory Verſes was too mean, and perhaps out of the Element; then ſomething he would do in his own Way, a Book muſt be made of the Art of Poetry, wherein *Homer* is prov'd a Poet by Mood and Figure, and his Perfection tranſmitted to Poſterity: And if Prince *Arthur* had been in the Place of the *Iliads*, we ſhould have had other Rules for *Epic Poetry*, and Doctor *B——re* had carry'd the *Bays* from *Homer*, in Spight of all the Critics in *Chriſtendom*. But whether *Ariſtotle* writ thoſe Rules to compliment his Pupil, whether he would made a Stoop at Poetry, to ſhew that there was no Knowledge beyond the Flight of his Genius, there is no Reaſon to allow that *Homer* compil'd his Heroic Poem by thoſe very Rules which *Ariſtotle* has laid down: For, granting that *Ariſtotle* might pick ſuch and ſuch Obſervations from this Piece, they might be mere Accidents reſulting caſually from the Compoſition of the Work, and not any of the eſſential Principles of the Poem. How uſual is it for Critics to find out Faults, and create Beauties, which the Authors never intend for ſuch; and how frequently do we find Authors run down in thoſe very Parts, which they deſign for the greateſt Ornament? How natural is it for aſpiring, ambitious School-men to attempt Matters of the higheſt Reach; the wonderful Creation of the World (which nothing but the Almighty Power that ordered it can deſcribe) is brought into Mood and Figure by the Arrogance of *Philoſophy*. But till I can believe that the Vertigos of *Carteſius*, or the Atoms of *Epicurus* can determine the Almighty *Fiat*, they muſt give me Leave to queſtion the Infallibility of their Rules in reſpect of Poetry.

Had *Homer* himſelf by the ſame Inſpiration that he writ his Poem, left us any Rules for ſuch a Performance, all the World muſt have own'd it for authentic. But he was too much a Poet to give Rules to that, whoſe Excellence he knew conſiſted in a free and unlimited Flight of Imagination; and to deſcribe the Spirit of Poetry, which alone, in the *True Art of Poetry*, he knew to be as impoſſible, as for Human Reaſon to teach the Gift of Prophecy by a Definition.

Neither is *Ariſtotle* to be allow'd any further Knowledge in *Dramatic*, than in *Epic Poetry*: *Euripides*, whom he ſeems

compliment by Rules adapted to the Modes of
, was either his Contemporary, or liv'd but a
ore him; he was not inſenſible how much this
vas the Darling of the City, as appear'd by the
is Expence diſburs'd by the Public for the Or-
of his Plays; and 'tis probable, he might take
ortunity of improving his Intereſt with the Peo-
ulging their Inclination by refining upon the
f what they admir'd. And beſides all this, the
of *Dramatic* Rage was ſo freſh in his Memory,
rd Uſage that his Brother *Sophocles* not long before
upon the Stage, that it was convenient to hu-
reigning Wit, leſt a ſecond *Ariſtophanes* ſhould
to taſk with as little Mercy, as poor *Socrates*
the Hands of the firſt.

talk'd ſo long to lay a Foundation for theſe
g Concluſions: *Ariſtotle* was no Poet, and con-
not capable of giving Inſtructions in the Art of
his *Ars Poetica* are only ſome Obſervations
om the Works of *Homer* and *Euripides*, which
mere Accidents reſulting caſually from the Com-
of the Works, and not any of the eſſential
es on which they are compil'd. That without
imſelf the Trouble of ſearching into the Nature
y, he has only complimented the Heroes of Wit
our of his Age, by joining with them in their
tion; with this Difference, that their Applauſe
n, and his more Scholaſtic.

leave theſe only as Suppoſitions to be reliſh'd
y Man at his Pleaſure, I ſhall without compli-
any Author, either ancient or modern, inquire
firſt Invention of Comedy; what were the true
and honeſt Intentions of that Art; and from a
lge of the *End*, ſeek out the *Means*, without
tation of *Ariſtotle*, or Authority of *Euripides*.

Productions, either Divine or Human, the final
the firſt Mover, becauſe the End or Intention
rational Action muſt firſt be conſider'd, before
erial or efficient Cauſes are put in Execution.
determine the final Cauſe of Comedy, we muſt
k beyond the material and formal Agents, and
in it's very Infancy, or rather in the very firſt

Act of its Generation, when its primary Parent, by propoſing ſuch or ſuch an End of his Labour, laid down the firſt Sketches or Shadows of the Piece. Now as all Arts and Sciences have their firſt Riſe from a final Cauſe, ſo 'tis certain that they have grown from very ſmall Beginnings, and that the Current of Time has ſwell'd them to ſuch a Bulk, that no Body can find the Fountain, by any Proportion between the Head and the Body; this with the Corruption of Time, which has debauch'd things from their primitive Innocence to ſelfiſh Deſigns and Purpoſes, render it difficult to find the Origin of any Offspring ſo very unlike its Parent.

This is not only the Caſe of Comedy, as it ſtands at preſent, but the Condition alſo of the ancient Theatres; when great Men made Shews of this Nature a riſing Step to their Ambition, mixing many lewd and laſcivious Repreſentations to gain the Favour of the Populace, to whoſe Taſte and Entertainment the Plays were chiefly adapted. We muſt therefore go higher than either *Ariſtophanes* or *Menander*, to diſcover Comedy in its primitive Inſtitution, if we wou'd draw any moral Deſign of its Invention to warrant and authorize its Continuance.

I have already mention'd the Difficulty of diſcovering the Invention of any Art, in the different Figure it makes by Succeſſion of Improvements; but there is ſomething in the Nature of Comedy, even in its preſent Circumſtances, that bears ſo great a Reſemblance to the Philoſophical *Mithology* of the Ancients, that old *Æſop* muſt wear the Bays as the firſt and original Author; and whatever Alterations or Improvements farther Application may have ſubjoin'd, his *Fables* gave the firſt Riſe and Occaſion.

Comedy is no more at preſent than a *well-fram'd Tale handſomely told, as an agreeable Vehicle for Counſel or Reproof.* This is all we can ſay for the Credit of its Inſtitution, and is the Streſs of its Charter for Liberty and Toleration. Then where ſhou'd we ſeek for a Foundation, but in *Æſop*'s ſymbolical Way of moralizing upon Tales and Fables, with this Difference, That his Stories were ſhorter than ours? He had his Tyrant *Lyon*, his Stateſman *Fox*, his Beau *Magpy*, his Coward *Hare*, his Bravo

Bravo *Aſs*, and his Buffoon *Ape*, with all the Characters that crowd our Stages every Day; with this Diſtinction nevertheleſs, That *Æſop* made his Beaſt ſpeak good *Greek*, and our Heroes ſometimes can't talk *Engliſh*.

But whatever Difference Time has produc'd in the Form, we muſt in our own Defence ſtick to the *End* and *Intention* of his *Fables*. *Utile Dulci* was his Motto, and muſt be our Buſineſs; we have no other Defence againſt the Preſentment of the *Grand Jury*, and for aught I know it might prove a good Means to mollify the Rigour of that Perſecution, to inform the Inquiſitors, that the great *Æſop* was the firſt Inventor of theſe poor Comedies that they are proſecuting with ſo much Eagerneſs and Fury; that the firſt *Laureat* was as juſt, as prudent, as pious, as reforming, and as ugly as any of themſelves; and that the Beaſts which are lugg'd upon the Stage by the Horn are not caught in the City, as they ſuppoſe, but brought out of *Æſop*'s own Foreſt. We ſhou'd inform them, beſides, that theſe very Tales and Fables which they apprehend as Obſtacles to Reformation, were the main Inſtruments and Machines us'd by the wiſe *Æſop* for its Propagation; and as he wou'd improve Men by the Policy of Beaſts, ſo we endeavour to reform Brutes with the Examples of Men. *Fondlewife* and his young Spouſe are no more than the *Eagle* and *Cockle*; he wanted Teeth to break the Shell himſelf, ſo ſomebody elſe run away with the Meat.——The Fox in the Play, is the ſame with the Fox in the Fable, who ſtuff'd his Guts ſo full, that he cou'd not get out at the ſame Hole he came in; ſo both *Reynards* being Delinquents alike, come to be truſs'd up together. Here are Precepts, Admonitions, and Salutary *Inuendoes* for the ordering our Lives and Converſations, couch'd in theſe *Allegories* and *Alluſions*. The wiſdom of the Ancients was wrapt up in Veils and Figures; the *Egyptian Hieroglyphics*, and the Hiſtory of the Heathen Gods are nothing elſe; but if theſe Pagan Authorities give Offence to their ſcrupulous Conſciences, let them but conſult the Tales and Parables of our *Saviour* in Holy Writ, and they may find this Way of Inſtruction to be much more Chriſtian than they imagine: *Nathan*'s Fable of the poor Man's Lamb had more Influence on the Conſcience

of *David*, than any Force of downright Admonition. So that by ancient Practice and modern Example, by th Authority of Pagans, Jews and Chriſtians, the World i furniſh'd with this ſo ſure, ſo pleaſant, and expedient a Art of ſchooling Mankind into better Manners. No here is the primary Deſign of Comedy illuſtrated from i firſt Inſtitution; and the ſame End is equally alledg' for its daily Practice and Continuance. Then witho all Diſpute, whatever Means are moſt proper and ex pedient for compaſſing this End and Intention, they mu be the *juſt Rules of Comedy*, and the *true Art of the Stage*.

We muſt conſider then, in the firſt Place, that ou Buſineſs lies not with a *French* or a *Spaniſh* Audience that our Deſign is not to hold forth to ancient *Greece*, nc to moralize upon the Vices and Defaults of the *Roma* Common-wealth: No, no; an *Engliſh* Play is intende for the Uſe and Inſtruction of an *Engliſh* Audience, People not only ſeparated from the Reſt of the World b Situation, but different alſo from other Nations, as we in the Complexion and Temperament of the Natur Body, as in the Conſtitution of our Body Politic: A we are a Mixture of many Nations, ſo we have the mo unaccountable Medley of Humours among us of an People upon Earth; theſe Humours produce Variety c Follies, ſome of 'em unknown to former Ages; the new Diſtempers muſt have new Remedies, which ar nothing but new Counſels and Inſtructions.

Now, Sir, if our *Utile*, which is the End, be differer from the Ancients, pray let our *Dulce*, which is th Means, be ſo too; for you know that to different Towr there are different Ways; or if you wou'd have it mo Scholaſtically, *ad diverſos fines non idem conducit medium* or Mathematically, One and the ſame Line cannot te minate in two Centers. But waving this Manner c concluding by Induction, I ſhall gain my Point a near Way, and draw it immediately from the firſt Principle ſet down: *That we have the moſt unaccountable Medley Humours among us of any Nation upon Earth*; and this demonſtrable from common Experience: We ſhall find *Wildair* in one Corner, and a *Moroſe* in another; nay the Space of an Hour or two ſhall create ſuch Viciſſitude of Temper in the ſame Perſon, that he can hardly b take

to engage the Attention of ſo many different Hu-
and Inclinations? Will a ſingle Plot ſatisfy every
Will the Turns and Surprizes, that may reſult
lly from the ancient Limits of Time, be ſufficient
open the Spleen of ſome, and prevent the Melan-
of others, ſcrew up the Attention of a Rover, and
to the Stage, in Spite of his volatile Temper,
Temptation of a Maſk? To make the Moral in-
e, you muſt make the Story diverting: The
tic Wit, the Beau Courtier, the heavy Citizen,
Lady, and her fine Footman, come all to be in-
l, and therefore muſt all be diverted; and he that
this beſt, and with moſt Applauſe, writes the
medy, let him do it by what Rules he pleaſes, ſo
not offenſive to Religion and good Manners.
ic labor, hoc opus; how muſt this Secret of pleaſing
different Taſtes be diſcover'd? Not by tumbling
lumes of the Ancients, but by ſtudying the Hu-
of the Moderns: The Rules of *Engliſh* Comedy
in the Compaſs of *Ariſtotle*, or his Followers,
the Pit, Box, and Galleries. And to examine
Humour of an *Engliſh* Audience, let us ſee by
eans our own *Engliſh* Poets have ſucceeded in this
To determine a Suit at Law, we don't look into
hives of *Greece* or *Rome*, but inſpect the Reports

malities; the Decorums of Time and Place, ſo mu
cry'd up of late, had no Force of Decorum with the
the Oeconomy of their Plays was *ad libitum*, and the E
tent of their Plots only limited by the Convenience
Action. I would willingly underſtand the Regulariti
of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Harry the Fourth*, and of *Fletcher*
Plays; and yet theſe have long been the Darlings of t
Engliſh Audience, and are like to continue with the ſa
Applauſe, in Defiance of all the Criticiſms that ev
were publiſh'd in *Greek* and *Latin*.

But are there no Rules, no Decorums to be obſerv
in Comedy? Muſt we make the Condition of the *Engl*
Stage a State of Anarchy? No, Sir——For there a
Extremes in Irregularity, as dangerous to an Author,
too ſcrupulous a Deference to Criticiſm; and as I ha
given you an Inſtance of One, ſo I ſhall preſent you
Example of the other.

There are a Sort of Gentlemen that have had t
jaunty Education of Dancing, French, and a Fiddl
who coming to Age before they arrive at Years of D
cretion, make a Shift to ſpend a handſome Patrimony
Two or Three Thouſand Pounds, by ſoaking in t
Tavern all Night, lolling a-bed all the Morning, a
ſauntering away all the Evening between the Two Pla
houſes with their Hands in their Pockets; you ſhall ha
a Gentleman of this Size, upon his Knowledge of C
vent-Garden, and a Knack of witticiſing in his Cup
ſet up immediately for a Play-wright. But beſides t
Gentleman's Wit and Experience, here is another M
tive: There are a Parcel of ſaucy impudent Fello
about the Play-houſe, called Door-keepers, that can
let a Gentleman ſee a Play in Peace, without joggi
and nudging him every Minute. *Sir, will you pleaſe*
pay?——Sir, the Act's done, will you pleaſe to pay, Sir
I have broke their Heads all round Two or Thr
Times, yet the Puppies will ſtill be troubleſome. Beſo
gad, I'll be plagued with 'em no longer; I'll e'en wri
a Play myſelf; by which Means, my Character of W
ſhall be eſtabliſh'd, I ſhall enjoy the Freedom of t
Houſe, and to pin up the Baſket, pretty Miſs ——
ſhall have the Profits of my Third Night for her Maide
head. Thus we ſee what a great Bleſſing a Coming G

to a Play-houſe: Here is a Poet ſprung from the Tail of an Actreſs, like *Minerva* from *Jupiter*'s Head. But my Spark proceeds——my own Intrigues are ſufficient to found the Plot, and the Devil's in't, if I can't make my Character talk as wittily as thoſe in the *Trip to the Jubilee*——But ſtay——what ſhall I call it firſt? Let me ſee——*The Rival Theatres*——Very good, by gad, becauſe I reckon the Two Houſes will have a Conteſt about this very Play——Thus having found a Name for his Play, in the next Place he makes a Play to his Name, and thus he begins:

ACT I. *Scene* Covent-Garden. *Enter* Portico, Piazza, *and* Turnſtile.

Here you muſt note, that *Portico* being a Compound of practical Rake and ſpeculative Gentleman, is Ten to One the Author's own Character, and the leading Card in the Pack *Piazza* is his Miſtreſs, who lives in the Square, and is Daughter to old *Pillariſo*, an odd out o'the-way Gentleman, ſomething between the Character of *Alexander the Great* and *Solon*, which muſt pleaſe, becauſe 'tis new.

Turnſtile is Maid and Confident to *Piazza*, who, for a Bribe of Ten Pieces, lets *Portico* in at the Back-door; ſo the Firſt Act concludes.

In the Second, enter *Spigotoſo*, who was Butler perhaps to the *Czar* of *Muſcovy*, and *Foſſetana* his Wife. After theſe Characters are run dry, he brings you in at the Third Act *Whinewell* and *Charmarillis* for a Scene of Love to pleaſe the Ladies, and ſo he goes on without Fear or Wit 'till he comes to a Marriage or two, and then he writes——*Finis*.

'Tis then whiſper'd among his Friends at *Will*'s and *Hippolito*'s, that Mr. *Such-a-one* has writ a very pretty Comedy; and ſome of 'em, to encourage the young Author, equip him preſently with *Prologue* and *Epilogue*. Then the Play is ſent to Mr. *Rich* or Mr. *Betterton*, in a fair legible Hand, with the Recommendation of ſome Gentleman, that paſſes for a Man of Parts and a Critic. In ſhort, the Gentleman's Intereſt has the Play acted, and the Gentleman's Intereſt makes a Preſent to

pretty

pretty Miſs ——— ſhe's made his Whore, and the S his Cully, that for the Loſs of a Month in Rehearſ and a Hundred Pounds in dreſſing a confounded F muſt give the Liberty of the Houſe to him and Friends for ever after.

Now ſuch a Play may be written with all the actneſs imaginable, in Reſpect of Unity in Time Place; but if you enquire its Character of any Per tho' of the meaneſt Underſtanding of the whole A ence, he will tell you 'tis intolerable Stuff; and u your demanding his Reaſons, his Anſwer is, *I don't it.* His Humour is the only Rule that he can judg Comedy by, but you find that mere Nature is offer with ſome Irregularities; and though he be not ſo lea in the *Drama*, to give you an Inventory of the Fa yet I can tell you, that one Part of the Plot had no pendence upon another, which made this ſimple drop his Attention and Concern for the Event; an diſengaging his Thoughts from the Buſineſs of the Act he ſat there very uneaſy, thought the Time very tedi becauſe he had nothing to do. The Characters wer incoherent in themſelves, and compos'd of ſuch Va of Abſurdities, that in his Knowledge of Nature he c find no Original for ſuch a Copy; and being there unacquainted with any Folly they reprov'd, or any tue that they recommended, their Buſineſs was as and tireſome to him, as if the Actors had talk'd *bick.*

Now theſe are the material Irregularities of a Play, theſe are the Faults which downright Mother-Senſe cenſure and be offended at, as much as the moſt lea Critic in the Pit. And altho' the one cannot give the Reaſons of his Approbation or Diſlike, yet I take his Word for the Credit or Diſrepute of a Com ſooner perhaps than the Opinion of ſome *Virtuoſoes*; there are ſome Gentlemen that have fortify'd their Sp ſo impregnably with Criticiſm, and hold out ſo f againſt all Attacks of Pleaſantry, that the moſt pow Efforts of Wit and Humour cannot make the leaſt Im ſion. What a Misfortune is it to theſe Gentlemen t Natives of ſuch an ignorant ſelf-will'd, imperti Iſland, where let a Critic and a Scholar find neve

r

many Irregularities in a Play, yet five hundred ſaucy People will give him the Lie to his Face, and come to ſee this wicked Play forty or fifty Times in a Year? But this *Vox Populi* is the Devil, tho' in a Place of more Authority than *Ariſtotle*, it is call'd *Vox Dei*. Here is a Play with a Vengeance (ſays a Critic) to bring the Tranſactions of a Year's Time into the Compaſs of three Hours, to carry the whole Audience with him from one Kingdom to another, by the changing of a Scene. Where's the Probability; nay, the Poſſibility of all this? The Devil's in the Poet ſure, he don't think to put Contradictions upon us.

Look'e, Sir, don't be in a Paſſion, the Poet does not impoſe Contradictions upon you, becauſe he has told you no Lie; for that only is a Lie, which is related with ſome fallacious Intention that you ſhould believe it for a Truth: Now the Poet expects no more that you ſhould believe the Plot of his Play, than old *Æſop* deſign'd the World ſhould think his *Eagle* and *Lion* talk'd like you and I; which, I think, was every Jot as improbable as what you quarrel with; and yet the Fables took, and I'll be hang'd if you yourſelf don't like 'em. But beſides, Sir, if you are ſo inveterate againſt Improbabilites, you muſt never come near the Play-houſe at all; for there are ſeveral Improbabilities, nay Impoſſibilities, that all the Criticiſms in Nature cannot correct: As for Inſtance; in the Part of *Alexander the Great*, to be affected with the Tranſactions of the Play, we muſt ſuppoſe that we ſee that great Conqueror, after all his Triumphs, ſhunn'd by the Woman he loves, and importun'd by her he hates; croſs'd in his Cups and Jollity by his own Subjects, and at laſt miſerably ending his Life in a raging Madneſs: We muſt ſuppoſe, that we ſee the very *Alexander*, the Son of *Philip*, in all theſe unhappy Circumſtances, elſe we are not touch'd by the Moral, which repreſents to us the Uneaſineſs of Human Life in the greateſt State, and the Inſtability of Fortune in Reſpect of wordly Pomp; yet the whole Audience at the ſame Time knows, that this is Mr. *Betterton*, who is ſtrutting upon the Stage, and tearing his Lungs for a Livelihood: And that the ſame Perſon ſhould be Mr. *Betterton* and *Alexander the Great* at the ſame Time, is ſomewhat like an Impoſſibility in my Mind. Yet you

muſt

muſt grant this Impoſſibility, in Spite of your Teeth, if you ha'n't Power to raiſe the old Hero from the Grave to act his own Part.

Now for another Impoſſibility: The leſs rigid Criticks allow to a Comedy the Space of an artificial Day, or twenty-four Hours; but thoſe of the thorough Reformation will confine it to the natural or ſolar Day, which is but half the Time. Now admitting this for a Decorum abſolutely requiſite; this Play begins when it is exactly Six by your Watch, and ends preciſely at Nine, which is the uſual Time of the Repreſentation. Now is it feaſible, *in rerum natura*, that the ſame Space or Extent of Time can be three Hours by your Watch, and twelve Hours upon the Stage, admitting the ſame Number of Minutes, or the ſame Meaſure of Sand to both? I am afraid, Sir, you muſt allow this for an Impoſſibility too; and you may with as much Reaſon allow the Play the Extent of a whole Year; and if you grant me a Year, you may give me ſeven, and ſo to a Thouſand. For that a thouſand Years ſhould come within the Compaſs of three Hours, is no more an Impoſſibility, than that two Minutes ſhould be contain'd in one; *Nullum minus continet in ſe majus*, is equally applicable to both.

So much for the Decorum of *Time*, now for the Regularity of *Place*. I might make the one a Conſequence of t'other, and alledge, that by allowing me any Extent of Time, you muſt grant me any Change of Place, for the one depends upon t'other; and having five or ſix Years for the Action of a Play, I may travel from *Conſtantinople* to *Denmark*, ſo to *France*, and home to *England*, and reſt long enough in each Country beſides. But you'll ſay, How can you carry us with you? Very eaſily, Sir, if you will be willing to go: As for Example; Here is a new Play, the Houſe is throng'd, the Prologue ſpoken, and the Curtain drawn repreſents you the Scene of *Grand Cairo*. Whereabouts are you now, Sir? Were not you the very Minute before in the Pit in the *Engliſh* Play-houſe talking to a Wench, and now *præſto, paſs*, you are ſpirited away to the Banks of the River *Nile*. Surely, Sir, this is a moſt intolerable Improbability; yet this you muſt allow me, or elſe you deſtroy the very Conſtitution of Repreſentation: Then in the ſecond Act, with a Flouriſh of the

:s, I change the Scene to *Aſtrachan*. *O this is* ! Look'e, Sir, 'tis not a Jot more intolerable ither; for you'll find that 'tis much about the ince between *Egypt* and *Aſtrachan*, as it is be- *ry-Lane* and *Grand Caire*; and if you pleaſe to ancy take Poſt, it will perform the Journey in Moment of Time, without any Diſturbance in to your Perſon. You can follow *Quintus Cur-* er *Aſia* in the Train of *Alexander*, and trudge *ibal*, like a *Cadet*, through all *Italy*, *Spain* and the Space of four or five Hours; yet the Devil ou will ſtir a Step over the Threſhold for the n *Chriſtendom*, tho' he make it his Buſineſs to roes more amiable, and to ſurprize you with derful Accidents and Events.

little a Friend to thoſe rambling Plays as any r have I ever eſpouſed their Party by my own yet I could not forbear ſaying ſomething in on of the great *Shakeſpear*, whom every little at can form an *Aoriſtus primus* will preſume to for Indecorums and Abſurdities; Sparks that uce upon their *Greek* and *Latin*, that, like our ravels, they can reliſh nothing but what is fo- let the World know they have been abroad but it muſt be ſo, becauſe *Ariſtotle* ſaid it; it muſt be otherwiſe, becauſe *Shakeſpear* ſaid it, ure that *Shakeſpear* was the greater Poet of the t you'll ſay, that *Ariſtotle* was the greater Cri- 'hat's a Miſtake, Sir, for Criticiſm in Poetry is han Judgment in Poetry; which you will find exicon. Now if *Shakeſpear* was the better Poet, ave the moſt Judgment in his Art; for every ows that Judgment is an eſſential Part of Poe- without it no Writer is worth a Farthing. But o the Authority of either, without conſulting n of the Conſequence, is an Abuſe to a Man's ading; and neither the Precept of the Philoſo- r Example of the Poet, ſhould go down with out examining the Weight of their Aſſertions. expect no more Decorum or Regularity in any than the Nature of the Thing will bear: ie Stage cannot ſubſiſt without the Strength of Suppo-

Suppoſition, and Force of Fancy in the Audience, why ſhould a Poet fetter the Buſineſs of his Plot, and ſtarve his Action for the Nicety of an Hour, or the Change of a Scene, ſince the Thought of Man can fly over a thouſand Years with the ſame Eaſe, and in the ſame Inſtant of Time that your Eye glances from the Figure of ſix or ſeven on the Dial-Plate; and can glide from the *Cape of Good Hope* to the *Bay of St. Nicolas*, which is quite croſs the World, with the ſame Quickneſs and Activity, as between *Covent-Garden Church* and *Will's Coffee Houſe*. Then I muſt beg of theſe Gentlemen to let our old *Engliſh* Authors alone —— If they have left Vice unpuniſh'd, Virtue unrewarded, Folly unexpos'd, or Prudence unſucceſsful, the contrary of which is the *Utile* of Comedy, let them be laſh'd to ſome purpoſe; if any Part of their Plots have been independent of the reſt, or any of their Characters forc'd or unnatural, which deſtroys the *Dulce* of Plays, let them be hiſs'd off the Stage: But if, by a true Decorum in theſe material Points, they have writ ſucceſsfully, and anſwer'd the End of Dramatic Poetry in every Reſpect, let them reſt in Peace, and their Memories enjoy the Encomiums due to their Merit, without any Reflection for waving thoſe Niceties, which are neither inſtructive to the World, nor diverting to Mankind; but are like all the reſt of the critical Learning, fit only to ſet People together by the Ears in ridiculous Controverſies, that are not one Jot material to the Good of the Public, whether they be true or falſe.

And thus you ſee, Sir, I have concluded a very unneceſſary Piece of Work; which is much too long, if you don't like it: But let it happen any Way, be aſſur'd, that I intended to pleaſe you, which ſhould partly excuſe,

S I R,

Your moſt humble Servant.

THE STAGE-COACH,

A

FARCE,

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

Written by Mr. FARQUHAR.

LONDON:

Printed for T. LOWNDES in *Fleetſtreet.*

MDCCLXXII.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Micher, the old Uncle and Guardian to *Iſabella*.
Nicodemus Somebody, a Country 'Squire.
Baſil, a Captain, in Love with *Iſabella*.
Fetch, Servant to *Baſil*.
Macahone, an *Iriſhman*.
Tom Jolt, the Stage-Coachman.
Landlord of the Houſe.

W O M E N.

Iſabella, Niece to *Micher*, in Love with *Baſil*.
Dolly, Maid in the Houſe.
Oſtler, and other Gueſts in the Houſe.

SCENE *an Inn on the Road between* Cheſter *and* London.

THE

STAGE-COACH.

SCENE an Inn.

Enter Fetch, *with Cloak-Bag and Piſtols.*

HERE, Houſe! where are ye all? Now we'ave ſupt, I'll ſee if my Maſter's Bed be ready.—*Tom, John, Robin,* where a Plague are ye? All deaf? No Attendance in theſe Country Inns? This is worſe than the *Roſe Tavern* after Play, the *Sun Tavern* after 'Change, or the *Devil Tavern* after Church.

Enter Dolly.

Doll. D'ye call, Sir?

Fet. Call, Sir! What a Plague—Eigh! gad 'tis a pretty Girl. Hark you, Child, do you ſerve Travellers upon the Road here?

Dol. Yes, Sir.

Fet. Kiſs me, then.

Dol. That's the Chambermaid's Buſineſs.—D'ye want any thing elſe? I'm in haſte.

Fet. What Room does my Maſter lie in?

Dol. The Caſtle.

Fet. And what Room do I lie in?

Dol. The Garret.

Fet.

Fet. Very well; and what Room do you lie in?

Dol. Under you.

Fet. Say no more. I'll but take a Dram to digeſt Supper, lay theſe Things in my Maſter's Chamber, t I'll talk with you in yours.

Dol. Are your Piſtols charg'd?

Fet. Yes, yes, we always go charg'd, Child: A Brace Bullets, I aſſure you. [*Exit* Do

Enter Captain Baſil.

Baſ. What a tedious, tireſome, dull, jolting Vehicle i Stage-Coach! We that are in it, are more fatigued t the Beaſts that draw it. This unlucky Hurt, *Fetch*, t I've got lately, has hinder'd my riding Poſt, and thrown into this confounded Company, a big-bellied Farm Daughter, an *Iriſh* Wit, a Canting Quaker, a City Wh and a Country Parſon.

Fet. And a diſbanded Captain, Sir; for want of a ſtroll Lawyer, or a Nurſe and a Child, to make up a clever Sta Coach Set.

Baſ. Ay, the ſwell'd Country Puſs plagu'd me with ſcreaming and wry Faces, the profound *Teague* with Nonſenſe, the Quaker with the Spirit, the Whore with Fleſh, and the fat Parſon with both.

Fet. Truly, Sir, I pity'd you; for I don't think th was in the whole Company a Man of Parts, but and I.

Baſ. Muſt I be tormented two Days more with Coach, before I get to *London*?

Fet. Too true, Sir.

Baſ. How can you tell?

Fet. Nobody better, Sir; my Father in *London* has Employment about the Coaches.

Baſ. What's his Employment?

Fet. Sir, he's a very worthy Citizen, that attends *Bloſſom*'s Inn, in the Quality of a Ticket Porter.

Baſ. I muſt get to *London* ſooner, or I ſhall ruin Affairs.—Let me talk with the Coach-man; if it poſſible, I'll make him ſtretch for me: Call him hitl [*Exit* Fetc

Pſhaw! here's that *Iriſh* Booby.

Enter Macahone.

Mac. By my Shoul, 'tis a brave Houſe! Sure the Shentleman of this Tavern muſt be ſome Perſon of very great quality——Oh, my dear Maſter Captain, I am your moſt viog and much honour'd Friend.

Baſ. Our Acquaintance, Sir, is a little too ſhort for ſo much Familiarity.

Mac. Our Acquaintance too ſhort! Dear Joy, it is threeſcore Miles long; and, by Shaint *Patrick*, I would be very joyful for being your eſpecial Friend, becauſe I am afraid we ſhall never meet again.

Baſ. May I crave your Name, Sir?

Mac. My Name is *Torlough Rauwer Macahone*, of the Pariſh of *Curoughabegley*, in the County of *Tiperary*, Eſquire, where is my Manſion-houſe, for me and my Predeceſſors after me.

Baſ. Very well; and pray, Sir, what Affairs carry you to *London*?

Mac. No Affairs, my dear Joy; for I have tranſacted my Buſineſs in *London* before I came there.

Baſ. That's ſomewhat an odd Way of doing Buſineſs.

Mac. By my Shoul, Sir, 'tis the quickeſt Way tho'. I was going to *London* to make my Fortune.

Baſ. How, Sir?

Mac. Why, by the Law, Friend, or Phyſic, or a Merchant's Wife, or Back-gammon, or any of theſe honourable Profeſſions; 'tis all the ſame to *Macahone*, faith. But I have made my Fortune already, by my Goſhip's Hand.

Baſ. How pray, Sir?

Mac. Becauſe, my dear Joy, you are my intimate Friend and a Stranger, I will communicate that Secret into your Breaſt——The fine Lady in the Coach, Madam *Strowler*, is a rich Merchant's Wife, in *Vinegar-yard*, by *Drury-lane* in *London*, and ſhe is fallen in downright Affections with me, and treats me with mighty Civility, permitting me to pay the Reckoning for her in every Place.

Baſ. Jenny the Orange-Wench has ſnapt this Booby; and e'en let her make a Hand of him.——Are you ſure ſhe's rich?

Mac. By my Shoul ſhe ſhew'd me a Diamond as big as a Potatoe; and faith it look'd almoſt as clear as Glaſs: And ſhe keeps her flying Chariot too, ſhe told me ſo herſelf;

and, by my Shoul, I am ſo cunning, that if another I told me ſo, I had not believ'd him.

Baſ. You're plaguy cunning, indeed, Sir.

Mac. O chree, dear Joy, we are all ſo, upon my Sho Let an *Iriſhman* alone for making his Fortune; he is as cu ning as no Man alive——But, my dear Joy, I wiſh I w after going to Bed, to digeſt my Supper: Here are t Beds in your Chamber; and pray my dear Friend, tell n do you intend to lie in 'em both?

Baſ. 'Tis probable, Sir, I ſhall uſe but one.

Mac. Then, Sir, with your Leave and Permiſſion, ſhall uſe t'other; but pray let me not incommode yc Perſon, if you intend to lie in both the Beds.

Baſ. Not at all, Sir——Booby. [*Aſi*

Mac. Sir, I am your moſt obliging Servant.

Baſ. Coxcomb. [*Aſi*

Mac. I render you many Thanks. [*Ex*

Enter Jolt, *and* Fetch.

Baſ. Honeſt Jolt! how is't? What ſhall I give thee drink?

Jolt. Thank you, Maſter, what you pleaſe. Here's ra *Nantz* in the Houſe; a Cogue, or ſo, wou'd do no Har

Baſ. Here, *Fetch*, bring us Half a Pint. [*Exit* Fetch Well, *Jolt*, canſt do a Man a Kindneſs upon Occaſion?

Jolt. A Kindneſs! Ay, Maſter, an' that be all, we Coac men are all mighty civil Fellows, you know.

Baſ. Are your Horſes good?

Jolt. Good! Special Cattle, Maſter! A *London* Doct would have ſet up his Coach with 'em, if we had truſted the Fall of the Leaf; and but t'other Day here, one your Stockjobbers hir'd 'em for an Election; ecod, they h almoſt got him the Place.

Enter Fetch, *with Brandy.*

Baſ. Here, *Jolt*, pull it off.

Jolt. Your Health, Maſter—— Rare Stuff, after m twelve Eggs and Pound of Bacon.

Baſ. Well, *Jolt*, can I be at *London*, by To-morro Night?

Jolt. To-morrow Night! Ay, Maſter, if you can fly. [*Drink*

Baſ. See here, *Jolt*——my Buſineſs is preſſing; a goc Share of this Purſe is thine, if thou wilt haſten my Journe

Jo

Jolt. If that be all [*drinks*] 'tis done—we are to be in *London* the Day after To-morrow, by Ten o'Clock at Night—Now, Maſter, to oblige you, I'll be there by Nine.

Baſ. Is the Fellow mad? I tell thee I muſt be there To-morrow.

Jolt. Ay, ſo you may if you can; 'tis a long Way, Maſter, the Roads are deep, and I won't ſpoil my Horſes—they are dearer to me, poor Beaſts, than my Wife and Children.

Fet. Silly Fool, thou haſt no more Senſe than thy Horſes; why there's enough in that Purſe to bribe thy very Maſter, the Duke of *Mantua*, and two or three *German* Princes.

Jolt. Well, what there's in't, there's in't. [*Peeps in the empty Pot, and throws it down.*] What do you prate for? Theſe Beau Footmen are as Cock-a-hoop of late, as if they had Places at Court. I'm an honeſt Man.—Bribes won't paſs in the Country now.——Beſides I muſt not baulk my Stages, the Inn-keepers have brib'd me already. [*Exit.*

Baſ. Well, tho' it kills me, I muſt ride Poſt.

Fet. But pray, Sir, what makes you in ſuch Haſte?

Baſ. Why this Letter from my Miſtreſs. [*Reads.*

YOU've heard I've loſt my dear Mother. My Uncle, to whoſe Care I am left, not conſidering your Pretenſions, is reſolved to marry me to another; but what's worſe, the old Gentleman has got my Writings, and I muſt ſeem to comply with his Deſires. If you would prevent my being made a moſt unfortunate Creature, fly to my Relief, my dear Baſil, *with all the Speed which your Love and my Diſtreſs require.*

ISABELLA.

I'm afraid I ſhall come too late: Run to the Poſt-Houſe, get us Horſes, and we'll mount this Moment. But whom have we here?

Fet. Some of the Company that came in the *London* Coach, that ſupp'd on t'other Side of the Houſe.

Enter 'Squire Somebody, *with a Band-Box, a Maſk, and Fan, and other Luggage.*

'Squi. Come, Mrs. *Iſbel*, I've got your Things—Bleſs us! What a Parcel of Luggage theſe Women carry about 'em—And the poor Lover here muſt be ſubject to the Slavery of

Bundles and Band-boxes—Mrs. *Iſbel*, why don't you co away, I'm as tir'd as a *Scotch* Pedlar under his Pack.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. Ha! [*Sees the Captain, and ſta*

'Squi. Ha! What's the Matter, my dear Wife, that to be?

Iſab. I miſs my Watch; I fear I've left it in the Ro where we ſupp'd; pray go and ſee.

'Squi. Ay, by all Means——Here, look to your Thin there are Strangers about. [*E*

Baſ. Ha! What do I ſee! Look, *Fetch*, is not t *Iſabella?*

Iſab. My dear *Baſil!* [*Meet and embra*

Baſ. My *Iſabella!* What Miracle has brought y hither?

Iſab. You received my Letter?

Baſ. Here it is, and it has brought me ſo far in t Journey to you.

Iſab. My Uncle, who knows you only by Name, dreadi your Return to *London*, has thought fit to hurry me down the Country Houſe of that Blockhead that I ſent juſt now a Fool's Errand, under Pretence of loſing my Watch. M Uncle is at the Bar, haggling with the Landlady, and is come up preſently into the Room where we lie: Now you can find a Way to reſcue me from the old Knave, a the young Fool——But here he comes: He's the Son Sir *Amanidab Somebody* in *Lancaſhire.*

Enter 'Squire Somebody.

'Squi. Gone, gone! No Watch to be found! Ecc Gentlewoman, ſee what your Uncle will ſay to you! You make a rare Wife, faith, if you loſe your Things ſo afor hand——I won't lend you mine.

Iſab. You need not, Sir, for the Watch is found agair I had only put it in a wrong Pocket.

'Squi. Then that's Thirty Pounds in my Pocket.

Baſ. Sure, I ſhou'd know that Voice, and Face to Sir, are not you related to the Family of the *Somebody*'s?

'Squi. Yes, Sir, my Father is Sir *Aminadab Someboc* Bart. and I am his eldeſt Son by the firſt Venter, *Ni demus Somebody*, Eſq;

Baſ. Sir, I am proud to embrace the Son of my old Friend Sir *Aminadab*—Pray, Sir, what Lady is that with you?

'Squi. 'Tis my Miſtreſs, at your Service; we want but a Parſon, a Wedding-Dinner, a Pair of clean Sheets, and a Sack Poſſet, to ſend us the Way of all Fleſh.

Baſ. Then, Sir, upon your Account, I'll preſume to pay my Reſpects to the Lady. [*Salutes her.*

'Squi. Sir, you're a very reſpectful Perſon truly.—— Well, how d'ye like her? Wont ſhe make a rare Tit for *Somebody?* She's a little in the Dumps at preſent, but we ſhall dump her out of that.

Baſ. What! out of Humour, and ſo near her Marriage.

'Squi. Ay, there was a certain Captain that lov'd her, and ſhe lov'd that certain Captain: Now I can't tell how the Devil this Fellow windled himſelf into the Mother's Favour, and got her Conſent; but as good Luck would have it, the old Woman was pleaſed to go where all old Women ſhou'd go, and ſo Nuncle *Micher*, being a very honeſt Man, and mighty fit for a Guardian, but having a deadly Averſion to a Red Coat, ſtruck up a Bargain with Father for me, and we're going down to our Houſe, to take Poſſeſſion of the Premiſes: So this ſame Scoundrel of an Officer is like to be diſbanded, and ſhe, forſooth, is vex'd becauſe ſhe can't ſerve under him. Ha, ha, ha, poor Dog, he's broke on all Sides.

Baſ. Ha, ha, ſilly Fellow! he'll hang himſelf, that's certain. What ſhou'd Soldiers do elſe in Time of Peace?

'Squire. Ay, my dear Friend, I ſhou'd be glad if they were all hang'd; but for the Sake of the *French*——Perhaps you may know this ſame Captain; 'tis one *Baſil*, a poor inſignificant Ringleader of fifty Rogues. Ha, ha.

Baſ. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Jiab. If you thought this Captain over-heard you, you durſt not talk at that Rate.

'Squi. Durſt not, ſay you? Odzookers, I fear neither Man, Woman, or Child. I wou'd tell him ſo to his Face—when my Friend ſtands by me here.

Baſ. Softly, Madam, my Friend *Nicodemus* is a Perſon whom you ought to regard—in Time you'll have no Cauſe to complain.

'Squi. Ah, dear Sir, you do me more Honour than I deſerve. But don't you think now that I am much more for her Turn than this ſame Raggamuffin?

Baſ. There's no Compariſon, Sir; and I think nobody can tell better than I; ſo I can aſſure the Lady this is like to be the laſt Trouble you ſhall give her.

'Squi. Well ſaid, faith. Ecod, I've got a good Friend, and I did not think on't.

Iſab. Ay, but if *Baſil* were here, he wou'd be too hard for you and your Friend both.

Baſ. Why, what wou'd you do, if *Baſil* were here?

Iſab. I would run away with him to the next Parſon, and leave *Nicodemus* here in the Lurch.

'Squi. Nicodemus thanks you with all his Heart——Did not I tell you now how ſhe was bewitch'd by this Captain? The Devil's in the Captains, I believe. Ecod, I've a Mind to be a Captain too——Odzookers, now I think on't, my dear Friend, I'm a Captain already of the Militia; and do you think that we that pay them are no better Men than they?

Baſ. Ay, to be ſure.

Iſab. Well, but we cou'd do it, Sir, and you never the wiſer; for while my Uncle and you were faſt aſleep, I could ſteal out of my Chamber, fly into *Baſil*'s Arms, and he ſhould have a Coach ready to hurry me to *London*, before you were awake the next Morning.

'Squi. Odzooks, ſhe's a cunning Jade; for all that I ſhall have a rare Wife of her.

Baſ. Well, well, Madam, I underſtand you, we ſhall take Care of that Matter.

'Squi. Ay, ay, ſo we will; my dear Friend, here, and I, ſhall watch your Waters, I'll warrant you——Oh here's Uncle *Micher*.

Enter Micher, *with a Bill.*

Mich. Hah! the Cut-throat Dogs: There's a Bill for you! That fat Jade at the Bar will ſcore herſelf to the Devil, before any Solicitor, Taylor, Phyſic or Tipple Poiſoner in *Europe*. [*Gives the 'Squire the Bill.*

'Squi. [*Reads*] For Bread and beer, Eight Shillings and Ten Pence. *Here's as much Bread and Drink as wou'd ſerve all the* French *in* Spittal-fields *for a Week.* For a Calf's Head and Bacon, Ten Shillings. For a boil'd Pig and Colly-

ly-flowers, *that I beſpoke*, Nine Shillings. For a Red ring, *that was yours, Uncle*, One Shilling. For a Bottle Hartſhorn, *that was your Supper, Miſtreſs*, Seven Pence. *dey! what's here?* Mull'd Sack, Dumplins, Cheeſe, nges Toaſt and Butter, Fruit, Sallad, Wine, Cards, ıdy, Tarts, and Tobacco, in all, Two Pounds Thirteen lings and Three Pence Three Farthings, beſides Fire— : Devil fire the Houſe.

lich. Well, how ſhall we club this Matter? There's the Woman that has the King's Evil, and the t'other that s the Coach ev'ry Minute to go behind a Buſh, they 't pay as much as we.

Squi. Ecod, but they ſhall; and for you, Miſtreſs, you pay but a Crown, becauſe you eat nothing; and that mayn't think that you're hardly dealt by, I'll ſing you Song that makes it Stage-Coach Law.

The STAGE-COACH SONG.

Let's ſing of Stage Coaches,
And fear no Reproaches,
For riding in one;
But daily be jogging,
While whiſtling and flogging,
While whiſtling and flogging,
The Coachman drives on.
With a Hey, geeup, geeup hey, ho;
With a Hey gee Dobbin, *hey ho;*
Hey, geeup, geeup, geeup, hey ho,
With a hey gee Dobbin, *hey ho.*

In Coaches thus ſtrowling,
Who would not be rowling,
With Nymphs on each Side;
Still pratling and playing,
Our Knees interlaying,
We merrily ride.
With a Hey, &c.

Here Chance kindly mixes
All Sorts and all Sexes,
More Females than Men;

We ſqueeze them, we eaſe them,
The jolting does pleaſe them;
Drive jolly then.
With a Hey, &c.

The harder you're driving,
The more 'tis reviving;
Nor fear we to fall;
For if the Coach tumble,
We have a rare Jumble;
We have a rare Jumble;
And then up Tails all.
With a Hey, geeup, geeup, hey ho;
With a Hey gee Dobbin, *hey ho;*
Hey, geeup, geeup, geeup, hey ho,
With a hey gee Dobbin, *hey ho.*

Mich. Well, now let's go to Bed, that we may be the ſooner out of this confounded Inn next Morning.

'Squi. Well, dear Sir, the beſt Friends muſt part, tho' it be Man and Wife; but if you can ſtep home with me, 'tis hard by, about Fourſcore and Ten Miles off, and ſtay there a Week, I'll make you ſo drunk, you ſhan't find the Way back again in a Month.

Baſ. Sir, you muſt excuſe me, I am otherwiſe engag'd.

'Squi. Good Night, then. [*Exit.*

Iſab. Good Night, Sir. [*Ex.* Micher, Iſabella.

Baſ. Your Servant, Madam. I hope you'll be in a better Humour To-morrow. Ha! *Fetch*, here's Fortune for you.——Now, my dear Lad, run, and at any Rate get us ſome Calaſh, Chariot, Coach, any thing, to hurry us to *London*; fly. In the mean time, I'll run to my Chamber, and get every thing ready. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Jolt.

Huſh! Mum's the Word; there's a plaguy Candle ſtands in my Way; out, Informer, I'll ſpoil your peeping. The Houſe is full, and Beds are ſcarce, therefore I can't lie in my own; ſo, good Wife at home, by your Leave, we Travellers are forc'd ſometimes to lie two in a Bed. 'Tis main dark, rare driving now in a deep Road, and a rough Way——Odſnigs, now if *Dolly* ſhou'd be ſkittiſh, and won't let me; I'll knock at her Chamber Door, however, and if the Door will open, well ſaid Door, I'll enter, and if *Dolly* will do like the reſt of her Crew, well

ll ſaid *Dolly*. Pox on't, here's a Light, 'tis not yet right
tterwawling Time, ſo I'll ſheer off till anon. [*Exit.*

Enter Baſil *with Things*, Fetch *with a Candle.*

Baſ. Well, *Fetch?*

Fet. I've done your Buſineſs, Sir—I've found in this very
n a Calaſh, with four good Horſes, that ſhould have gone
npty to *London* To-morrow Morning; I've agreed with
e Coachman to go with you immediately; he'll be ready
go with you at a Whiſtle.

Baſ. That was lucky, and I've got my Things; here
ey ſhall lie till *Iſabella* comes out—I wiſh ſhe were here.

Fet. Sir, Sir, I think I hear a Noiſe.

Baſ. Put out the Candle then, and let us ſtep into that
'orner, for here we muſt wait for her.

Enter Jolt.

Jolt. Now the Coaſt is clear—I have had a ſtrange Han-
ering after this ſame *Doll*, this great while, and for her
ake I ſet up here at the *Angel*; now if ſhe won't be civil,
've ſee, I'll carry my Gueſts to the *Saracen's-Head*, where
ſhall have the Oſtler to take Care of my Horſes, and the
aid to take Care of me—Now for her Door.

Fet. Ods my Life, Sir; we've forgot one thing; the
Gate is lock'd up by this time, how ſhall we get out?

Baſ. What ſhall we do?

Jolt. Huſh! I hear ſomething; ſhould this be ſome
logue now creeping to *Dolly*, I'll put a Spoke in his
Wheel.

Fet. Stay, I've thought on't; the Maid's a good tractable
Wench, ſhe'll do whatever we'll have her.

Jolt. Will ſhe, faith, you Dog? Sirrah, I'll take Care
f that.

Fet. I'll knock at the Door; for a Piece of Money, I'll
'arrant ſhe'll do the Job.

Jolt. Perhaps I may do your Job firſt, you
on of a Whore.

Fet. Tis well if I 'ſcape a good Dab on the
—Confound that Poſt, 'tis deadly hard——
m.] Her Door is on this Side, I'm ſure.
m *again.*] Ha! what's that? Anotl
e third time.——Oh, ſure here's
ſtrikes Jolt *in the Teeth.*] *Dolly, D*
leep; ſure I'm right; where's the
und it. [*Puts his Finger in* Jolt's

the Devil! the Devil! Help, Sir, help, I've got my Finger in a Rat-trap.

Baſ. Where art thou?

Jolt. Gee, gee, ho, gee. [*Whips him.*

Fet. Murder! Murder! Help!

Baſ. Hold, you Dog, or I'll kill you.

Jolt. Gee, gee, ho, gee ho.

Fet. Murder, Murder, Help! the Devil lays me on.

Enter Oſtler, with a Light.

Oſt. What's the Matter? What's the Matter?

Jolt. Come on, gee, gee, ho.

Oſt. What a Duce do you mean, Maſter *Jolt?*

Jolt. [*Yawns.*] What's the Matter? What's all this Buſtle for?

Oſt. What are you drunk or dreaming?

Jolt. What wou'd you have? Where am I? Oh! is it you, *Phil* the Oſtler? Odſnigs, I thought I had been in Bed; I dream'd that my Coach ſtuck in *Hockly the Hole*, and I was licking my Horſes till I made them ſmoke again —I beg your Pardon, Gentlemen, for taking you for my Beaſts.

Enter Dolly.

Dol. What's the Matter here; are not you aſham'd to diſturb People at this Time of Night?

Fet. You're come in good Time, Child, to ſave that Rogue a Beating, for now we've other Buſineſs; a Word with you.

Baſ. Get you gone, Sirrah, or I'll cut your Ears out, you Dog; and you here with your Light, go off, and leave us to our Buſineſs. [*Exit* Oſtler.

Jolt. Odzookers, now they're driving the Bargain; Ecod I'll overturn the Coach To-morrow in a Slough, to cool that Dog of a Captain's Courage in a Puddle.

Fet. The Town's our own, Sir; I've given the Wench a Guinea, ſhe conſents, and I've got the Key.

Jolt. The Key! A Plague on her Lock; now has the Minx granted at once, what ſhe has deny'd me this Twelvemonth; but that Guinea is the Devil at a Key-hole: I warrant 'twou'd open a thouſand Spring Locks in *Covent-Garden*———I'll watch and ſee what all this will come to.

Enter Iſabella, *with a Trunk.*

Iſab. He ſhou'd be here!———Captain!

Baſ.

af. My Dear!

olt. My Dear! Ah the damn'd Jade! She's come out im now.

Enter Micher *groping.*

ich. Does ſhe walk in her Sleep? Where can ſhe go at Time of Night? I'll watch her.

ab. Captain, where are you?

af. Here, here.

ich. Captain! Sure ſhe can't have her Captain here.

olt. Odſnigs, they're going to't; but I'll ſpoil their t.

ab. Come, I'm got out at laſt, and what's more, I've the Writings.

ich. Ah, you young Baggage, have I caught you; its here; Lights.

ab. Hiſt! I hear my Uncle's Voice, let's loſe no Time.

af. Let's away, my Dear ——— *Fetch,* take up the gs. [*Exeunt.*

ich. Lights here, Lights.

[Fetch *takes up the Things, and drops the Key.* Exit.]

Enter Oſtler with a Light.

ſt. What's the Matter here, again?

ich. Ha! what a Devil, who are you?

olt. And who are you, an' that be all?

ich. Where's my Niece, ah, you Pimp? you're in the too; where's that damn'd Rogue the Captain?

olt. Your Niece! the Captain has other Work in hand; his is a rare Time to quit Scores with him. If you the Captain, you'll find him in that Room with his re.

ich. His Whore! the Dog make my Niece his Whore! a Conſtable, a Conſtable.

Enter 'Squire, yawning.

ui. Here, what the Devil's the Matter? Can't you let ly ſleep among ye?

ich. Ah, *Nicodemus,* we're all undone; the Captain has way your Miſtreſs into that Room; and what they are g, Heaven knows.

ui. Ha! I hear ſome Noiſe; I hear ſome Noiſe with- hy dont you break the Door, Uncle?

ich. Why don't you?

ui. She's your Niece.

Mich. She's your Wife that is to be.

'Squi. I can't tell that now.

Mich. Then let's have a Conſtable.

Jolt. I'll run and call up my Landlord; he's a Conſtable. [*Exit.*

[*Several People appear in Night-caps, in both Balconies.*

1. A Plague take you all, are you all aſleep, that ye make ſuch a Noiſe. What the De'il's the Matter wid you?

'Squi. Nothing, nothing, no Harm, only a Gentleman who's making me a Cuckold before my Time.

Enter Landlord, Jolt *with a Leaver.*

Land. Here, where are theſe People?

'Squi. Here, Sir, in that Room.

Land. Come out here: I charge ye come out: I'm an Officer, won't you come out in the King's Name? why then ſtay where you are, in the Devil's Name: Break open the Door. [Jolt *breaks open the Door.*

Land. Why don't you go in?

Jolt. Why don't you go in, you're an Officer?

Land. Then I command you to go in before me.

Jolt. Let the 'Squire go in, 'tis his Buſineſs.

'Squi Let my Uncle go in, 'tis more his Buſineſs than mine.

Mich. Come, we'll all go in, tho' he be a Captain, he's but one. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dolly *at another Door.*

Dol. What can they be ſearching for in my Chamber?

Re-enter all.

'Squi. The Devil a Thing is there, but an old Pair of Boddice, a broken-back'd Chair, a Quire of Ballads, a Flock Bed, a Green Chamber-pot.

Dol. Why, Gentlemen, the People that you want are gone; they took the Key from me, and went out.

'Squi. Gone! Oh ye Skies! *Sic tranſit Gloria Mundi.*

Mich. Here, here, let's follow 'em.

'Squi. Ay, ay, Horſes, Coaches, Spurs, Whips, Spatterdaſhes, Gambadoes, Boots, and Saſhoons, away.

Land. Hold, hold, Gentlemen, what's here? the Key of the great Gate; they muſt be in the Houſe ſtill, if the Maid did not let 'em out.

Dol. Not I, upon my Word, Sir.

Land.

Land. Then they muſt have dropp'd the Key, and are in the Houſe ſtill.

'Squi. Huzza! have at 'em then; Halberts, Quarter-ſtaffs, Muſkets, Pikes, and Pocket-piſtols.

Mich. Find 'em out, find 'em out, then.

[*Exit Landlord,* Jolt.

Why don't you go to help 'em, Nephew?

'Squi. Uncle, I ſtay to keep you Company.

Enter Baſil *in a Night-gown.*

Baſ. What's the Meaning of all this Noiſe? A Man can't ſleep for ye.

'Squi. Ah, my dear Friend, ſtand by me now. Who ſhou'd be here, but that damn'd Rogue of a Captain that we talk'd of, and has run away with my Miſtreſs.

Baſ. The Devil he did; and how will you uſe him when he's found?

'Squi. Uſe him! I'll pump him, I'll ſouſe him, flea him, carbonade him, and eat him alive.

Baſ. But hark ye, Sir, don't make ſuch a Noiſe, you'll diſturb my Wife.

'Squi. What, Sir, are you marry'd?

Baſ. Marry'd and bedded ſince I ſaw you.

'Squi. To whom?

Enter Iſabella, *Landlord,* Jolt, *and Servants.*

Baſ. To this Lady, Sir.

'Squi. Uncle!

Mich. Nephew!

'Squi. Speak you, 'tis more your Buſineſs than mine.

Mich. Marry'd! it can't be: How cou'd you be married ſo ſuddenly?

Baſ. Very luckily, Sir; we intended to have it done more decently, but my Blockhead dropp'd the Key, and being ſtopp'd that Way, we ſaw a Light in the Miniſter's Chamber that travell'd with me; we went up, found him ſmoaking his Pipe; he firſt gave us his Bleſſing, then let us his Bed.

'Squi. He was a very civil Gentleman.

Mich. Sir, this won't paſs upon me; what Evidence have you for this?

Enter Macahone.

Mac. By my Shoul, he needs no Evidence, for I am one. I was call'd to be a Witneſs; his Man did waken

me

me before I was aſleep; and if you will believe nobody, you may go up, and aſk the Miniſter.

Baſ. And in Return, my dear Countryman, I'll take Care to do you Service in relation to your pretended Merchant's Wife.

Mich. Then ſince it is ſo, much Good may't do you with your No-fortune; her Mother did not leave her a Groat.

'Squi. I'm glad on't with all my Heart.

Iſab. Sir, it will appear otherwiſe by my Writings.

Mich. Writings; what Writings? I've no Writings of yours.

Baſ. No more you han't, Sir; for here they are.

Mich. Confuſion! then I know what I've loſt.

'Squi. And ſo do I too. I've loſt my Lahour, I've loſt my Friend, I've loſt my Nuncle, and I've loſt my Wife.

But ſince the Coach ſuch Novelties has bred,
The 'Squire unmarry'd, and the Captain wed,
I'll be reveng'd, and go——I'll go to Bed.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Love and a Bottle,

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

Vade, ſed incultus, qualem decet exulis eſſe,
Ovid. Triſt. El. 1.

LONDON,

inted for the Executors of H. LINTOT, and J. CLARKE.

MDCCLXXII.

ROLOGUE.

y *J. H.* ſpoken by Mr. *Powel*; a Servant attending with a Bottle of Wine.

S ſtubborn Atheiſts, who diſdain to pray,
Repent, tho' late, upon their dying Day;
in their Pangs, moſt Authors rack'd with Fears,
plore your Mercy in our ſuppliant Pray'rs.
t our new Author has no Cauſe maintain'd,
t him not loſe what he has never gain'd.
ve and a Bottle are his Peaceful Arms;
dies and Gallants, have not theſe ſome Charms?
r Love, all Mankind to the Fair muſt ſue:
d, Sirs, the Bottle he preſents to you.
alth to the Play, (drinks) *then let it fairly paſs,*
re none ſit here that will refuſe their Glaſs!
there's a damning Soldier—let me think—
looks as he were ſworn—to what? To drink. [drinks.
me on then; Foot to Foot be boldly ſet,
d our young Author's new Commiſſion wet.
and his Bottle here attend their Doom,
om you the Poet's Helicon *muſt come;*
he has any Foes, to make amends,
gives his Service (drinks) *ſure you now are Friends.*
Critic here will he provoke to fight,
e Day be theirs, he only begs his Night.
ay pledge him now, ſecur'd from all Abuſe,
en name the Health you love, let none refuſe,
t each Man's Miſtreſs be the Poet's Muſe.

Drama-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Roebuck.	An *Iriſh* Gentleman, of a wild roving Temper; newly come to *London.*	Mr. *Williams.*
Lovewell.	His Friend, ſober and modeſt, in Love with *Lucinda.*	Mr. *Mills.*
Mockmode.	A young Squire, newly come from the Univerſity, and ſetting up for a Beau.	Mr. *Bullock.*
Lyrick.	A Poet.	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Pamphlet.	A Bookſeller.	Mr. *Haynes.*
Rigadoon.	A Dancing-Maſter.	
Nimblewriſt,	A Fencing-Maſter.	Mr. *Afſton.*
Club.	Servant to *Mockmode,*	Mr. *Pinkethma*
Bruſh.	Servant to *Lovewell.*	Mr. *Fairbank.*

WOMEN.

Lucinda.	A Lady of conſiderable Fortune.	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Leanthe.	Siſter to *Lovewell,* in Love with *Roebuck,* and diſguis'd as *Lucinda*'s Page.	Mrs. *Maria Ad ſon.*
Trudge.	Whore to *Roebuck.*	Mrs. *Mills.*
Bulfinch.	Landlady to *Mockmode, Lyrick,* and *Trudge.*	Mrs. *Powel.*
Pindreſs.	Attendant and Confident to *Lucinda.*	Mrs. *Moor.*

Bailiffs, Beggar, Porter, Maſques, Attendants.

SCENE, *LONDON.*

..ove and a Bottle.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

ter Roebuck *in a Riding Habit* Solus, *repeating the following Line.*

THUS far our Arms have with Succeſs been crown'd

——Heroically ſpoken, faith, of a Fellow that has not one Farthing in his Pocket. If I have one Penny buy a Halter withal in my preſent Neceſſity, may I be ng'd; tho' I am reduc'd to a fair way of obtaining one thodically very ſoon, if Robbery or Theft will purchaſe Gallows. But hold—can't I rob honourably by turn- Soldier?

Enter a Cripple begging.

Crip. One Farthing to the poor old Soldier, for the rd's ſake.

Roeb. Ha!———a Glimpſe of Damnation juſt as a Man ntering into Sin, is no great Policy of the Devil.——— : how long did you bear Arms, Friend?

Crip. Five Years, an't pleaſe you, Sir.

Roeb. And how long has that honourable Crutch born ı?

Crip. Fifteen, Sir.

Roeb. Very pretty! Five Years a Soldier, and fifteen a ggar!——— This is Hell right! An Age of Damnation, for

for a momentary Offence. Thy Condition, Fellow, is preferable to mine; the merciful Bullet, more kind than thy ungrateful Country, has given thee a Debenture in thy broken Leg, from which thou canſt draw a more plentiful Maintenance than I from all my Limbs in Perfection. Prithee, Friend, why would'ſt thou beg of me? Doſt think I am rich?

Crip. No, Sir, and therefore I believe you charitable. Your warm Fellows are ſo much above the Senſe of our Miſery, that they can't pity us: and I have always found it, by ſad Experience, as needleſs to beg of a rich Man, as a Clergyman. Our greateſt Benefactors, the brave Officers, are all diſbanded, and muſt now turn Beggars like myſelf; and ſo, Times are very hard, Sir.

Roeb. What! Are the Soldiers more charitable than the Clergy?

Crip. Ay, Sir, a Captain will ſay Dam'me, and give me Sixpence; and a Parſon ſhall whine out God bleſs me, and give me not a Farthing: Now I think the Officer's Bleſſing much the beſt.

Roeb. Are the Beaus never compaſſionate?

Crip. The great full Wigs they wear ſtop their Ears ſo cloſe, that they can't hear us; and if they ſhou'd, they never have any Farthings about 'em.

Roeb. Then I am a Beau, Friend; therefore pray leave me. Begging from a generous Soul that has not to beſtow, is more tormenting than Robbery to a Miſer in his Abundance. Prithee, Friend, be thou charitable for once; I beg only the Favour which rich Friends beſtow, a little Advice: I am as poor, as thou art, and am deſigning to turn Soldier.

Crip. No, no, Sir; ſee what an honourable Poſt I am forc'd to ſtand to, my Rags are Scare-crows ſufficient to frighten any one from the Field; rather turn Bird of Prey at home. [*Shewing his Crutch.*

Roeb. Grammercy, old Devil; I find Hell has its Pimps of the poorer Sort, as well as of the wealthy. I fancy, Friend, thou haſt got a Cloven Foot inſtead of a broken Leg. 'Tis a hard Caſe that a Man muſt never expect to go nearer Heav'n than ſome Steps of a Ladder. But 'tis unavoidable; I have my Wants to lead, and the Devil to drive; and if I can't meet my Friend *Lovewell*, (which I think

think impoſſible, being ſo great a Stranger in Town) Fortune, thou haſt done thy worſt; I proclaim open War againſt thee.

I'll ſtab the next rich Darling that I ſee;
And killing him, be thus reveng'd on thee.

{*Goes to the back Part of the Stage, as into the Walks, making ſome Turns croſs the Stage in Diſorder, while the next ſpeak.* Exit Beggar.

Enter Lucinda *and* Pindreſs.

Luc. Oh! theſe Summer Mornings are ſo delicately fine, *Pindreſs*, it does me good to be abroad.

Pin. Ay, Madam, theſe Summer Mornings are as pleaſant to young Folks, as the Winter Nights to marry'd People, or as your Morning of Beauty to Mr. *Loveweil.*

Luc. I'm violently afraid the Evening of my Beauty will fall to his Share very ſoon; for I'm inclinable to marry him. I ſhall ſoon lie under an Eclipſe, *Pindreſs.*

Pin. Then it muſt be full Moon with your Ladyſhip. But why wou'd you chuſe to marry in Summer, Madam?

Luc. I know no Cauſe, but that People are apteſt to run mad in hot Weather, unleſs you take a Woman's Reaſon.

Pin. What's that, Madam?

Luc. Why, I am weary of lying alone.

Pin. Oh dear Madam! Lying alone is very dangerous; 'tis apt to breed ſtrange Dreams.

Luc. I had the oddeſt Dream laſt night of my Courtier that is to be, Squire *Mockmode.* He appeared crowded about with a Dancing-Maſter, Puſhing-Maſter, Muſic-Maſter, and all the Throng of Beau-makers; and methought he mimic'd Foppery ſo aukwardly, that his Imitation was downright burleſquing it. I burſt out a laughing ſo heartily, that I awaken'd myſelf.

Pin. But Dreams go by Contraries, Madam. Ha'ven to you ſeen him yet?

Luc. No; but my Uncle's Letter gives Account that he's newly come to Town from the Univerſity, where his Education could reach no farther than to guzzle fat Ale, ſmoke Tobacco, and chop Logic——Faugh——it makes me ſick.

Pin. But he's very rich, Madam; his Concerns join to yours in the Country.

Luc.

Luc. Ay, but his Concerns ſhall never join to mine in the City: For ſince I have the Diſpoſal of my own Fortune, *Lovewell*'s the Man for my Money.

Pin, Ay, and for my Money; for I've had above twenty Pieces from him ſince his Courtſhip began. He's the prettieſt ſober Gentleman; I have ſo ſtrong an Opinion of his Modeſty, that I'm afraid, Madam, your firſt Child will be a Fool.

Luc. Oh God forbid! I hope a Lawyer underſtands Buſineſs better than to beget any thing *non compos*——The Walks fill apace; the Enemy approaches, we muſt ſet out our falſe Colours, [*Put on their Maſks.*

Pin. We Maſks are the pureſt Privateers! Madam, how would you like to cruiſe about a little?

Luc. Well enough, had we no Enemies but our Fops and Cits: But I dread theſe bluſtring Men of War, the Officers, who after a Broad-ſide of Damme's and Sinkme's, are for boarding all Maſks they meet as lawful Prize.

Pin, In Truth, Madam, and the moſt of them are lawful Prize, for they generally have *French* Ware under Hatches.

Luc. Oh hideous! O' my Conſcience, Girl, thou'rt quite ſpoil'd. An Actreſs upon the Stage would bluſh at ſuch Expreſſions.

Pin. Ay, Madam, and your Ladyſhip would ſeem to bluſh in the Box, when the Redneſs of your Face proceeded from nothing but the Conſtraint of holding your Laughter. Didn't you chide me for not putting a ſtronger Lace in your Stays, when you had broke one as ſtrong as a hempen Cord with containing a violent Tehee at a ſmutty Jeſt in the laſt Play?

Luc. Go, go, thou'rt a naughty Girl! that impertinent Chat has diverted us from our Buſ'neſs. I'm afraid *Lovewell* has miſs'd us for Want of the Sign.——But whom have we here? An odd Figure, ſome Gentleman in Diſguiſe, I believe.

Pin. Had he a finer Suit on, I ſhou'd believe him in Diſguiſe; for I fancy his Friends have only known him by that this Twelve-month.

Luc His Mien and Air ſhew him a Gentleman, and his Cloaths demonſtrate him a Wit. He may afford us ſome Sport. I have a Female Inclination to talk to him.

Pin.

Pin. Hold, Madam, he looks as like one of thoſe dangerous Men of War you juſt now mention'd as can be; you had beſt ſend out your Pinnace before, to diſcover the Enemy.

Luc. No, I'll hale him myſelf: [*Moves towards him.* What, Sir, dreaming?

[*Slaps him o'th' Shoulder with her Fan.*

Roeb. Yes, Madam. [*Sullenly.*

Luc. Of what?

Roeb. Of the Devil, and now my Dream's out.

Luc. What! Do you dream ſtanding?

Roeb. Yes, faith, Lady, very often, when my Sleep's haunted by ſuch pretty Goblins as you. You are a Sort of Dream I would fain be reading: I'm a very good Interpreter indeed, Madam.

Luc. Are you then one of the wiſe Men of the Eaſt?

Roeb. No, Madam; but one of the Fools of the Weſt.

Luc. Pray, what do you mean by that?

Roeb. An *Iriſhman*, Madam, at your Service.

Luc. Oh horrible! an *Iriſhman!* a mere Wolf-dog, I proteſt.

Roeb. Ben't ſurpriz'd, Child; the Wolf-dog is as well-natur'd an Animal as any of your Country Bull-dogs, and a much more fawning Creature, let me tell ye.

[*Lays hold on her.*

Luc. Pray, good *Cæſar*, keep off your Paws; no ſcraping Acquaintance, for Heaven's Sake. Tell us ſome News of your Country; I have heard the ſtrangeſt Stories,——that the People wear Horns and Hoofs.

Roeb. Yes, faith, a great many wear Horns; but we had that, among other laudable Faſhions, from *London*. I think it came over with your Mode of wearing high Topknots; for ever ſince, the Men and Wives bear their Heads exalted alike. They were both Faſhions that took wonderfully.

Luc. Then you have Ladies among you.

Roeb. Yes, yes, we have Ladies, and Whores; Colleges, and Play-houſes; Churches, and Taverns; fine Houſes, and Bawdy-houſes: In ſhort, every Thing that you can boaſt of, but Fops, Poets, Toads and Adders.

Luc. But have you no Beaus at all?

Roeb. Yes, they come over like Woodcocks, once a Year.

Luc.

Luc. And have your Ladies no Springes to catch 'em in

Roeb. No, Madam; our own Country affords us much better Wild-fowl. But they are generally ſtripped of their Feathers by the Play-houſe and Taverns; in both which they pretend to be Critics; and our ignorant Nation imagines a full Wig as infallible a Token of a Wit as the Laurel.

Luc. Oh Lard! and here 'tis the certain Sign of a Blockhead. But why no Poets in *Ireland*, Sir?

Roeb. Faith, Madam, I know not, unleſs St. *Patrick* ſent them a packing with other venomous Creatures out of *Ireland*. Nothing that carries a Sting in its Tongue can live there. But ſince I have deſcribed my Country, let me know a little of *England*, by a Sight of your Face.

Luc. Come you to Particulars firſt. Pray, Sir, unmaſk, by telling who you are; and then I'll unmaſk, and ſhew who I am.

Roeb. You muſt diſmiſs your Attendant then, Madam; for the diſtinguiſhing Particular of me is a Secret.

Pin. Sir, I can keep a Secret as well as my Miſtreſs; and the greater the Secrets are, I love 'em the better.

Luc. Can't they be whiſper'd, Sir?

Roeb. Oh yes, Madam, I can give you a Hint, by which you may underſtand 'em——— [*Pretends to whiſper, and kiſſes her.*

Luc. Sir, you're impudent.

Roeb. Nay, Madam, ſince you're ſo good at minding Folks, have with you. [*Catches her faſt, carrying her off.*

Luc. } Help! help! help!
Pin. }

Enter Lovewell.

Love. Villain, unhand the Lady, and defend thyſelf. [*Draws.*

Roeb. What! Knight Errants in this Country! Now has the Devil very opportunely ſent me a Throat to cut; pray Heaven his Pockets be well lin'd.——[*Quits 'em, they go off.*——Have at thee——St. *George* for *England*. [*They fight, after ſome Paſſes* Roebuck *ſtarts back and pauſes.*

——My Friend *Lovewell!*

Love. My dear *Roebuck!* [*Fling down their Swords and embrace.*

Shall I believe my Eyes?

Roeb.

'ou may believe your Ears; 'tis I, egad.
Vhy, thy being in *London* is ſuch a Myſtery, that
e the Evidence of more Senſes than one to con-
its Truth.——But pray unfold the Riddle.
Vhy faith 'tis a Riddle. You wonder at it before
nation, then wonder more at yourſelf for not
.—What is the univerſal Cauſe of the continued
lankind?
The univerſal Cauſe of our continued Evils is
ſure.
lo, 'tis the Fleſh, *Ned*——That very Woman
us all out of *Paradiſe* has ſent me a packing out

Iow ſo?
nly taſting the forbidden Fruit; that was all.
s ſimple Fornication become ſo great a Crime
to be puniſhable by no leſs than Baniſhment?
gad, mine was double Fornication, *Ned*——
was ſo pregnant to bear Twins, the Fruit grew in
and my unconſcionable Father, becauſe I was a
debauching her, wou'd make me a Fool by wed-
But I would not marry a Whore, and he wou'd
disobedient Son, and ſo——
But was ſhe a Gentlewoman?
Pſhaw! No, ſhe had no Fortune. She wore in-
k Mantua and High-head; but theſe are grown
gns of Gentlity now-a-days, as that is of Chaſ-

But what Neceſſity forc'd you to leave the King-

'll tell you——To ſhun th' inſulting Authority of
'd Father, the dull and often repeated Advice of
nt Relations, the continual Clamours of a furious
and the ſhrill Bawling of an ill natur'd Baſtard—
which, good Lord deliver me.
And ſo you left them to Grand Dadda!——Ha,

Heav'n was pleas'd to leſſen my Affliction, by
ay the She-brat; but the other is, I hope, well,
brave Boy, whom I chriſten'd *Edward*, after thee,
; I made bold to make my Man ſtand for you,
Siſter ſent her Maid to give her Name to my

Love. Now you talk of my Siſter, pray how does ſhe?

Roeb. Dear *Lovewell*, a very Miracle of Beauty an Goodneſs.——But I don't like her.

Love. Why?

Roeb. She's virtuous;——and I think Beauty and Virtu are as ill joined as Lewdneſs and Uglineſs.

Love. But I hope your Arguments could not make her Proſelyte to this Profeſſion?

Roeb. Faith I endeavour'd it; but that plaguy Honou ——Damn it for a Whim——Were it as honourable fo Women to be Whores, as Men to be Whore-maſters, w ſhou'd have Lewdneſs as great a Mark of Quality amon the Ladies, as 'tis now among the Lords.

Love. What! do you hold no innate Principle of Virtu in Woman?

Roeb. I hold an innate Principle of Love in them: Thei Paſſions are as great as ours, their Reaſon weaker. We admire them, and conſequently they muſt us. And I tell thee once more; That had Woman no Safe-guard but your innate Principle of Virtue, honeſt *George Roebuck* wou'd have lain with your Siſter, *Ned*, and ſhou'd enjoy a Counteſs before Night.

Love. But methinks, *George*, 'twas not fair to tempt my Siſter.

Roeb. Methinks 'twas not fair of thy Siſter, *Ned*, to tempt me. As ſhe was thy Siſter, I had no Deſign upon her; but as ſhe's a pretty Woman, I could ſcarcely forbear her, were ſhe my own.

Love. But, upon ſerious Reflection, cou'd not you have liv'd better at home by turning thy Whore into thy Wife than here by turning other Men's Wives into Whores. There are Merchants Ladies in *London*, and you muſt trad with them, for aught I ſee.

Roeb. Ay, but is the Trade open? Is the Manufactur encourag'd, old Boy?

Love. Oh, wonderfully!——a great many poor Peopl live by't. Tho' the Huſbands are for engroſſing the Trade the Wives are altogether for encouraging Interlopers. Bu I hope you have brought ſome ſmall Stock to ſet up with.

Roeb. The Greatneſs of my Wants, which wou'd forc me to diſcover 'em, makes me bluſh to own 'em. [*Aſid* Why faith, *Ned*, I had a great Journey from *Ireland* hithe

an

I wou'd burthen myſelf with no more than juſt neceſſary arges.

Love. Oh, then you have brought Bills.

Roeb. No, faith. Exchange of Money from *Dublin* hi-r, is ſo unreaſonable high, that———

Love. What!

Roeb. That——Zoons, I have not one Farthing——w you underſtand me.

Love. No, faith, I never underſtand one that comes *in ma pauperis*; I ha'nt ſtudy'd the Law ſo long for nothing. ·—But what Proſpect can you propoſe of a Supply?

Roeb. I'll tell you. When you appear'd, I was juſt thank- my Stars for ſending me a Throat to cut, and conſe-ntly a Purſe. But my Knowledge of you prevented me that Way, and therefore I think you're oblig'd in Return aſſiſt me by ſome better Means. You were once an ho-t Fellow; but ſo long Study in the Inns may alter a Man ngely, as you ſay.

Love. No, dear *Roebuck*, I am ſtill a Friend to thy Vir-s, and eſteem thy Follies as Foils only to ſet them off. id but rally you; and to convince you, here are ſome ces, Share of what I have about me: Take them as rneſt of my farther Supply; you know my Eſtate is ſuf-ent to maintain us both, if you will either reſtrain your travagancies, or I retrench my Neceſſaries.

Roeb. Thy Profeſſion of Kindneſs is ſo great, that I cou'd aoſt ſuſpect it of Deſign. But come, Friend, I am hear-r tir'd with the Fatigue of my Journey, beſides a violent of Sickneſs which detain'd me a Month at *Coventry*, to e exhauſting of my Health and Money. Let me only ruit by a Reliſh of the Town in Love and a Bottle, and n——Oh Heavens! and Earth!

[*As they are going off*, Roebuck *ſtarts back ſurpriz'd.*

Love. What's the matter, Man?

Roeb. Why, Death and the Devil! or, what's worſe, a oman and a Child —— Oons! don't you ſee Mrs. *Trudge* th my Baſtard in her Arms croſſing the Field towards us? -Oh the indefatigable Whore, to follow me all the Way *London!*

Love. Mrs. *Trudge!* my old Acquaintaince.

Roeb. Ay, ay, the very ſame; your old Acquaintance;

and for aught I know, you might have clubb'd about getting the Brats.

Love. 'Tis but reaſonable then I ſhou'd pay Share of the Reckoning. I'll help to provide for her; in the mean Time you had beſt retire.——*Bruſh*, conduct this Gentleman to my Lodgings, and run from thence to Widow *Bullfinch*'s, and provide a Lodging with her for a Friend of mine.——Fly, and come back preſently.——[*Exeunt* Roeb. *and* Bruſh.]——So; my Friend comes to Town like the Great *Turk* to the Field, attended by his Concubines and Children; and I'm afraid theſe are but Part of his Retinue——but hold——I ſhan't be able to ſuſtain the Shock of this Woman's Fury. I'll withdraw till ſhe has diſcharg'd her firſt Volley, then ſurprize her.

Enter Trudge, *with a Child crying.*

Huſh, huſh, huſh——And indeed it was a young Traveller.——And what wou'd it ſay? It ſays that Daddy is a falſe Man, a cruel Man, an ungrateful Man.——In troth ſo he is, my dear Child.——What ſhall I do with it, poor Creature!——Huſh, huſh, huſh——Was ever poor Woman in ſuch a lamentable Condition? Immediately after the Pains of one Travail, to undergo the Fatigues of another!——But I'm ſure he can never do well; for tho' I can't find him, my Curſes, and the Miſery of this Babe, will certainly reach him.

Love. Methinks I ſhou'd know that Voice——[*Moving forward.*] What! Mrs. *Trudge!* and in *London!* whoſe brave Boy haſt thou got there?

Trud. Oh Lord! Mr. *Lovewell!* I am very glad to ſee you——and yet I am aſham'd to ſee you. But indeed he promis'd to marry me. [*Crying*] and you know, Mr *Lovewell*, that he's ſuch a handſome Man, and ſo many Ways of inſinuating! that the Frailty of Woman's Nature cou'd not reſiſt him.

Love. What's all this?——A handſome Man! Ways of inſinuating! Frailty of Nature!——I don't underſtand theſe ambiguous Terms.

Trud. Ah, Mr. *Lovewell!* I am ſure you have ſeen Mr. *Roebuck*, and I am ſure 'twou'd be the firſt Thing he wou'd tell you. I refer to you, Mr. *Lovewell*, if he is not an ungrateful Man, to deal ſo barbarouſly with any Woman that had

had us'd him ſo civilly. I was kinder to him than I wou'd have been to my own born Brother.

Love. O then I find Kiſſing goes by Favour, Mrs. *Trudge.*

Trud. Faith you're all alike; you Men are alike—— Poor Child! he's as like his own Dadda, as if he were ſpit out of his Mouth. See, Mr. *Lovewell,* if he has not Mr. *Roebuck*'s Noſe to a Hair; and you know he has a very good Noſe; and the little Pigſny his Mamma's Mouth.——Oh the little Lips! and 'tis the beſt natur'd little Dear——[*Smuggles and kiſſes it.*]——And wou'd it aſk it's Godfather's Bleſſing!——Indeed, Mr. *Lovewell,* I believe the Child knows you.

Love. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I will give it my Bleſſing. [*Gives it Gold.*

[*As he gives her the Gold, enter* Lucinda *and* Pindreſs, *who ſeeing them ſtand, abſcond.*

Come, Madam, I'll firſt ſettle you in a Lodging, and then find the falſe Man, as you call him——— [*Exit* Lovewell.

Lucinda *and* Pindreſs *come forward.*

Luc. The falſe Man is found already——— Was there ever ſuch a lucky Diſcovery?———My Care for his Preſervation brought me back, and now behold how my Kindneſs is return'd!——Their Fighting was a downright Trick to frighten me from the Place, thereby to afford him an Opportunity of entertaining his Whore and Brat.

Pin. Your Conjecture, Madam, bears a Colour; for looking back, I could perceive 'em talk very familiarly; ſo that they cou'd not be Strangers, as their pretended Quarrel would intimate.

Luc. 'Tis all true, as he is falſe.——What! ſlighted! deſpis'd! my honourable Love truck'd for a Whore! Oh Villain! Epitome of the Sex!——But I'll be reveng'd. I'll marry the firſt that aſks me the Queſtion; nay, though he be a diſbanded Soldier, or a poor Poet, or a ſenſeleſs Fop!——Nay, tho' impotent, I'll marry him.

Pin. Oh, Madam! that's to be reveng'd on yourſelf.

Luc. I care not, Fool! I deſerve Puniſhment for my Credulity, as much as he for his Falſhood.——And you

deſerve it too, Minx; your Perſuaſions drew me to
Aſſignation: I never lov'd the falſe Man.

Pin. That's falſe, I am ſure. [*A*

Luc. But you thought to get another Piece of G
We ſhall have him giving you Money on the ſame Sc
he was ſo liberal to his Whore juſt now.

[*Walks about in a Pa*

Enter Lovewell.

Love. So much for Friendſhip——now for my Lo
——I ha'nt trangreſſed much——Oh, there ſhe is—
Oh my Angel! [*Runs to*

Luc. Oh thou Devil! [*Starts b*

Love. Not unleſs you damn me, Madam.

Luc. You're damn'd already; you're a Man.

[*Exit, puſhing* Pind

Love. You're a Woman, I'll be ſworn.——Hey d
what giddy Female Planet rules now! By the Lord, t
Women are like their Maidenheads, no ſooner fo
than loſt.——Here, *Bruſh*, run after *Pindreſs*, and k
the Occaſion of this.——[Bruſh *runs.*]——Stay, c
back.——Zoons, I'm a Fool.

Bruſh. That's the firſt wiſe Word you have ſpo
theſe two Months.

Love. Trouble me with your untimely Jeſts, Sir
and I'll——

Bruſh. Your Pardon, Sir; I'm in downright Ear
'Tis a leſs Slavery to be Apprentice to a famous C
ſurgeon, than to a Lover. He falls out with me,
cauſe he can't fall in with his Miſtreſs. I can bear i
longer.

Love. Sirrah, what are you a mumbling?

Bruſh. A ſhort Prayer before I depart, Sir.—I
been theſe three Years your Servant, but now, Sir,
your humble Servant. [*Bows as g*

Love. Hold, you ſhan't leave me.

Bruſh. Sir, you can't be my Maſter.

Love. Why ſo?

Bruſh. Becauſe you are not your own Maſter; yet
would think you might, for you have loſt your Miſt
Oons! Sir, let her go, and a fair Riddance. Who th
away a Teſter and a Miſtreſs, loſes Six-pence.
little pimping *Cupid* is a blind Gunner. Had he ſh

)arts as I have carry'd *Billet Deux*, he wou'd have
· kicking with her Heels up ere now. In ſhort,
r Patience is worn to the Stumps with attending;
)es and Stockings are upon their laſt Legs with
g between you. I have ſweat out all my Moiſture
Hand with palming your clammy Letters upon
[have———

. Hold, Sir; your Trouble is now at an End, for
ı to marry her.

ɔ. And have you courted her theſe three Years, for
; but a Wife?

. Do you think, Raſcal, I wou'd have taken ſo
'ains to make her a Miſs?

ɔ. No, Sir; the tenth Part on't wou'd ha'done.
: if you are reſolv'd to marry, God b'w'ye.

. What's the Matter now, Sirrah?

ɔ. Why, the Matter will be, that I muſt then
or her.—Hark ye, Sir, what have you been doing
s while, but teaching her the Way to cuckold
·Take care, Sir; look before you leap. You
tickliſh Point to manage.———Can you tell,
ıat's her Quarrel to you now?

. I can't imagine. I don't remember that ever I
:d her.

ɔ. That's it, Sir. She reſolves to put your Eaſi-
the Teſt now, that ſhe may with more Security
on't hereafter.—Always ſuſpect thoſe Women of
s that are for ſearching into the Humours of their
ers; for they certainly intend to try them when
marry'd.

. How cam'ſt thou ſuch an Engineer in Love?

ɔ. I have ſprung ſome Mines in my Time, Sir;
ıce I have trudg'd ſo long about your amorous
es, I have more Intrigue in the Sole of my Feet,
ıme Blockheads in their whole Body.

. Sirrah, have you ever diſcover'd any Behaviour
Lady, to occaſion this ſuſpicious Diſcourſe?

ɔ. Sir, has this Lady ever diſcover'd any Beha-
ɔf yours to occaſion this ſuſpicious Quarrel? I be-
he Lady has as much of the innate Principle of
(as the Gentleman ſaid) as any Woman. But
aggage, her Attendant, is about raviſhing her

Lady's Page every Hour. 'Tis an old Saying, *Like Maſter, like Man*; why not as well, *Like Miſtreſs, like Maid?*

Love. Since thou art for trying Humours, have with you, Madam *Lucinda*. Beſides, ſo fair an Opportunity offers, that Fate ſeem'd to deſign it.——Have you left the Gentleman at my Lodgings?

Bruſh. Yes, Sir, and ſent a Porter to his Inn to bring his Things thither.

Love. That's right.——Love, like other Diſeaſe muſt ſometimes have a deſperate Cure. The School of *Venus* impoſes the ſtrict Diſcipline; and awful *Cupid* is a chaſtning God: He whips ſeverely.——

Bruſh. Not if we kiſs the Rod. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

SCENE, *Lovewell's Lodgings.*

Enter Lovewell, Roebuck *dreſs'd, and* Bruſh.

Love. O'My Conſcience, the fawning Creature loves you.

Roeb. Ay, the conſtant Effects of debauching a Woman are, that ſhe infallibly loves the Man for doing the Buſineſs, and he certainly hates her.——But what Company is ſhe like to have at this ſame Widow's, *Bruſh?*

Bruſh. Oh the beſt Company, Sir; a Poet lives there Sir.

Roeb. They're the worſt Company, for they're ill natur'd.

Bruſh. Ah, Sir, but it does no Body any Harm; for theſe Fellows that get Bread by their Wits are always forc'd to eat their Words. They muſt be good-natur'd, 'ſpight of their Teeth, Sir. 'Tis ſaid he pays his Lodging by cracking ſome ſmutty Jeſts with his Landlady over-night; for ſhe's very well pleas'd with his Natural Parts. [*While* Roeb. *and* Bruſh *talk*, Lovewe*ſeems to project ſomething by himſelf.*

Roe

Roeb. What other Lodgers are there?

Bruſh. One newly enter'd, a young Squire, juſt come from the Univerſity.

Roeb. A mere Peripatetic, I warrant him. —— A very pretty Family; a Heathen Philoſopher, an *Engliſh* Poet, and an *Iriſh H'bore.* Had the Landlady but an *Highland* Piper to join with 'em, ſhe might ſet up for a Collection of Monſters.—Any Body within? [*Slaps* Lovewell *on the Shoulder.*

Love. Yes, you are my Friend. All my Thoughts were employ'd about you. In ſhort, I have one Requeſt to make, That you would renounce your looſe wild Courſes, and lead a ſober Life, as I do.

Roeb. That I will, if you'll grant me a Boon.

Love. You ſhall have it, be't what it will.

Roeb. That you wou'd relinquiſh your preciſe ſober Behaviour, and live like a Gentleman as I do.

Love. That I can't grant.

Roeb. Then we're off: Tho' ſhou'd your Women prove no better than your Wine, my Debaucheries will fall of themſelves, for Want of Temptation.

Love. Our Women are worſe than our Wine; our Claret has but little of the *French* in't, but our Wenches have the Devil and all: They are both adulterated; to prevent the Inconveniencies of which, I'll provide you an honourable Miſtreſs.

Roeb. An honourable Miſtreſs; what's that?

Love. A virtuous Lady, whom you muſt love and court; the ſureſt Method of reclaiming you.——As thus:——Thoſe ſuperfluous Pieces you throw away in Wine, may be laid out——

Roeb. To the Poor?

Love. No, no: In Sweet Powder, Cravats, Garters, Snuff-boxes, Ribbons, Coach-hire, and Chair-hire. Thoſe idle Hours which you miſpend with lewd ſophiſticated Wenches muſt be dedicated——

Roeb. To the Church?

Love. No; to the innocent and charming Converſation of your virtuous Miſtreſs; by which Means, the two moſt exorbitant Debaucheries, Drinking and Whoring, will be retrench'd.

Roeb. A very fine Retrenchment truly! I muſt firſt deſpiſe the honeſt jolly Converſation at the Tavern, for the foppiſh, affected, dull, inſipid Entertainment at the Chocolate-houſe; muſt quit my Freedom with ingenious Company, to harneſs myſelf to Foppery among the fluttering Crowd of *Cupid*'s Livery-boys.——The ſecond Articles is, That I muſt reſign the Company of lewd Women for that of my innocent Miſtreſs; that is, I muſt change my eaſy natural Sin of Wenching, to that conſtrain'd Debauchery of Lying and Swearing.——The many Lies and Oaths that I made to thy Siſter, will go nearer to damn me, than if I had enjoy'd her a hundred times over.

Love. Oh *Roebuck!* your Reaſon will maintain the contrary when you're in Love.

Roeb. That is, when I have loſt my Reaſon: Come, come, a Wench, a Wench, a ſoft, white, eaſy, conſenting Creature!——Prithee, *Ned*, leave Muſtineſs, and ſhew me the Varieties of the Town.

Love. A Wench is the leaſt Variety——Look out——See what a numerous Train trip along the Street there.—[*Pointing outwards.*

Roeb. Oh *Venus!* all theſe fine ſtately Creatures! Fare you well, *Ned.*——

[*Runs out*; Lovewell *catches him, and pulls him back.*] Prithee let me go; 'tis a Deed of Charity; I'm quite ſtarv'd. I'll juſt take a ſnap, and be with you in the Twinkling——As you're my Friend——I muſt go.

Love. Then we muſt break for all together——[*Quits him.*]——He that will leave his Friend for a Whore, I reckon a Commoner in Friendſhip as in Love.

Roeb. If you ſaw how ill that ſerious Face becomes a Fellow of your Years, you wou'd never wear it again. Youth is taking in any Maſquerade but Gravity.

Love. Tho' Lewdneſs ſuits much worſe with your Circumſtances, Sir.

Roeb. Ay, theſe Circumſtances! Damn theſe Circumſtances.—There he has hamſtring'd me. This Poverty! how it makes a Man ſneak!——Well, prithee let's know this deviliſh virtuous Lady. By the Circumſtances of my Body, I ſhall ſoon be off or on with her.

Love.

Love. Know then, for thy utter Condemnation, that ſhe's a Lady of Eighteen, Beautiful, Witty, and nicely Virtuous.

Roeb. A Lady of Eighteen! Good——Beautiful! Better——Witty! Beſt of all.——Now with theſe three Qualifications, if ſhe be nicely virtuous, then I'll henceforth adore every thing that wears a Petticoat ——Witty and Virtuous! Ha, ha, ha! Why, 'tis as inconſiſtent in Ladies as Gentlemen; and were I to debauch one for a Wager, her Wit ſhou'd be my Bawd. ——Come, come, the forbidden Fruit was pluck'd from the Tree of Knowledge, Boy.

Love. Right——But there was a cunninger Devil than you to tempt.——I'll aſſure you, *George*, your Rhetoric wou'd fail you here; ſhe wou'd worſt you at your own Weapons.

Roeb. Ay, or any Man in *England*, if ſhe be Eighteen, as you ſay.

Love. Have a Care, Friend; this Satire will get you torn in Pieces by the Females; you'll fall into *Orpheus*'s Fate.

Roeb. *Orpheus* was a Blockhead, and deſerv'd his Fate.

Love. Why?

Roeb. Becauſe he went to Hell for a Wife.

Love. This happens right——[*Aſide*]——But you ſhall go to Heav'n for a Miſtreſs; you ſhall court this Divine Creature——I don't deſire you to fall in Love with her; I don't intend you ſhould marry her neither: But you muſt be convinc'd of the Chaſtity of the Sex; tho' if you ſhould conquer her, the Spoil, you Rogue, will be glorious, and infinitely worth the Pains in attaining.

Roeb. Ay, but *Ned*, my Circumſtances, my Circumſtances.——

Love. Come, you ſhan't want Money.

Roeb. Then I dare attempt it. Money is the Sinews of Love, as of War. Gad, Friend, thou art the braveſt Pimp I ever heard of——Well, give me Directions to ſail by, the Name of my Port, lade my Pockets, and then for the Cape of Good Hope.

Love. You need no Directions as to the Manner of Courtſhip.

Roeb. No; I have ſeen ſome few Principles, on which my Courtſhip's founded, which ſeldom fail. To let a Lady rely upon my Modeſty, but to depend myſelf altogether upon my Impudence; to uſe a Miſtreſs like a Deity in public, but like a Woman in private: To be as cautious then of aſking an impertinent Queſtion, as afterwards of telling a Story; remembring, that the Tongue is the only Member that can't hurt a Lady's Honour, though touched to the tendereſt Part.

Love. Oh! but to a Friend, *George*; you'll tell a Friend your Succeſs.

Roeb. No, not to her very ſelf; it muſt be as private as Devotion——No babbling, unleſs a ſqualling Brat peeps out to tell Tales——But where lies my Courſe?

Love. Bruſh ſhall ſhew you the Houſe; the Lady's Name is *Lucinda*; her Father and Mother dead; ſhe's Heireſs to Twelve Hundred a Year: But above all, obſerve this; She has a Page, which you muſt get on your ſide: 'Tis a very pretty Boy; I preſented him to the Lady about a Fortnight ago; he's your Countryman too; he brought me a Letter from my Siſter, which I have about me.——Here, you may read it.

Roeb. Ay, 'tis her Hand; I know it well; and I almoſt bluſh to ſee it. [*Aſide.*

[*Reads*] Dear Brother,

A Lady of my Acquaintance lately dying, begg'd me as her laſt Requeſt, to provide for this Boy, who was her Page: I hope I have obey'd my Friend's laſt Command, and oblig'd a Brother, by ſending him to you. Pray diſpoſe of him as much as you can for his Advantage. All Friends are well, and I am

Your affectionate Siſter, *Leanthe.*

[*While he reads,* Lovewell *talks to* Bruſh, *and gives him ſome Directions ſeemingly.*

All Friends are well: Is that all? Not a Word of poor *Roebuck*——I wonder ſhe mention'd nothing of my Misfortunes to her Brother. But ſhe has forgot me already. True Woman ſtill——Well, I may excuſe her, for I am making all the Haſte I can to forget her.

Love.

e. Be ſure you have an Eye upon him, and come to
eſently at Widow *Bullfinch*'s ——— [*To* Bruſh.] ——
George, you won't communicate your Succeſs? [*Aſide.*
h. You may gueſs what you pleaſe ——— I'm as
after a Miſtreſs as after a Bottle ——— All Air;
ull of Joy, like a Bumper of Claret, ſmiling and
ng.

e. Then you'll certainly run over.

h. No, no, nor ſhall I drink to any Body.—
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

NE *changes to a Dining-room in Widow* Bullfinch's
ſe; a Flute, Muſic-book upon the Table; Caſe of Toys
ying up. ———

Rigadoon *the Dancing-Maſter, leading in* Mockmode
oth Hands, as teaching him the Minuet; he ſings, and
:kmode *dances aukwardly;* Club *follows.*

Tal—dal—deral—One—Two—Tal——dal
—deral—Coupé—Tal—dal—deral——Very well—
deral—Wrong—Tal—dal—deral—Toes out—Tal
——deral——Obſerve Time:——Very well in-
Sir; you ſhall dance as well as any Man in *England*;
ve an excellent Diſpoſition in your Limbs, Sir———
'e me, Sir.

the Maſter dances a new Minuet; and at every Cut
Club *makes an aukward Imitation by leaping up.*]
) forth, Sir.

h. I'm afraid we ſhall diſturb my Landlady.

Landlady! You muſt have a care of that; ſhe'll
pardon you.——Landlady! Every Woman, from a
:ſs to a Kitchen-wench, is *Madam*; and every Man,
Lord to a Lacquey, *Sir.*

h. Muſt I then loſe my Title of 'Squire, 'Squire
ode?

By all means, Sir; 'Squire and Fool are the ſame
here.

h. That's very comical, faith——But is there an
Parliament for that, Mr. *Rigadoon?*——Well,
can't be a 'Squire, I'll do as well; I have a great
and want only to be a great Beau to qualify me
for a Knight or a Lord. By the Univerſe, I have a
great

great Mind to bind myſelf 'Prentice to a Beau——Cou'd I but dance well, puſh well, play upon the Flute, and ſwear the moſt modiſh Oaths, I wou'd ſet up for Quality with e'er a young Nobleman of 'em all——Pray what are the moſt faſhionable Oaths in Town? *Zoons*, I take it, is a very becoming one.

Rig. Zoons is only us'd by the diſbanded Officers and Bullies: But Zauns is the Beaux Pronunciation.

Mock. Zauns.

Club. Zauns.

Rig. Yes, Sir, we ſwear as we dance; ſmooth, and with a Cadence.——Zauns! 'Tis harmonious, and pleaſes the Ladies, becauſe 'tis ſoft——Zauns, Madam——is the only Compliment our great Beaux paſs on a Lady.

Mock. But ſuppoſe a Lady ſpeaks to me, what muſt I ſay?

Rig. Nothing, Sir——you muſt take Snuſh, grin, and make her an humble Cringe——Thus——

[*He bows Foppiſhly, and takes Snuſh*; Mockmode *imitates him awkwardly*; *and taking Snuſh, ſneezes.*

Rig. O Lard, Sir, you muſt never ſneeze; 'tis as unbecoming after *Orangeree*, as Grace after Meat.

Mock. I thought People took it to clear the Brain.

Rig. The Beaux have no Brains at all, Sir; their Skull is a perfect Snuſh-box; and I heard a Phyſician ſwear, who open'd one of 'em, that the three Diviſions of his Head were fill'd with *Orangeree*, *Bourgamot*, and *Plain Spaniſh*.

Mock. Zauns, I muſt ſneeze——[*Sneezes*]——Bleſs me.

Rig. O fie, Mr. *Mockmode!* What a ruſtical Expreſſion that is!——Bleſs me!——You ſhou'd upon all ſuch Occaſions cry, Dem me. You would be as nauſeous to the Ladies, as one of the old Patriarchs, if you us'd that obſolete Expreſſion.

Club. I find that going to the Devil is very modiſh in this Town——Pray, Maſter Dancing-maſter, what Religion may theſe Beaux be of?

Rig. A Sort of *Indians* in their Religion; they worſhip the firſt thing they ſee in the Morning.

Mock. What's that, Sir?

Rig. Their own Shadows in the Glaſs; and ſome of 'em ſuch Helliſh Faces, that may frighten 'em into Devotion.

Mock.

Mock. Then they are *Indians* right, for they worſhip the Devil.

Rig. Then you ſhall be as great a Beau as any of 'em. But you muſt be ſure to mind your Dancing.

Mock. Is not Muſic very convenient too?——I can play the *Bells* and *Maiden Fair* already. *Alamire, Befabemi, Celolfa, Delaſol, Ela, Effaut. Geſolreut.* I have 'em all by heart already. But I have been plaguily puzzled about the Etymology of theſe Notes; and certainly a Man cannot arrive at any Perfection, unleſs he underſtands the Derivation of the Terms.

Rig. O Lard, Sir! That's eaſy. *Effaut* and *Geſolreut* were two famous *German* Muſicians, and the reſt were *Italians.*

Mock. But why are they only ſeven?

Rig. From a prodigious great Baſs-Viol with ſeven Strings that played a Jig, call'd the *Muſic of the Spheres:* The ſeven Planets were nothing but Fiddle-ſtrings.

Mock. Then your Stars have made you a Dancing-Maſter?

Rig. O Lard, Sir! *Pythagoras* was a Dancing-Maſter; he ſhews the Creation to be a Country Dance, where, after ſome antic Changes, all the Parts fell into their Places, and there they ſtand ready, till the next Squeak of a Philoſopher's Fiddle ſets them a dancing again.

Club. Sir, here comes the Puſhing-Maſter.

Rig. Then I'll be gone. But you muſt have a care of puſhing, 'twill ſpoil the Niceneſs of your Steps. Learn a Flouriſh or two; and that's all a Beau can have Occaſion for.

Enter Nimblewriſt.

Mock. Oh, Mr. *Nimblewriſt!* I crave you ten thouſand Pardons, by the Univerſe.

Nimb. That was a home Thruſt. Good Sir, I hope you're for a Breathing this Morning. [*Takes down a Foil.*] ——I'll aſſure you, Mr. *Mockmode*, you will make an excellent Swordſman; you're as well ſhap'd for Fencing as any Man in *Europe.* The Duke of *Burgundy* is juſt of your Make; he puſhes the fineſt of any Man in *France*——Sa, ſa——like Lightning.

Mock. I'm much in love with Fencing: But, I think, Backſword is the beſt Play.

Nimb.

Nimb. Oh Lard, Sir!———Have you ever been in *France*, Sir?

Mock. No, Sir; but I underſtand the Geography of it———*France* is bounded on the North with the *Rhine.*——

Nimb. No, Sir; a *Frenchman* is bounded on the North with Quart, on the South with Tierce, and ſo forth. 'Tis a noble Art, Sir; and every one that wears a Sword is obliged by his Tenure to learn. The Rules of Honour are engraved on my Hilt, and my Blade muſt maintain 'em. My Sword's my Herald, and the bloody Hand my Coat of Arms.

Mock. And how long have you profeſs'd this noble Art, Sir?

Nimb. Truly, Sir, I ſerv'd an Apprenticeſhip to this Trade, Sir.

Mock. What, are ye a Corporation then?

Nimb. Yes, Sir; the Surgeons have taken us into their's, becauſe we make ſo much Work for 'em.———But, as I was telling you, Sir, I profeſs'd this Science till the Wars broke out; but then, when every body got Commiſſions, I put in for one, ſerv'd the Campaigns in *Flanders*; and when the Peace broke out, was diſbanded; ſo, among a great many other poor Rogues, am forc'd to betake to my old Trade. Now the public Quarrel's ended, I live by private ones. I live ſtill by dying, as the Song goes, Sir. While we have *Engliſh* Courage, *French* Honour, and *Spaniſh* Blades among us, I ſhall live, Sir.

Mock. Surely your Sword and Skill did the King great Service abroad.

Nimb. Yes, Sir; I kill'd above fifteen of our own Officers by private Duels in the Camp, Sir; kill'd 'em fairly; kill'd 'em thus, Sir—Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa, Parry, parry, parry.—

[*He puſhes* Mockmode *on the Ribs*; *he ſtrikes* Nimblewriſt *over the Head, and breaks the Foil.*

Club. What's the Name of that Thruſt, pray, Sir?

Nimb. Oh Lard, Sir! he did not touch me, not in the leaſt, Sir; the Foil was crack'd, a palpable Crack.

[*Blood runs down his Face.*

Club. A very palpable Crack, truly. Your Skull is only crack'd, palpably crack'd, that's all.

Moc. Well, Sir, if you pleaſe to teach me my Honours.——

My

My Dancing-maſter has forbid me any more, leſt I ſhould diſcompoſe my Steps.

Nimb. Your Dancing-maſter is a Blockhead, Sir.

Enter Rigadoon.

Rig. I forgot my Gloves, and ſo———

Mock. Oh Sir! he calls you Blockhead, by the Univerſe.

Rig. Zauns, Sir——— [*Foppiſhly.*

Nimb. Zoons, Sir——— [*Bluſtrouſly.*

Rig. I have more Wit in the Sole of my Foot, than you have in your whole Body.

Nimb. Ay, Sir, you Caperers dance all your Brains into your Heels, which makes you carry ſuch empty Noddles. Your Rational's revers'd, carrying your Underſtandings in your Legs. Your Wit is the perfect *Antipodes* to other Men's.

Rig. And what are you, good Monſieur, ſa, ſa? Stand upon your Guard, Mr. *Mockmode*, he's the greateſt falſifier in his Art; he'll fill your Head ſo full of *French* Principles of Honour, that you won't have one of Honeſty left. His Breaſt-plate there he calls the Butt of Honour; at which all the Fools in the Kingdom ſhoot, and not one can hit the Mark.

Nimb. You talk of *Robin Hood*, who never ſhot in his Bow, Sir.——You Dancers are the Battledores of the Nation, that toſs the light foppiſh Shuttlecocks to and again, to get yourſelves in heat.——Have a care, Mr. *Mockmode*; this Fellow will make a mere Graſhopper of you.——Sir, you're the grand Pimp to Foppery and Lewdneſs; and the Devil and a Dancing-maſter dance a Corante over the whole Kingdom.

Rig. A Pimp, Sir! What then, Sir? I engage Couples into the Bed of Love, but you match 'em into the Bed of Honour. We only juggle People out of their Chaſtity, but you cheat 'em out of their Lives. We ſhall have you, Mr. *Mockmode*, grinning in the Bed of Honour, as if you laugh'd at the Fool who muſt be hang'd for you—Which is beſt, Mr. *Nimblewriſt*, an eaſy Minuet, or a *Tyburn* Jigg?

Nimb. Don't provoke my Sword, Sir, leſt that Art you ſo revile ſhou'd revenge itſelf; for every one of you that live by Dancing, ſhou'd die by Puſhing, Sir.

Rig. And every Man that lives by Puſhing, ſhou'd die Dancing, I take it.

Nimb.

Nimb. Zoons, Sir! What d'ye mean?

Rig. Nothing, Sir;——Tal——dal——deral——[*Dances.*]——This takes the Ladies, Mr. *Mockmode*; this runs away with all the great Fortunes in Town. Tho' you be a Fool, a Fop, a Coward, dance well, and you captivate the Ladies. The moving a Man's Limbs pliantly, does the Buſineſs, If you want a Fortune, come to me——Tal——dal——deral—— [*Dances.*

Nimb. No, no, to me, Sir,——ſa, ſa,——does your Buſineſs ſooneſt with a Woman: A clean and manly Extenſion of all your Parts—Ha—Carrying a true Point is the Matter.——Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa,——Defend yourſelf. [*Puſhing at* Rigadoon, *who dances and ſings, retiring off the Stage.*

Enter Bullfinch.

Bull. O Goodneſs! What a Room's here! Could not Fellows wipe their Feet before they came up? And here's ſuch a tripping and ſuch a ſtamping, that they have broke down all the Cieling. You Dancing and Fencing-maſters have been the Downfal of many Houſes. Get out of my Doors; my Houſe was never in ſuch a Pickle.——You Country Gentlemen, newly come to *London*, like your own Spaniels out of a Pond, muſt be ſhaking the Water off, and beſpatter every Body about you.——

[Mockmode *having taken Snuff, offering to ſneeze, ſneezes in her Face.*

Mock. Zauns, Madam, [*Sneezes*]——Bleſs me!——Dem me, I mean.

Bull. He's tainted. Theſe curſed Flies have blown upon him already.

Mock. Sa, ſa,——Defend Flankonade, Madam.

Bull. Ah, Mr. *Mockmode*, my Puſhing and Dancing Days are done: But I had a Son, Mr. *Mockmode*, that wou'd match you——Ah, my poor *Robin!* He dy'd of an Apoplexy: He was as pretty a young Man as ever ſtep'd into a black Leather Shoe: He was as like you, Mr. *Mockmode*, as one Egg is like another; he dy'd like an Angel——But I am ſure he might have recover'd but for the Phyſicians——Oh theſe Doctors, theſe Doctors!

Mock. Bleſs the Doctors, I ſay; for I believe they kill'd my honeſt old Father.

Bull. Ay, that's true: If my *Robin* had left me an Eſtate, I ſhou'd have ſaid ſo too.—— [*Cries.*

Mock.

Mock. Zauns, Madam; you muſt not be melancholy, Madam.

Bull. Well, Sir, I hope you'll give us the Beverage of our fine Cloaths. I'll aſſure you, Sir, they fit you very well, and I like your Fancy mightily.

Mock. Ay, ay, Madam. But what's moſt modiſh for Beverage? For, I ſuppoſe, the Faſhion of that alters always with the Cloaths.

Bull. The Taylors are the beſt Judges of that—— Champaigne, I ſuppoſe.

Mock. Is Champaigne a Taylor? Now, methinks, that were a fitter Name for a Wig-maker——I think they call my Wig a Champaigne.

Bull. You're clear out, Sir, clear out. Champaigne is a fine Liquor, which all your great Beaux drink to make 'em witty.

Mock. Witty! Oh, by the Univerſe, I muſt be witty. I'll drink nothing elſe; I never was witty in all my Life. I love Jokes dearly.———Here, *Club*, bring us a Bottle of what d'ye call it; the witty Liquor.

Bull. But I thought all you that were bred at the Univerſity ſhou'd be Wits naturally.

Mock. The quite contrary, Madam; there's no ſuch thing there. We dare not have Wit there, for fear of being counted Rakes. Your ſolid Philoſophy is all read there, which is clear another thing. But now I will be a Wit, by the Univerſe. I muſt get acquainted with the great Poets; Landlady, you muſt introduce me.

Bull. Oh dear me, Sir; wou'd you ruin me? I introduce you! No Widow dare be ſeen with a Poet, for fear ſhe ſhou'd be thought to keep him.

Mock. Keep him! What's that? They keep nothing but Sheep in the Country: I hope they don't fleece the Wits?

Bull. Alas, Sir, they have no Fleeces; there's a great Cry, but little Wool. However, if you wou'd be acquainted with the Poets, I can prevail with a Gentleman of my Acquaintance to introduce you; 'tis one *Love-well*, a fine Gentlman that comes here ſometimes.

Mock. Love-well! By the Univerſe, my Rival: I heard of him in the Country: This puts me in mind of my Miſtreſs ——Zauns, I'm certainly become a Beau already; for I was ſo in Love with myſelf, I quite forgot her.———I have

have a Note in my Pocket-book to find her out by.——

[*Pulls out a large Pocket-book; turning over the Leaves, reads to himself*

Six-pence for waſhing — Two-pence to the Maid.— Six-pence for Snuſh—One Shilling for Butter'd Ale.—By the Univerſe, I have loſt the Directions.——Hark you Madam, does this ſame *Lovewell* come often here, ſay you?

Bull. Yes, Sir, very often——There's a Lady of his Acquaintance, a Lodger in the Houſe juſt now.

Mock. A Lady of his Acquaintance, a Lodger in the Houſe juſt now; of his Acquaintance, do you ſay?

Bull. Yes, and a pretty Lady too.

Mock. And he comes often here, you ſay. By the Univerſe! ſhou'd I happen to lodge in the ſame Houſe with my Miſtreſs: I gad it muſt be the ſame. Can you tell the Woman's Name?——Stay——Is her Name *Lucinda*?

Bull. Perhaps it may, Sir; but I believe ſhe's a Widow for ſhe has a young Son, and I'm ſure 'tis legitimately begotten; for it is the braveſt Child you ſhall ſee in a Summer's Day; 'tis not like one of our puling Brats o'th' Town here, born with the Diſeaſes of half a Dozen Fathers about it.

Mock. By the Univerſe, I don't remember whether my Miſtreſs is a Maid or Widow: But if a Widow, ſo much the better; for all your *London* Widows are deviliſh rich they ſay. She came in a Coach, did ſhe not, Madam?

Bull. Yes, Sir, yes.

Mock. Then 'tis infallibly ſhe——Does ſhe not always go out in her Coach?

Bull. She has not ſtirr'd abroad ſince ſhe came, Sir.

Mock. Oh, I was told that ſhe was very reſerv'd, then 'tis very much of a Widow. I have often heard my Mother ſay, that ſitting at home and Silence were very becoming in a Maid; and ſhe has often chid my Siſter *Dorothy* for gadding out to the Meadows, and tumbling among the Cocks with the Hay-makers. I gad I'm the moſt lucky Son of a Whore; I was wrapt in the Tail of my Mother's Smock Landlady.

Enter Servant.

Bull. Oh, but this Lady, Sir——

Ser. Madam, here's a Gentleman below wants to ſpeak with you inſtantly.

Bull

Bull With me, Child! Sir, I'll wait on you in a Mi-
ute. [*Exit with Servant.*

Enter Club *with Wine and Glaſſes.*

Mock. Is that the witty Liquor? Come, fill the Glaſſes. low that I have found my Miſtreſs, I muſt next find my Vits.

Club. So you had need, Maſter; for they that find a liſtreſs, are generally out of their Wits.——

[*Gives him a Glaſs.*

Mock. Come, fill yourſelf. [*They jingle and drink.* lut where's the Wit now, *Club?* Have you found it?

Club. I gad, Maſter, I think 'tis a very good Jeſt.

Mock. What?

Club. What! why drinking. You'll find, Maſter, that his ſame Gentleman in the Straw Doublet, this ſame *Will 'th' Whiſp*, is a Wit at the Bottom. [*Fills.*]——Here, iere, Maſter; how it puns and quibbles in the Glaſs!

Mock. By the Univerſe, now I have it; the Wit lies n the Jingling: All Wit conſiſts moſt in Jingling. Hear ow the Glaſſes rhime to one another.

Club. What, Maſter, are theſe Wits ſo apt to claſh?

[*Jingles the Glaſſes.*

Mock. Oh by the Univerſe, by the Univerſe, this is Wit. [*Breaks e'm.*] My Landlady is in the right.—— have often heard there was Wit in breaking Glaſſes. It vould be a very good Joke to break the Flaſk now.

Club. I find then that this ſame Wit is very brittle Ware.—But I think, Sir, 'twere no Joke to ſpill the Wine.

Mock. Why, there's the Jeſt, Sirrah; all Wit conſiſts in ›ſing; there was never any thing got by't. I fancy his ſame Wine is all ſold at *Will*'s Coffee-houſe. Do you now the Way thither, Sirrah? I long to ſee Mr. *Comick* nd Mr. *Tagrhime*, with the reſt of 'em. I wonder how hey look! Certainly theſe Poets muſt have ſomething xtraordinary in their Faces. Of all the Rarities in the 'own, I long to ſee nothing more than the *Poets*, and *Bedlam.*——Come in, *Club*; I muſt go practiſe my Honours -Tal—dal—deral— [*Exit dancing, and* Club *toping.*

Enter Lovewell *and* Bullfinch.

Bull. Oh Mr. *Lovewell!* you come juſt in the Nick; was ready to ſpoil all, by telling him ſhe was a Stranger, nd juſt now come.

Love.

Love. Well, dear Madam, be cautious for the future 'tis the moſt fortunate Chance that ever befel me. 'Twer convenient we had the other Lodgers of our Side.

Bull. There's nobody but Mr. *Lyrick*; and you had a ſafely tell a Secret over a Groaning-Cheeſe, as to him.

Love. How ſo?

Bull. Why, you muſt know, that he has been lying-i theſe four Months of a Play; and he has got all th Muſes about him; a Parcel of the moſt tattling Goſſips.

Love. Come, come; no more Words; but to our Bu ſineſs. I will certainly reward you. But have you an good Hopes of its ſucceeding?

Bull. Very well of the 'Squire's Side. But I'm afrai your Widow will never play her Part, ſhe's ſo aukward and ſo ſullen.

Love. Go you and inſtruct her, while I manage Affair abroad.

Bull. She's always raving of one *Roebuck*. Prithee, wh is this ſame *Roebuck?*——Ah Mr. *Lovewell*, I'm afraid this Widow of yours is ſomething elſe at the Bottom; I'm afraid there has been a Dog in the Well. [*Exit.*

Enter Bruſh.

Love. So, Sirrah! where have you left the Gentleman?

Bruſh. In a Friend's Houſe, Sir.

Love. What Friend?

Bruſh. Why, a Tavern.

Love. What took him there?

Bruſh. A Coach, Sir.

Love. How d'ye mean?

Bruſh. A Coach and Six, Sir; no leſs, I'll aſſure you, Sir.

Love. A Coach and Six!

Bruſh. Yes, Sir, ſix Whores and a carted Bawd: He pick'd 'em all up in the Street, and is gone with this ſplendid Retinue into the Sun by *Covent-Garden*. I aſk'd him what he meant? He told me, that he only wanted to whet, when the very Sight of 'em turn'd my Stomach.

Love. The Fellow will have his Swing, tho' he hang for't. However, run to him, and bid him take the Name of *Mockmode*; call himſelf *Mockmode* upon all Occaſions; and tell him that he ſhall find me here about Four in the Afternoon—Aſk no Queſtions, but fly——

So;——

So:——His uſurping that Name gives him a Title to court *Lucinda*, by which I ſhall diſcover her Inclination to [*Exit.* Bruſh.] this *Mockmode*, whoſe coming to Town has certainly occaſion'd her Quarrel with me; while I ſet the Hound himſelf upon a wrong Scent, and ten to one provide for Miſtreſs *Trudge* by the Bargain. 'Tis ſaid one can't be a Friend and a Lover.

- But oppoſite to that, this Plot ſhall prove,
I'll ſerve my Friend by what aſſiſts my Love. [Exit.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE, Lucinda's *Houſe.*

Enter Leanthe ſola, *dreſs'd like a* Page.

METhinks this Livery ſuits ill my Birth; but Slave to Love, I muſt not diſobey; his Service is the hardeſt Vaſſalage, forcing the Powers divine to lay their Godſhips down to be more Gods, more happy here below.——Thus I, poor Wanderer, have left my Country, diſguis'd myſelf ſo much, I hardly know whether this Habit, or my Love, be blindeſt; to follow one, perhaps, who loves me not, tho' every Breath of his ſoft Words was Paſſion, and every Accent Love. Oh *Roebuck!* [*Weeps.*

Enter Roebuck.

Roeb. This is the Page, Love's Link-Boy, that muſt light me the Way.——How now, pretty Boy; has your Lady beaten you? ha!——This Lady muſt be a *Venus*, for ſhe has got a *Cupid* in her Family. 'Tis a wondrous pretty Boy——[Leanthe *ſtarts, and ſtares at him.*] but a very comical Boy——What the Devil does he ſtare at?

Lean. Oh Heav'ns! is the Object real, or are my Eyes falſe? Is that *Roebuck*, or am I *Leanthe?* I'm afraid he's not the ſame; and too ſure I'm not myſelf—— [*Weeps.*

Roeb. What Offence could ſuch pretty Innocence commit, to deſerve a Puniſhment to make you cry?

Lean. Oh, Sir! a wondrous Offence.

Roeb.

Roeb. What was it, my Child?

Lean. I prick'd my Finger with a Pin, till I made it bleed.

Roeb. Such little Boys as you ſhould have a care of ſharp Things.

Lean. Indeed, Sir, we ought; for it prick'd me ſo deep, that the Sore went to my very Heart.

Roeb. Poor Boy! here's a Plaiſter for your ſore Finger——— [*Gives him Gold.*

Lean. Sir, you had beſt keep it for a ſore Finger. [*Returns it.*

Roeb. O' my Conſcience the Boy's witty, but not very wiſe in returning Gold——Come, come, you ſhall take it. [*Forces it upon him and kiſſes him.*

Lean. That's the fitter Cure for my ſore Finger —The ſame dear Lips ſtill. Oh, that the Tongue within them were as true! [*Aſide.*

Roeb. By Heav'ns, this Boy has the ſofteſt Pair of Lips I ever taſted. I ne'er found before, that Ladies kiſs'd their Pages; but now if this Rogue were not too young, I ſhou'd ſuſpect he were before-hand with me. I gad, I muſt kiſs him again—Come, you ſhall take the Money. [*Kiſſes.*

Lean. Oh how he bribes me into Bribery!——— But what muſt I do with this Money, Sir?

Roeb. You muſt get a little Miſtreſs, and treat her with it.

Lean. Sir, I have one Miſtreſs already; and they ſay, no Man can ſerve two Maſters, much leſs two Miſtreſſes. How many Miſtreſſes have you, pray?

Roeb. Umh! I gad the Boy has pos'd me——How many, Child? Why, let me ſee.——There was Mrs. *Mary*, Mrs. *Margaret*, Mrs. *Lucy*, Mrs. *Suſan*, Mrs. *Judy*, and ſo forth; to the Number of five and twenty, or thereabouts.

Lean. Oh ye Powers! and did you love 'em all?

Roeb. Yes, deſperately.——I wou'd have drank and fought for any one of them: I have ſworn and ly'd to every one of 'em, and have lain with 'em all: That's for your Encouragement, Boy; learn betimes, Youth; young Plants ſhould be water'd. Your Smock-Face was made for a Chamber-Utenſil.

Lean. And did not one eſcape ye?

Roeb. Yes.

. Yes, one did;——the Devil take her.
. What, don't you love her then?
. No, faith; but I bear her an amorous Grudge ſomething between Love and Spight.——I cou'd kill th Kindneſs.
. I don't believe it, Sir; you cou'd not be ſo hard-l ſure: Her honourable Paſſion, I think, ſhou'd you beſt.
. O Child! Boys of your Age are continually g Romances, filling your Heads with that old Bom-Love and Honour: But when you come to my you'll underſtand better Things.
. And muſt I be a falſe, treacherous Villain, when e to your Years, Sir? Is Falſhood and Perjury ef-to the perfect State of Manhood?
. Pſhaw, Children and old Men always talk thus ily——You underſtand nothing, Boy.
. Yes, Sir, I have been in Love, and much more ou, I perceive.
. It appears then, that there's no Service in the l ſo educating to a Boy as a Lady's——By *Jove*, park may be older than I imagine. Hark ye, Sir; u never pull off your Lady's Shoes and Stockings? ou never reach her the——Pincuſhion? Do you ſit on her Bed-ſide, and ſing to her? Ha!——, tell me, that's my good Boy.——

[*Makes much of him.*

. Yes, I do ſing her aſleep ſometimes.
. But do you never waken her again?
. No, but I conſtantly wake myſelf; my Reſt's s diſturbed by Viſions of the Devil.
. Who wou'd imagine now, that this young Sha-u'd dream of a Woman ſo ſoon?—But what Songs our Lady delight in moſt?
. Paſſionate ones, Sir: I'll ſing you one of 'em, if ſtay.
. With all my Heart, my little Cherubim. The e is fond of ſhewing his Parts.—Come, begin.

A SONG: Set by Mr. *Richardſon.*

I.

How bleſs'd are Lovers in Diſguiſe!
Like Gods they ſee,
As I do thee,
Unſeen by human Eyes.
Expos'd to View,
I'm hid from you,
I'm alter'd, yet the ſame:
The Dark conceals me;
Love reveals me;
Love, which lights me by its Flame.

II.

Were you not falſe, you me wou'd know;
For tho' your Eyes
Cou'd not deviſe,
Your Heart had told you ſo.
Your Heart wou'd beat
With eager Heat,
And me by Sympathy wou'd find:
True Love might ſee
One chang'd like me,
Falſe Love is only blind.

Roeb. Oh my little Angel in Voice and Shape!——[*Kiſſes her.*] I cou'd wiſh myſelf a Female for thy Sake.

Lean. You're much better as you are for my Sake. [*Aſide.*

Roeb. Or if thou wert a Woman, I wou'd——

Lean. What would you? marry me? wou'd you marry me?

Roeb. Marry you, Child! no, no; I love you too well for that; you ſhou'd not have my Hand, but all my Body at once.——But to our Buſineſs: Is your Lady at home?

Lean. My Lady! What Buſineſs have you with my Lady, pray, Sir?

Roeb. Don't aſk Queſtions. You know Mr. *Lovewell.*

Lean. Yes, very well. He's my great Friend, and one I wou'd ſerve above all the World,——but his Siſter.

Roeb. His Siſter!——Ha, that gives me a Twinge for my Sin.——Pray, Mr. *Page*, was *Leanthe* well when you left her?

Lean.

Lean. Yes, Sir; but wondrous melancholy, by the Departure of a dear Friend of her's to another World.

Roeb. O, that was the Perſon mention'd in her Letter, whoſe Departure occaſion'd your Departure for *England.*

Lean. That was the Occaſion of my coming, too ſure, Sir:——Oh, 'twas a dear Friend to me! the Loſs makes me weep.

Roeb. Poor tender-hearted Creature!——But I ſtill find there was not a Word of me.——Pray, good Boy, let your Miſtreſs know, here's one to wait on her.

Lean. Your Buſineſs is from Mr. *Lovewell,* I ſuppoſe, Sir.

Roeb. Ye, yes.

Lean. Then I'll go. [*Exit.*

Roeb. I've thrown my Caſt, and am fairly in for't: But a'n't I an impudent Dog? Had I as much Gold in my Breeches, as Braſs in my Face, I durſt attempt a whole Nunnery. This Lady is a reputed Virtue of good Fortune and Quality; I am a rakehelly Raſcal, not worth a Groat; and without any farther Ceremony, am going to debauch her.——But hold;—She does not know that I'm this rakehelly Raſcal; and I know that ſhe's a Woman, one of Eighteen too; beautiful, witty.——O' my Conſcience, upon ſecond Thoughts, I am not ſo very impudent neither.——Now as to my Management, I'll firſt try the whining Addreſſes, and ſee if ſhe'll bleed in the ſoft Vein.

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. Have you any Buſ'neſs with me, Sir?

Roeb. Thus look'd the forbidden Fruit, luſcious and tempting. 'Tis ripe, and will ſoon fall, if one will ſhake the Tree. [*Aſide.*

Luc. Have you any Buſ'neſs with me, Sir? [*Comes nearer.*

Roeb. Yes, Madam, the Buſ'neſs of Mankind; to adore you—My Love, like my Blood, circulates thro' my Veins, and at every Pulſe of my Heart, animates me with a freſh Paſſion——Wonder not, Madam, at the Power of your Eyes, whoſe pointed Darts have ſtruck on a young and tender Heart, which they eaſily pierced, and which, unaccuſtomed to ſuch Wounds, finds the Smart more painful.

[*Lean. peeps.*] Oh Traytor! Juſt ſuch Words he ſpake to me.

Luc. Hey-day; I was never ſo attack'd in all my Life. In Love with me, Sir! Did you ever ſee me before?

Roeb. Never, by *Jove*——[*Aſide.*] Oh, ten thouſand Times, Madam. Your lovely Idea is always in my View, either aſleep or awake, eating or drinking, walking, ſitting or ſtanding; alone, or in Company, my Fancy wholly feeds upon your dear Image, and every Thought is you——Now have I told about fifteen Lyes in a Breath. [*Aſide.*

Luc. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you are ſome conceited young Scribbler, who has got the Benefits of a firſt Play in your Pocket, and are now going a Fortune-hunting.

Roeb. But why a Scribbler, Madam? Are my Cloaths ſo coarſe, as if they were ſpun by thoſe lazy Spinſters the Muſes? Does the Parting of my Fore-top ſhew ſo thin, as if it reſembled the two wither'd Tops of *Parnaſſus?* Do you ſee any thing peculiarly whimſical or ill-natur'd in my Face? Is my Countenance ſtrain'd, as if my Head were diſtorted by a Strangury of Thought? Is there any thing proudly, ſlovenly, or affectedly careleſs in my Dreſs? Do my Hands look like Paper-moths? I think, Madam, I have nothing poetical about me.

Luc. Yes, Sir, you have Wit enough to talk like a Fool; and are Fool enough to talk like a Wit.

Roeb. You call'd me Poet, Madam; and I know no better Way of Revenge, than to convince you that I am one by my Impudence— [*Offers to kiſs her Hand.*

Luc. Then make me a Copy of Verſes upon that, Sir. [*Hits him on the Ear, and Exit.*

Leanthe *entering.*

How d'ye like the Subject, Sir?

Roeb. 'Tis a very copious one——[*Spitting.*]——It has made my Jolls rhime in my Head. This it is to be thought a Poet; every Minx muſt be caſting his Profeſſion in his Teeth.——What! Gone!

Lean. Ay, ſhe knows that making Verſes requires Solitude and Retirement.

Roeb. She certainly was afraid I intended to beg Leave to dedicate ſomething——If ever I make Love like a

Poetical

Fool again, may I never receive any Favour but
't for a Copy of Verſes.

Re-enter Lucinda.

I won't diſmiſs him thus, for Fear he lampoon
-Well, Sir, have you done them?

Yes, Madam; will you pleaſe to read?

[*Catches her and kiſſes her three or four Times.*

Oh, Heaven! I can never bear it. I muſt deviſe
leans to part 'em. *Exit.*

Sir, your Verſes are too rough and conſtrain'd.
:r, becauſe I gave the Occaſion, I'll pardon what's

). By the Lord, ſhe was angry only becauſe I did
ce the firſt Offer to her Lips. [*Aſide.*]——Then,
, the Peace is concluded?

Yes, and therefore both Parties ſhould draw out
Field. [*Going.*

Not till we make Reprizals. I make Peace with
in Hand, Madam; and till you return my Heart,
you have taken, or your own in Exchange, I will
t up. And ſo, Madam, I proclaim open War
——— [*Catches her.*

Enter Leanthe.

Oh, Madam! Yonder's poor little *Crab*, your
g, has got his Head between two of the Window-
id is like to be ſtrangled.

[*The Dog howls behind the Scenes.*

Oh Lard, my poor *Crabby!* I muſt run to the
of my poor Dog; I'll wait on you inſtantly.——
come, Page——Poor *Crabby!* [*Exit with* Leanthe.

Oh the Devil choak *Crabby!*——Well, I find
much more Rhetoric in the Lips than the Tongue
Had Buſs been the firſt Word of my Courtſhip, I
have gain'd the Out-works by this. Impudence in
s like Courage in War; tho' both blind Chances,
Women and Fortune rule them.

Re-enter Leanthe.

Sir, my Lady begs your Pardon; there's ſome-
xtraordinary happen'd, which prevents her waiting
, as ſhe promis'd.

What, has Monſieur *Crabby* rubb'd ſome of the
off his Neck? has he diſorder'd his pretty Ears?
n't come again then?

Lean. No, Sir; you muſt excuſe her.

Roeb. Then I'll go and be drunk——Hark'e, Sirrah; I have half a Dozen delicious Creatures waiting for me at the *Sun*; you ſhall along with me and have your Choice. I'll enter you into the School of *Venus*, Child. 'Tis Time you had loſt your Maidenhead; you're too old for Play-things.

Lean. Oh Heavens! I had rather he ſhou'd ſtay than go there. [*Aſide.*] But why will you keep ſuch Company, Sir?

Roeb. Nay, if you're for Advice, farewel:

Men of ripe Underſtanding ſhou'd always deſpiſe
What Babes only practiſe, and Dotards adviſe.

[*Exit ſinging.*

Lean. Wild as Winds, and unconfin'd as Air.——Yet I may reclaim him. His Follies are weakly founded upon the Principles of Honour, where the very Foundation helps to undermine the Structure. How charming wou'd Virtue look in him, whoſe Behaviour can add a Grace to the Unſeemlineſs of Vice!

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. What, is the Gentleman gone?

Lean. Yes, Madam. He was inſtantly taken ill with a violent Pain in his Stomach, and was forc'd to hurry away in a Chair to his Lodging.

Luc. Oh poor Gentleman! He's one of thoſe conceited Fools that think no Female can reſiſt their Temptations. Blockheads, that imagine all Wit to conſiſt in blaſpheming Heav'n and Women.——I'll feed his Vanity, but ſtarve his Love.

And may all Coxcombs meet no better Fate,
Who doubt our Sex's Virtue, or dare prompt our Hate.

[*Exit.*

SCENE Lyrick's *Chamber in Widow* Bullfinch's *Houſe*; *Papers ſcatter'd about the Table, himſelf ſitting writing in a Night-Gown and Cap.*

Lyr. Two as good Lines as ever were written—[*riſing.*] I gad I ſhall maul theſe topping Fellows.——Says Mr. *Lee*,

Let there be not one Glimpſe, one ſtarry Spark,
But Gods meet Gods, and joſtle in the Dark.

Says

: *Lyrick,*

'be Lights be burnt out to a Snuff,
ls meet Gods, and play at Blindman's buff.
!!

s meet Gods, and ſo—fall out and cuff.

much mended. They're as noble Lines as ever
ı'd. Oh! Here comes my damn'd Muſe; I am
the Humour of writing Elegy after a little ot
·ation.

Enter Bullfinch.

Mr. *Lyrick*, what do you mean by all this? Here
lodg'd two Years in my Houſe, promis'd me
-pence a Week for your Lodging, and I have
iv'd eighteen Farthings; not the Value of that
k. [*Snaps with her Fingers.*] You alway· put me
elling me of your Play, your Play——Sir, you
no more with me, I'm in earneſt.
his living on Love is the deareſt Lodging—a
:nally dunn'd, tho' perhaps he has leſs of one
in than t'other.——There's more Trouble
than you imagine, Madam.
There's more Trouble with a Lodger than you
r. *Lyrick.*
irſt, there's the Decorum of Time.
Which you never obſerve; for you keep the worſt
any Lodger in Town.
hen there's the Exactneſs of Characters.——
nd you have the moſt ſcandalous one I ever heard.
hen there's laying the Drama.
Then you foul my Napkins and Towels.
hen there are Preparations of Incidents, working
ns, Beauty of Expreſſion, Cloſeneſs of Plot, Juſt-
Place, Turn of Language, opening the Cata-

Then you wear out my Sheets, burn my Fire and
lirty my Houſe, eat my Meat, deſtroy my Drink,
my Furniture——I have lent you Money out
cket.
Was ever poor Rogue ſo ridden? If ever the
d a Horſe, I am he.——Faith, Madam, poor
jaded.

Bull. Come, come, Sir, he ſhan't ſlip his Neck out of the Collar for all that. Money I will have, and Money I muſt have; let your Play and you both be damn'd.

Lyr. Well, Madam, my Bookſeller is to bring me ſome twenty Guineas for a few Sheets of mine preſently, which I hope will free me from your Sheets.

Bull. My Sheets, Mr. *Lyrick!* Pray what d'ye mean? I'll aſſure you, Sir, my Sheets are finer than any of your Muſes ſpinning——Marry come up.

Lyr. Faith you have ſpun me ſo fine, that you have almoſt crack'd my Thread of Life, as may appear by my Spindle-ſhanks.

Bull. Why ſure——Where was your *Thalia*, and your *Melpomene*, when the Taylor wou'd have ſtripped you of your Silk Waiſtcoat, and have clapp'd you on a Stone Doublet? Wou'd all your Golden Verſes have paid the Serjeant's Fees?

Lyr. Truly, you freed me from Gaol, to confine me in a Dungeon; you did not ranſom me, but bought me as a Slave; ſo, Madam, I'll purchaſe my Freedom as ſoon as poſſible. Fleſh and Blood can't bear it.

Bull. Take your Courſe, Sir——There were a couple of Gentlemen juſt now to enquire for you; and if they come again, they ſha'n't be put off with the old Story of your being abroad, I'll promiſe you that, Sir. [*Exit.*

Lyr. Zoons! If this Bookſeller does not bring me Money.——

Enter Pamphlet.

Oh! Mr. *Pamphlet*, your Servant. Have you perus'd my Poems?

Pam. Yes, Sir; and there are ſome things very well, extraordinary well, Mr. *Lyrick:* But I don't think 'em for my Purpoſe——Poetry is a mere Drug, Sir.

Lyr. Is that becauſe I take Phyſic when I write?—— Damn this coſtive Fellow, now he does not apprehend the Joke. [*Aſide.*

Pam. No, Sir; but your Name does not recommend 'em. One muſt write himſelf into a Conſumption before he gain Reputation.

Lyr. That's the Way to lie abed when his Name's up. Now I lie abed before I can gain Reputation.

Pam. Why ſo, Sir?

Lyr.

Becauſe I have ſcarcely any Cloaths to put on——
Man did Penance in a white Sheet———
You ſtand only ſometimes in a white Sheet for
ences with your Landlady. Faith, I have often
d how your Muſe cou'd take ſuch Flights, yoak'd
a Cart-load as ſhe is.
Oh! they are like the *Iriſh* Horſes, they draw beſt
ail—Have you ever ſeen any of my Burleſque,
mphlet? I have a Project of turning three or
our moſt topping Fellows in Doggrel. As for
:;——— [*Reads.*

ſt with Laurels has our Arms adorn'd,
ome in Tears of Blood our Anger mourn'd.
utchers with Roſemary have our Beef adorn'd,
has in Gravy Tears our Hunger mourn'd.

e like it, Mr. *Pamphlet*, ha?——Well———
ods, we paſs'd the rugged Alpine *Hills;*
our way, and drove our hiſſing Wheels;
cloudy Deluges, eternal Rills.
ſerve, Mr. *Pamphlet*; pray obſerve.
axors keen, our Knives cut Paſſage clean
gh Rills of Fat, and Deluges of Lean.

Very well, upon my Soul.

Hurl'd dreadful Fire, and Vinegar infus'd.

Ay, Sir, Vinegar! how patly that comes in for
; Mr. *Lyrick!* 'Tis all wondrous fine indeed.
This is the moſt ingenious Fellow of his Trade
ve ſeen; he underſtands a good thing.—[*Aſide.*]
: as to our Bus'neſs——What are you willing to
theſe Poems? Prithee ſay ſomething. There are
ree thouſand Lines.———Here, take 'em for a
f Guineas.
No, Sir; Paper is ſo exceſſive dear, that I dare
ure upon 'em.
Well, becauſe you're a Friend, I'll beſtow 'em
u.—Here, take 'em all———There's the Hopes
lication ſtill. [*Aſide.*
I give you a thouſand Thanks, Sir; but I dare
ure the Hazard; they'll never quit Coſt, indeed,

Lyr. This Fellow is one of the greateſt Blockheads that ever was a Member of a Corporation——How ſhall I be reveng'd?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, there are two Men below deſire to have the Honour of kiſſing your Hand.

Lyr. They muſt be Knaves or Fools by their fulſome Compliment. Hark ye——[*Whiſpers the Boy.*]——Bid 'em walk up.

Pam. Since you have got Company, Sir, I'll take my Leave.

Lyr. No, no, Mr. *Pamphlet*, by no means! We muſt drink before we part. Boy, a Pint of Sack and a Toaſt. Theſe are two Gentlemen out of the Country, who will be for all the new things lately publiſhed; they'll be good Cuſtomers——Come, ſit down——You have not ſeen my Play yet——Here, take the Pen, and if you ſee any thing amiſs, correct it: I'll go bring 'em up.——Stay, lend me your Hat and Wig, or I ſhall take cold going down Stairs. [*He takes* Pamphlet's *Hat and Wig, and puts his Cap on* Pamphlet's *Head.*

Pam. [*Solus.*] This is a right Poetical Cap; 'tis Baize the Outſide, and the Lining Fuſtain——[*Reading.*]——This is all Stuff, worſe than his Poems.

Enter two Bailiffs behind him, and clap him on the Shoulder.

1ſt Bail. You're the King's Priſoner.

Pam. That's a good Fancy enough, Mr. *Lyrick.* But pray don't interrupt me, I m in the beſt Scene.——I gad the Drama is very well laid.

2d Bail. Come, Sir.

Pam. Well, well, Sir, I'll pledge ye. Prithee now, good Mr. *Lyrick*, don't diſturb me.——

And furious Lightnings brandiſh'd in her Eyes.

That's true Spirit of Poetry.

1ſt Bail. Zoons, Sir, d'ye banter us?

[*Takes him under each Arm, and hauls him up.*

Pam. Gentlemen——I beg your Pardon. How d'ye like the City, Gentlemen? If you have any occaſion for Books to carry into the Country, I can furniſh you as well as any Man about *Paul*'s. Where's Mr. *Lyrick?*

1ſt Bail.

1ſt Bail. Theſe Wits are damnable cunning. I always have double Fees for arreſting one of you Wits. All your Evaſions won't do; we underſtand Trap, Sir; you muſt not think to catch old Birds with Chaff, Sir.

Pam. Zoons, Gentlemen, I'm not the Perſon! I'm a Freeman of the City; I have good Effects, Gentlemen; good Effects. D'ye think to make a Fool of me! I'm a Bookſeller, no Poet.

2d Bail. Ah, Sir, we know what you are by your Fool's Cap there.

1ſt Bail. Yes, one of you Wits wou'd have paſs'd upon us for a Corn-cutter yeſterday; and was ſo like one, we had almoſt believ'd him. [*Hands him.*

Pam. Why Gentlemen, Gentlemen, Officers, have a little Patience, and Mr. *Lyrick* will come up Stairs.

1ſt Bail. No, no; Mr. *Lyrick* ſhall go down Stairs. He wou'd have us wait till ſome Friends come in to reſcue him. Ah! Theſe Wits are deviliſh cunning.

[*Exeunt, hauling* Pamphlet.

Enter Lyrick, Mockmode, *and* Club; Lyrick *dreſs'd.*

Lyr. Ha, ha, ha! Very poetical, faith; a good Plot for a Play, Mr. *Mockmode*; a Bookſeller bound in Calves Leather———Ha, ha, ha!——How they walk'd along like the three Volumes of the *Engliſh Rogue* ſqueez'd together on a Shelf.

Mock. What was it? What was it, Mr. *Lyrick?*

Lyr. Why, I am a Stateſman, Sir.——I can't but laugh, to think how they'll ſponge the Sheet before the Errata be blotted out; and then how he'll hamper the Dogs for falſe Impriſonment.

Mock. But pray, what's the Matter, Mr. *Lyrick?*

Lyr. Nothing, Sir, but a ſharking Bookſeller that ow'd me about forty Guineas for a few Lines. He wou'd have put me off, ſo I ſent for a couple of Bull-dogs, and arreſted him.

Mock. Oh Lard! Mr. *Lyrick*, Honeſty's quite out of Doors; 'tis a rare thing to find a Man that's a true Friend; a true Friend is a rare thing indeed!——Mr. *Lyrick*, will you be my Friend? I only want that Accompliſhment. I have got a Miſtreſs, a Dancing and Fencing Maſter; and now I want only a Friend to be a Fine Gentleman.

Lyr. Have you never had a Friend, Sir?

[illegible] our Friendship com- [illegible] we lov'd one another [illegible] afterwards at [illegible]

[illegible] by the Set.— [illegible] can't recommend me [illegible]

[illegible] —You must be a Man of [illegible]

[illegible] a Friend, Sir?

[illegible] and be my Second.— [illegible] a Secret, because [illegible] will be thought Malice. [illegible] of Courage by your [illegible]

[illegible] King of Me.

[illegible] must be a plaguy [illegible] as Hector when I read [illegible]

[illegible] as little as Divines [illegible] —— Besides, Sir, there are other [illegible] he must lend you Mo- [illegible] Friend, for I want forty [illegible]

[illegible] upon good Security.—— [illegible] Father spoke on his Death-bed, [illegible] Money without Security.

[illegible] Security from a Friend, and a Man of [illegible]

Mock. By the Universe, that's true, you are my Friend. Then I'll tell you a Secret—— [*They wisper.*

Club. Now will this plaguy Wit turn my Nose out of Joint.—I was my Master's Friend before, tho' I never found the Knack of borrowing Money; tho' I have receiv'd some Marks of his Friendship, some sound Drubs about the Head and Shoulders, or so. I have been bound for him too in the Stocks, for his breaking Windows very often.

[illegible] Mr. *Mockmode*, you may be impos'd upon. I [illegible] this Lady you court. I know Mr. *Lovewell* [illegible] ess nam'd *Lucinda*; but that she lodges in this [illegible] much doubt.

Mock.

Mock. Impos'd upon! that's very comical.—Ha, ha, ha! You ſhall ſee, Sir; come—Pray, Sir, you're my Friend.

Lyr. Nay, pray, indeed, Sir, I beg your [*They compliment for the Door.*] Pardon; you're a 'Squire, Sir.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, you lie; I'm not a Fool; I'll take an Affront from no Man.—Draw, Sir. [*Draws.*

Club. Draw, Sir.———I gad I'll put his Noſe out of Joint now.

Lyr. Unequal Numbers, Gentlemen.

Club. I'm only my Maſter's Friend, his Second, or ſo, Sir.

Lyr. What's the Matter, noble 'Squire?

Mock You lie again, Sir: Zauns, draw.

[*Strikes him with his Sword.*

Lyr. Ha! a Blow!——*Eſſex*, a Blow——yet I will be calm.

Club. Zoons, draw Sir. [*Strikes him.*

Lyr. Oh Patience, Heaven!—Thou art my Friend ſtill.

Mock. You lie, Sir.

Lyr. Then thou art a Traitor, Tyrant, Monſter.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, you're a Son of a Whore, and a Raſcal.

Club. A Scribbler.

Lyr. Ah, ah———That ſtings home.—Scribbler?

Mock. Ay, Scribbler, Ballad-maker.

Lyr. Nay then———I and the Gods will fight it with ye all. [*Draws.*

Enter Roebuck *drunk and ſinging.*

France *ne'er will comply*
Till her Claret runs dry;
Then let's pull away to defeat her:
He hinders the Peace,
Who refuſes his Glaſs,
And deſerves to be hang'd for a Traitor.

Now, my Mirmidons, fall on; I have taken off the Odds.

Dub a dub, dub a dub, to the Battle. [*Sings.*

Zoons, Gentlemen, why don't you fight? Blood, fight. Oblige me ſo far to fight a little; I long to ſee a little Sport.

Lyr. Sir, I ſcorn to ſhew Sport to any Man. [*Puts up.*

Mock.

Mock. And ſo do I, by the Univerſe.

Club. And I, by the Univerſe.

Lyr. I ſhall take another Time. [*Exit.*

Roeb. Here, Raſcal, take your Chopping-knife——— [*Gives* Club *his Sword.*] and bring me a Joint of that Coward's Fleſh for your Maſter's Supper——Fly, Dog. [*Takes him by the Noſe.*

Club. Ah———This Fellow's likelieſt to put my Noſe out of Joint.

Roeb. Now, Sir, tell me, how you durſt be a Coward.

Mock. Coward, Sir? I'm a Man of a great Eſtate, Sir; I have five Thouſand Acres of good fighting Ground as any in *England*, good *Terra firma*, Sir: Coward, Sir! Have a Care what you ſay, Sir———My Father was a Parliament Man, Sir; and I was bred at the College, Sir.

Roeb. O then I know your Genealogy; your Father was a Senior-Fellow, and your Mother was an Air-pump. You were ſuckled by *Platonic* Ideas, and you have ſome of your Mother's Milk in your Noſe yet.

Mock. From the Propoſition by Mode and Figure, Sir.

Roeb. I told you ſo———Blow your Noſe, Child; and have a Care of dirtying your Philoſophical Slabbering-Bib.

Mock. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Roeb. Your ſtarch'd Band, ſet by Mode and Figure, Sir.

Mock. Band, Sir!—This Fellow's blind drunk. I wear a Cravat, Sir.

Roeb. Then ſet a good Face upon the Matter. Throw off Childiſhneſs and Folly, with your Hanging-ſleeves. Now you have left the Univerſity, learn, learn.

Mock. This Fellow's an Atheiſt, by the Univerſe! I'll take Notice of him, and inform againſt him for being drunk.——Pray, Sir, what's your Name?

Roeb. My Name! by the Lord, I have forgot——Stay, I ſhall think on't by and by.

Mock. Zauns, forget your own Name! your Memory muſt be very ſhort, Sir.

Roeb. Ay, ſo it ſeems, for I was but chriſten'd this Morning, and I have forgot it already.

Mock.

Mock. Was your Worſhip then *Turk* or *Jew* before?—I knew he was ſome damn'd bloody Dog. [*Aſide.*

Roeb. Sir, I have been *Turk*, or *Jew* rather, ſince; for I have got a plaguy Heatheniſh Name—Pox on't:—Oh! now I have it——*Mo*—*Mock-mo*——*Mockmode.*

Mock. Mockmode! Mockmode! Sir, pray how do you ſpell it?

Roeb. Go you to your A, B, C, you came laſt from the Univerſity.

Mock. I'm call'd *Mockmode.*——What Family are you of, Sir?

Roeb. What Family are you of, Sir?

Mock. Of *Mockmode-Hall* in *Shropſhire.*

Roeb. Then I'm of the ſame, I believe.——I fancy, Sir, that you and I are near Relations.

Mock. Relations! Sir, there are but two Families; my Father's, who is now dead; and his Brother Colonel *Peaceable Mockmode.*

Roeb. Ay, ay, the very ſame Colonel *Peaceable*——Is not he Colonel of *Militia?*

Mock. Yes, Sir.

Roeb. And was not he High-Sheriff of the County laſt Year?

Mock. The very ſame, Sir.

Roeb. The very ſame: I'm of that Family.——And your Father dy'd about——let me ſee——

Mock. About half a Year ago.

Roeb. Exactly; by the ſame Token you got drunk at a Hunting Match that very Day ſeven-night he was bury'd.

Mock. This Fellow's a Witch——But it looks very ſtrange that you ſhou'd be chriſten'd this Morning. I'm ſure your Godfathers had a plaguy deal to anſwer for.

Roeb. Oh, Sir, I'm of Age to anſwer for myſelf.

Mock. One would not think ſo, you're ſo forgetful. 'Tis two and twenty Years ſince I was chriſten'd, and I can remember my Name ſtill.

Roeb. Come, we'll take a Glaſs of Wine, and that will clear our Underſtanding. We'll remember our Friends.

Mock. You muſt excuſe me, Sir——This is ſome Sharper. [*Aſide*

Roeb.

Roeb. Nay, prithee, Couſin, good Couſin *Mockmode*, one Glaſs. I know you are an honeſt Fellow. We muſt remember our Relations in the Country indeed, Sir.

Mock. Oh Sir, you're ſo ſhort of Memory, you can never call 'em to mind. You have forgot yourſelf, Sir; *Mockmode* is a heatheniſh Name, Sir; and all that, Sir. And ſo I beg your Pardon, Sir. ——— [*Exit.*

Roeb. Now were I Lawyer enough, by that little Enquiry into that Fellow's Concerns, I could bring in a falſe Deed to cheat him of his Eſtate.

Enter Bruſh.

Where the Devil is thy Maſter! You ſaid I ſhou'd find him here,

Bruſh. 'Tis impoſſible for you or me, or any body to find him.

Roeb. Why?

Bruſh. Becauſe he has loſt himſelf. The Devil has made a Juggler's Ball of him, I believe. He's here now; then, *Præſto*, paſs in an Inſtant. He has got ſome damn'd Buſineſs to-Day in hand.

Roeb. Ah, ſo it ſeems——I muſt be 'Squire *Mockmode*, and court an honourable Miſtreſs, in the Devil's Name! Well, let my ſober thinking Friend plot on, and lay Traps to catch Futurity; I'm for holding faſt to the preſent.———I have got about twenty Guineas in my Pocket; and whilſt they laſt, the Devil take *George* if he thinks of Futurity; I'll go hand in hand with Fortune.

She is an honeſt, giddy, reeling Punk;
My Head, her Wheel, turn round, and ſo we both are drunk.

[*Exit reeling.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE, Lucinda's *Houſe.*

Enter Leanthe, *and* Pindreſs *following with a Paper of Sweetmeats in her Hand.*

Pind. HERE, here, Page, your Lady has ſent you ſome Sweetmeats; but indeed you ſha'nt have 'em till you hire me.

Lean.

She ſent four Sauce, when ſhe made you the
[*Aſide.*
Prithee now, what makes you conſtantly ſo
oly? Come, you muſt be merry, and ſhall be
I'll get you ſome Play-things.
I believe you want Play-things more than I. —
ou'd be private, *Pindreſs.*
Well, my Child, I'll be private with you!
d Girls ſhou'd ſtill be private together; and we
as retir'd as we pleaſe; for my Miſtreſs is read-
er Cloſet, and all the Servants are below.———
at Concerns have you? I'm ſure, ſuch a little
have no great Buſineſs in private.
I will try thee for once—[*Aſide.*]—Yes, Mrs.
I have great Inclinations——
To what? To do what, Sir?—Don't name
'Tis all in vain;——you ſhan't do it; you need
it.
Only to kiſs you. [*Kiſſes her.*
Oh fie, Sir! Indeed I'll have none of your Kiſſes.
back again. [*Kiſſes him.*] Is not the Taſte of the
ats very pretty about my Lips?
Oh hang your liquoriſh Chaps: you'd fain be
your Lips, I find that.
Indeed, Mr. *Page*, I won't pay you the Kiſſes
from me laſt Night at Croſs-purpoſes; and you
ink to keep my Pawn neither.——Pray give me
gary Bottle—As I hope to be ſav'd, I will have
gary Bottle—[*Rummaging him*]——I'm ſtronger
——I'll carry you in, and throw you upon the
d take it from you.——[*Takes him up in her Arms.*
Help! help! I ſhall be raviſh'd! Help! help!
Enter Lucinda.
What's the Matter? Oh bleſs me!
Oh dear, Madam, this unlucky Boy had almoſt
me. Did not your Ladyſhip hear me cry, I
e raviſh'd? I was ſo weak, I cou'd not reſiſt the
ong Rogue; he whipt me up in his Arms, like
and had not your Ladyſhip come in———
What, Sirrah! wou'd you debauch my Maid,
e Cock-Sparrow? muſt you be Billing too? I
reat mind to make her whip you, Sirrah.

Pind.

Pind. O, dear Madam, let me do't. I will take him into the Room, and I will ſo chaſtiſe him———

Luc. But do you think you'll be able, *Pindreſs?* I'll ſend one of my Men to help you.

Pind. No, no, Madam: I cou'd manage him with one Hand. ——— See here, Madam.

[*Takes him in her Arms, and is running away.*

Luc. Hold, hold! Is this you that the little ſtrong Rogue had almoſt raviſh'd? He ſnatch'd you up in his Arms like a Baby! Ah *Pindreſs! Pindreſs!* I ſee y'are very weak indeed.———Are not you aſham'd, Girl, to debauch my little Boy?

Pind. Your Ladyſhip gave me Orders to make him merry, and divert his Melancholy: and I know no better Way than to teaze him a little. I'm afraid the Boy is troubled with the Rickets, and a little ſhaking wou'd do him ſome good.

Lean. I'm tir'd with Impertinence, and have other Buſineſs to mind. [*Aſide*, Exit.

Pind. I hope your Ladyſhip entertains no ill Opinion of my Virtue.

Luc. Truly I don't know what to think on't: But I've ſo good an Opinion of your Senſe, as to believe you wou'd not play the Fool with a Child.

Pind. We're all ſubject to playing the Fool, if you continue your Reſolution in marrying the firſt Man that aſks you the Queſtion.

Luc. No, my Mind's chang'd; I'll never marry any Man.

Pind. I dare ſwear that Reſolution breaks ſooner than the former. [*Aſide.*] Ah, Madam, Madam! if you never believe Man again, you muſt never be Woman again; for tho' we are as cunning as Serpents, we are naturally as flexible too. Speak ingenuouſly, Madam; if Mr. *Lovewell* ſhou'd, with an amorous Whine, and ſuppliant Cringe, tell you a formal Story, contrary to what we ſuſpect, would you not believe him?

Luc. What, believe his vain Aſſertions, before the Demonſtration of my Senſes! No, no; my Love's not ſo blind. Did I not ſee his Miſs and his Child? Did I not behold him giving her Money? Did I not hear him declare, he would ſettle her in a Lodging?

Pind.

d. But, Madam, upon ſerious Reflection, where's reat Harm in all this? Moſt Ladies wou'd be over- at ſuch a Diſcovery of their Lover's Ability. The ſeem'd a luſty chopping Boy; and let me tell you, m, it muſt be a luſty chopping Boy that got it.

. Urge no farther in his Defence; he's a Villain, f all Villains I hate moſt an hypocritical one. The s gives him the Epithet of modeſt, and the Gen- n that of ſober *Lovewell.* Now methinks, ſuch a of Debauchery fits ſo aukwardly on a Perſon of haracter, that it adds an Unſeemlineſs to the natu- ileneſs of the Vice; and he that dares to be a Hy- :e in Religion, will certainly be one in Love.—— is not that he? [*Pointing outward.*

d. Yes, Madam; I believe he is going to the

. Call a couple of Chairs quickly: we'll thither ied. This Day's Adventures argue ſome intended ipon me, which I may countermine by only ſetting : upon the Matter. [*Puts her Maſque on.*

as Hypocriſy in Men can move,
e's the beſt Hypocrite in female Love.
even Scores deſigning Heaven took care,
: Men falſe Hearts, that we falſe Faces wear.

[Exeunt

SCENE, *the Park.*

ter Lovewell *and* Lyrick *meeting*; Lyrick *reading.*

rack thy Reputation, blaſt thy Fame,
! in ſtrong grinding Satire, gibbet up thy Name.

e. What! in a Rapture, Mr. *Lyrick?*

. A little poetical Fury, that's all.——I'll e him; I'll draw his Character for the Buffoon of ce; he ſhall be as famous in Ballad as *Robin* or *Little John:* My Muſes ſhall haunt him like *s*; they ſhall make him more ridiculous than *Don*

e. Becauſe he encounter'd your Windmill-Pate.— —Ha, ha, ha!——Come, come, Mr. *Lyrick*, you ie pacify'd.

Lyr.

Lyr. Pacify'd, Sir! Zoons, Sir, he's a Fool, and has not a grain of Senſe. Were he an ingenious Fellow, or a Man of Parts, I cou'd bear a Kicking from him: But an Abuſe from a Blockhead! I can never ſuffer it.

Pert Blockhead, who has purchas'd by the School,
Juſt Senſe enough to make a noted Fool.

That ſtings, Mr. *Lovewell.*

Love. Pray, Sir, let me ſee it.

Lyr. This is imperfect, Sir; But if you pleaſe to give your Judgment on this Piece.—[*Gives him a Paper.*] 'Tis a Burleſque on ſome of our late Writings.

Love. Ay, you Poets mount firſt on the Shoulders of your Predeceſſors, to ſee farther in making Diſcoveries; and having once got the upper-hand, you ſpurn them under-foot. I think you ſhou'd bear a Veneration to their very Aſhes.

Lyr. Ay, if moſt of their Writings had been burnt! I delare, Mr. *Lovewell*, their Fame has only made them the more remarkably faulty: Their great Beauties only illuſtrate their greater Errors.

Love. Well, you ſaw the new Tragedy laſt Night; how did it pleaſe ye?

Lyr. Very well; it made me laugh heartily.

Love. What, laugh at a Tragedy!

Lyr. I laugh to ſee the Ladies cry; to ſee ſo many weep at the Death of the fabulous Hero: Who wou'd but laugh, if the Poet that made 'em were hang'd! On my Conſcience, theſe Tragedies make the Ladies vent all their Love and Honour at their Eyes, when the ſame white Handkerchief that blows their Noſes, muſt be a Winding-Sheet to the deceaſed Hero.

Love. Then there's ſomething in the Handkerchief to embalm him. Mr. *Lyrick*; Ha, ha, ha!——But what Reliſh have you of Comedy?

Lyr. No ſatisfactory one.———My Curioſity is foreſtall'd by a Fore-knowledge of what ſhall happen: For as the Hero in Tragedy is either a whining, cringing Fool, that's always a ſtabbing himſelf; or a ranting, hectoring Bully, that's for killing every body elſe: ſo the Hero in Comedy is always the Poet's Character.

Love. What's that?

Lyr.

. A Compound of practical Rake, and ſpeculative eman, who always bears off the great Fortune in ay, and ſhams the Beau and 'Squire with a Whore or bermaid; and as the Cataſtrophe of all Tragedies ith, ſo the End of Comedies is Marriage.

e. And ſome think that the moſt Tragical Con- n of the two.

. And therefore my Eyes are diverted by a better dy in the Audience, than that upon the Stage.—I ften wonder'd, why Men ſhould be fond of ſeeing ill repreſented, when, at the ſame Time and Place, may behold the mighty Originals acting their to the Life in their Boxes.———

e. Oh, be favourable to the Ladies, Mr. *Lyrick*; your Intereſt. Beauty is the Deity of Poetry; and i rebel, you'll certainly run the Fate of your firſt : the Devil.

. You're out, Sir. Beauty is a merciful Deity, llows us ſometimes to be a little Atheiſtical: and indulgent to Wit, that it is pleas'd with it, tho' worſt Habit, that of Satire. Beſides, there can r no greater Argument of our Eſteem, than Rail- becauſe it is ſtill founded upon Jealouſy; occaſion'd eir preferring ſenſeleſs Fops, and wealthy Fools, n of Wit and Merit, the great Upholders of the e.

e. Now I think theſe Favourites of the Ladies are witty than you.

. How ſo, pray, Sir?

e. Becauſe they play the Fool, conſcious that it leaſe; and you're a Wit, when ſenſible that Cox- only are encourag'd. I wonder, Mr. *Lyrick*, that n of your Senſe ſhou'd turn Poet; you'll hardly ind a Man that is capable of the Employment will take it.

. The Reaſon of that is, every one that knows not le of the Matter, pretends to be a Judge of it.—— e Lard, Mr. *Lovewell*, I put the Critics next Plague, Peſtilence, and Famine, in my Litany.— you ſeen 'em laſt Night in the Pit, with ſuch demure cilious Faces——their contemplative Wigs thruſt iouſly backwards; their Hands rubbing their Tem-

ples,

ples, to chaſe Ill-nature; and with a hiſſing venomous Tongue, pronouncing Piſh! Stuff! Intolerable! Damn him! ——— Lord have Mercy upon us!

Love. Ay, and you ſhall have others as fooliſh as they are ill-natur'd; fond of being thought Wits, who ſhall laugh outrageouſly at every ſmutty Jeſt; cry very well, by Gad; that's fine by Heavens; and if a Diſtich of Rhime happens, they clap ſo loud, that they drown the Jeſt.

Lyr. That's the Jeſt. The Wit lies in their Hands; and if you would tell a Poet his Fortune, you muſt gather it from the Palmiſtry of the Audience; for as nothing's ill ſaid, but what's ill taken; ſo nothing's well ſaid, but what's well taken. And between you and I, Mr. *Lovewell*, Poetry, without theſe laughing Fools, were a Bell without a Clapper; an empty ſounding Buſineſs, good for nothing; and all we Profeſſors might go hang ourſelves in the Bell ropes.

Love. Ha, ha, ha!——But I thought Poetry was inſtructive.

Lyr. Oh, Gad forgive me, that's true: To Ladies it is morally beneficial; for you muſt know, they are too nice to read Sermons; ſuch Inſtructions are too groſs for their refin'd Apprehenſions; but any Precepts that may be inſtill'd by eaſy Numbers, ſuch as of *Rochester*, and others, make great Converts. Then they hate to hear a Fellow in a Church preach methodical Nonſenſe, with a *Firſtly*, *Secondly*, and *Thirdly*: But they take up with ſome of our modern Plays in their Cloſet, where the Morality muſt be deviliſh inſtructive——But I muſt be gone; here comes the 'Squire. What, in the Name of Wonder, has he got with him!

Love. That which ſhall afford you a more plentiful Revenge than your Lampoon, if you join with me in the Plot. To the better effecting of which, you muſt be ſeemingly reconciled to him.——Let's ſtep aſide, and obſeve 'em, while I give you a Hint of the Matter.

[Exeunt *between the Scenes, and ſeem to confer and hearken.*

Enter Mockmode, *leading* Trudge *dreſs'd like a Widow.*

Mock. This is very fine Weather, bleſſed Weather indeed, Madam; 'twill do Abundance of Good to the Graſs and Corn.

Trud.

Trud. Ay, Sir, the Days are grown a great length; nd I think the Weather much better here than in *Ire-nd.*

Mock. Why, Madam, were you ever there?

Trud. Oh, no! Not I indeed, Sir; but I have heard ny firſt Huſband (reſt his Soul) ſay ſo; he was an *Iriſh* Gentleman.

Mock. I find, Madam, you have lov'd your firſt Huſ-band mightily, for you affect his Tone in Diſcourſe.—— 'ray, Madam, what did that Mourning coſt a Yard?

Trud. O, Lard! What ſhall I ſay now? 'Tis none of mine. [*Aſide*] It coſt, Sir; let me ſee——it coſt about ——but it was my Steward bought it for me; I never ay ſuch ſmall Things.

Mock. By the Univerſe, ſhe muſt be plaguy rich! I will e briſk. [*Aſide.*] Pray, Madam——I——I pray, Madam, vill you give us a Song?

Trud. A Song! Indeed then I had a good Voice, before Mr. *Roebuck* ſpoil'd it.

Mock. Mr. *Roebuck!* Was that your firſt Huſband's Name, Madam?

Love. behind. She'll ſpoil all.

Trud. No, Sir; *Roebuck* was a Doctor that let me Blood under the Tongue for the Quinſey, and made me hoarſe ever ſince.

Mock. By the Univerſe ſhe's a Widow, and I'll be a little briſk. Madam, will you grant me a ſmall Favour, and I will bend upon my Knees to receive it.——[*Kneels.*

Trud. What is it, pray?

Mock. Only to take off your Garter.

Lovewell *enters.*

Love. Zoons, her thick Leg will diſcover all—By your Leave, Sir, have you any Pretenſions to this Lady?

[*Puſhes* Mockmode *down.*

Mock. I don't know whether this be an Affront or not. —[*Aſide.*]——Pretenſions, Sir! I have ſo great a Veneration for the Lady, that I honour any Man that has Pretenſions to her.—Dem me, Sir, may I crave the Honour of your Acquaintance?

Love. No, Sir.

Mock. No, Sir! I gad that muſt be Wit, for it can't be good Manners.——Sir, I reſpect all Men of Senſe, and wou'd therefore beg to know your Name.

Love.

Love. No Matter, Sir; I know your Name's *Mocksmede*

Mock. By the Univerſe, that's very comical! that a Fellow ſhould pretend to tell me my own Name!—Another Queſtion if you pleaſe, Sir.

Love. What is it, Sir?

Mock. Pray Sir, what's my Chriſten'd Name?

Love. Sir, you don't know.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, would you perſuade me out of my Chriſten'd Name? I'll lay you a Guinea that I do know, by the Univerſe—[*Pulls a handful of Money out*] Here's Silver, Sir; here's Silver, Sir: I can command as much Money as another, Sir; I am at Age, Sir; and I won't be banter'd, Sir.

Love. Sir, you muſt know, that I baptize you Rival; for your Love to this Lady is the only Sign of Chriſtianity you can boaſt of.—And now, Sir, my Name's *Lovewell.*

Mock. Then I ſay, Sir, that your Love to that Lady is the only Sign of a *Turk* you can brag of.——I wiſh *Club* were come. [*Aſide.*

Love. Sir, I ſhall certainly circumciſe you, if you make any farther Pretenſions to Madam *Lucinda* here.

Mock. Circumciſe me! Circumciſe a Pudding's End, Sir.——Zauns, Sir, I'll be judged by the Lady, who merits Circumciſion moſt, you or I, Sir. Theſe *London* Blades are all ſtark mad. [Lucinda *enters; and obſerves* Lovewell *courting* Trudge *in dumb Signs.*] I met one about two Hours ago, that had forgot his Name, and this Fellow wou'd perſuade me now, that I had forgot mine. Mr. *Lyrick* is the only Man that ſpeaks plain to me. I muſt be Friends with him, becauſe I find I may have Occaſion for ſuch a Friend; I'll find him out ſtrait. [*Exit.*

Love. Madam, will you walk—[*Exit with* Trudge.

Lucinda *and* Pindreſs *come forward.*

Luc. Now my Doubts are remov'd.

Pind. Mine are more puzzling. There muſt be ſomething in this more than we imagine. You had beſt to talk with him.

Luc. Yes, if my Tongue bore Poiſon in it, and that I could ſpit Death in his Face.

Pind. If he is loſt, your hard Uſage this Morning has occaſion'd it.

Luc.

Luc. I am glad on't; I've gain'd by the Loſs; I deſe him more now than ever I lov'd him. That Paſſion nich can ſtoop ſo low as that Blowze, is an Object too ean for any Thing but my Scorn to level at.

Pind. This were a critical Minute for your new Lover e 'Squire, I fancy; Mr. *Lovewell*'s Diſgrace wou'd ing him into Favour preſently.

Luc. It certainly ſhall, if he be not as great a Fool as other's falſe.

Pind. You may be miſtaken in your Opinion of him, much as you have been in Mr. *Lovewell*.

Luc. No, *Pindreſs*; I ſhall find what I read in the laſt iſcellanies very true:

But two Diſtinctions their whole Sex does part;
All Fools by Nature, or all Rogues by Art.

SCENE *continues.*

ter ſeveral Maſques croſſing the Stage, and Roebuck *following.*

Roeb. 'Sdeath; What a Coney-borough's here! The rade goes ſwimmingly on. This is the great Empory Lewdneſs, as the Change is of Knavery.—The Merints cheat the World there, and their Wives gull them re.—I begin to think Whoring ſcandalous, it is own ſo mechanical.—My Modeſty will do me no od; I fear—Madam, are you a Whore?

[*Catches a Maſque.*

1ſt Maſ. Yes, Sir.

Roeb. Short and Pithy.—If ever Woman ſpake ruth, I believe thou haſt. [*Second Maſque pulls him by e Elbow.*] Have you any Buſineſs with me, Madam?

2d Maſ. Pray, Sir, be civil; you're miſtaken, Sir—have had an Eye upon this Fellow all this Afternoon. *[Aſide.]*—You're miſtaken, Sir.

Roeb. Very likely, Madam; for I imagin'd you modeſt.

2d Maſ. So I am, for I'm marry'd.

Roeb. And marry'd to your Sorrow; I warrant you!

2d Maſ. Yes, upon my Honour, Sir.

Roeb. I knew it. I have met above a Dozen this Evening all marry'd to their Sorrow—Then I ſuppoſe you're

you're a Citizen's Wife; and by the Broadneſs of your Bottom, I ſhou'd gueſs you ſat very much behind a Counter.

2d Maſ. My Huſband's no Mercer, he's a Judge.

Roeb. Zoons, a Judge; I ſhall be arraign'd at the Bar for keeping on my Hat ſo long——'Tis very hard, Madam, he ſhould not do you Juſtice: Has not he an Eſtate in Tail, Madam?

2d Maſ. I ſeldom examine his Papers: They are a Parcel of old dry ſhrivell'd Parchments; and this Court-hand is ſo deviliſh crabbed, I can't endure it.

Roeb. Umph!——Then I ſuppoſe, Madam, you want a young Lawyer to put your Caſe to. But faith, Madam, I am a Judge too.

Enter Lovewell.

2d Maſ. O, Heavens forbid! ſuch a young Man!

Roeb. That is, I'll do nothing without a Bribe.——Pray, Madam, how does the Watch ſtrike?

2d Maſ. It never ſtrikes, it only points to the Buſineſs, as you muſt do, without telling Tales. Dare ye meet me two Hours hence?

Roeb. Ah, Madam, but I ſhall never hit the Time exactly without a Watch.

2d Maſ. Well, take it.——At Ten exactly, at the Fountain in the *Middle Temple*. *Cook upon Littleton* be the Word.

Roeb. So.——If the Lam be all ſuch Volumes as that, Mercy on the poor Students! From *Cook upon Littleton* in Sheets deliver me.

Love. What, engag'd? *Myrmidon!* I find you'll never quit the Battle, till you have crack'd a Pike in the Service.

Roeb. Oh, dear Friend! Thou'rt critically come to my Relief; for faith I'm almoſt tir'd.

Love. What a miſerable Creature is a Whore! whom every Fool dares pretend to love, and every wiſe Man hates.

Roeb. What? Moralizing again! Oh, I'll tell thee, Man: I'm enter'd in the Inns, by the Lord!

Love. Pſhaw!

Roeb. Nay, if you won't believe me, ſee my Note of Admiſſion. [*Shows the Watch.*

Love. A Gold Watch, Boy!

Roeb.

Roeb. Ay, a Gold Watch, Boy.

Love. Whence had you Money to buy it?

Roeb. I took it upon Tick, and I deſign to pay honeſtly.

Love. I don't like this running o'th'Score.——But what ews from *Lucinda*, Boy? is ſhe kind? Ha?

Enter a Maſque croſſing the Stage.

Roeb. Ha! there's a ſtately Cruiſer; I muſt give her e Chace——I'll tell you when I return. [*Exit running.*

Love. I find he has been at a Loſs there, which occaons his Eagerneſs for the Game here. I begin to repent e of my Suſpicion; I believe her Virtue ſo ſacred, that is a Piece of Atheiſm to diſtruſt its Exiſtence. But Jeauſy in Love, like the Devil in Religion, is ſtill raiſing oubts, which, without a firm Faith in what we adore, ill certainly damn us.

Enter a Porter.

Por. Is your Name Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir?

Love. What wou'd you have with Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir?

Por. I have a ſmall Note for him, Sir.

Love. Let me ſee't.

Por. Ay, Sir, if your Name be Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir.

Love. My Name is *Roebuck*, Blockhead.

Por. God bleſs you, Maſter.

[*Gives him a Letter, and Exit.*

Love. This is ſome tawdry Billet, with a ſcrawling Adieu t the End on't. Theſe ſtrolling Jades know a young kolſome Fellow newly come to Town, as well as a Parn's Wife does a fat Gooſe. 'Tis certainly ſome Secret, nd therefore ſhall be known. [*Opens the Letter.*

S I R, *Tueſday*, Three o'Clock.

MY Behaviour towards you this Morning was ſomewhat ſtrange; but I ſhall tell you the Cauſe of it, if you meet e at Ten this Night in our Garden, the Back-door ſhall be pen. Your's, *Lucinda.*

Ha, Heav'ns! Certainly it can't be! *L, U, C, I, N, D, A*; hat ſpells Woman. 'Twas never written ſo plain before. *Roebuck*, thou'rt as true an Oracle, as ſhe's a falſe one. Oh, thou damn'd *Sybil*! I have courted thee theſe three Years, and cou'd never obtain above a Kiſs of the Hand, nd this Fellow in an Hour or two has obtain'd *the Back-*

door open. Mr. *Roebuck*, ſince I have diſcover'd ſo
your Secrets, I'll make bold to open ſome more c
——But how ſhall I ſhake him off?——Oh, I ha
I'll ſeek him inſtantly.

Enter Roebuck *meeting the Porter.*

Roeb. Here, you, Sir, have you a Note for one *Ro*

Por. I had, Sir; but I gave it to him juſt now.

Roeb. You lie, Sirrah; I am the Man.

Por. I an't poſitive I gave it to the right Perſon
I'm very ſure I did, for he anſwer'd the Deſcriptio
Page gave to a T, Sir.

Roeb. 'Twas well I met that Page, Dog, or now
I cut thy Throat, Raſcal.

Por. Bleſs your Worſhip, noble Sir.

Roeb. At Ten, in the Garden! The Back-door
Oh, the delicious Place and Hour! ſoft panting Bi
trembling Joints! melting Sighs! and eager Emb
Oh, Extaſy!—But how to ſhake off *Lovewell!*—
his nicely Virtuous! Ha, ha, ha!——This is his
Principle of Virtue! Ha, ha, ha!

Enter Lovewell.

Love. How now! Why ſo merry?

Roeb. Merry! Why, 'twould make a Dog ſplit,
Ha, ha, ha!——The Watch, Sir, the Watch
ha, ha!

Love. What of the Watch? You laugh by the
you'll be run down by and by, ſure!

Roeb. Ah, but I ſhall be wound up again. This
I had for a Fee, Lawyer——Shou'd I ever be try'd
this Judge, how I ſhou'd laugh to ſee how grave
Gooſe Cap ſits upon a Pair of Horns; Ha, ha, ha

Love. Thou'rt Horn-mad. Prithee leave Impert
——I receiv'd a Note juſt now.

Roeb. A Note! 'Sdeath, what Note! What'd ye,
Who brought it?

Love. A Gentleman; 'tis a Challenge.

Roeb. Oh, Thanks to the Stars! I'm glad on't.

Love. And you may be ſignally ſerviceable to
this Affair. I can give you no greater Teſtimony
Affection, than by making ſo free with you.——

Roeb. What needs all this Formality? I'll be th
cond, without all this Impertinence.

Love. There's more than that, Friend.——In the firſt Place, I don't underſtand a Sword; and again, I'm to be call'd to the Bar this Term, and ſuch a Buſineſs might prejudice me extremely. So, Sir, you muſt meet and fight for me.

Roeb. Faith, *Lovewell*, I ſha'n't ſtick to cut a Throat for my Friend at any Time, ſo I may do it fairly, or ſo ——The Hour and Place?

Love. This very Evening in *Moorfields*.

Roeb. Umph! How will you employ yourſelf the while?

Love. I'll follow you at a Diſtance, leſt you have any foul Play.

Roeb. Which if you do——No, faith *Ned*, ſince I'm to anſwer an Appointment for you, you muſt make good an Aſſignation for me. I'm to meet one of your Ladies at the Fountain in the *Temple* To-night. You may be call'd to the Bar there, if you will. This Watch will tell you the Hour, and ſhall be your Paſſport. Let me have yours.—— [*Change Watches.*

Love. Oh! Was that the Jeſt? Ha, ha, ha!——Well, I will anſwer an Aſſignation for you ſure enough. Ha, ha, ha!——How readily does the Fool run to have his Throat cut? [*Aſide.*

Roeb. How eagerly now does my Moral Friend run to the Devil, having Hopes of Profit in the Wind! I have habb'd him off purely.——But prithee, *Ned*, where had you this fine Jewel! [*Viewing one ty'd to the Watch.*

Love. Pſhaw! A Trifle; a Trifle; from a Miſtreſs—Take care on't tho'. But hark ye, *George*; don't puſh too home; have a Care of whipping thro' the Guts.

Roeb. 'Gad, I'm afraid one or both of us may fall. But d'ye hear, *Ned*, remember you ſent me on this Errand, and are therefore anſwerable for all Miſchief; if I do whip my Adverſary thro' the Lungs or ſo, remember you ſet me upon't.

Love. Well, honeſt *George*, you won't believe how much you oblige me in this Courteſy.

Roeb. You know always I oblige myſelf by ſerving my Friend——I never thought this Spark was a Coward before. [*Aſide.*

Love. I never imagin'd this Fellow was ſo eaſy before. [*Aſide.*] Well, good Succeſs to us both; and when we meet, we'll relate all Tranſactions that paſs.

Roeb. That you're a Fool.

Love. That you're an Aſs. [*Exeunt ſeverally, laughing. Re-enter* Lovewell *croſſing the Stage haſtily,* Mockmode *and* Lyrick *following him.*

Lyr. Mr. *Lovewell*, a Word w'ye

Love. Let it be ſhort, pray Sir, for my Buſineſs is urgent, and 'tis almoſt dark.

Lyr. I'm reconcil'd to the Squire, and want only the Preſentment of a Copy of Verſes to ingratiate myſelf wholly, thoroughly. Let me have that Piece I lent you juſt now.

Love. Ay, ay, with all my Heart,—Here.—Farewel.

[*Pulls the Poem haſtily, and juſtles out a Letter with it, which* Mockmode *takes up.*

Lyr. Now, Sir, here's a Poem, which (according to the Way of us Poets) I ſay, was written at fifteen; but between you and I, it was made at five and twenty.

Mock. Five and twenty!—When is a Poet at Age, pray, Sir.

Lyr. At the third Night of his firſt Play; for he's never a Man till then.

Mock. But when at Years of Diſcretion?

Lyr. When they leave Writing; and that's ſeldom or never.

Mock. But who are your Guardians?

Lyr. The Critics, who, with their good Will, won't never let us come to Age. But what have you got there?

Mock. By the Univerſe, I don't know; 'tis a Woman's Hand; ſome Billet-Deux, I ſuppoſe; it juſtled out of *Love-well*'s Pocket. We'll to the next Light and read it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a dark Arbour in* Lucinda's *Garden.*

Enter Roebuck *Solus.*

Roeb. Oh, how I reverence a Back-door half open, half ſhut? 'Tis the narrow Gate to the Lover's Paradiſe; *Cupid* ſtood Centry at the Entrance, *Love* was the Word, and he let me paſs.——Now is my Friend pleading for Life; he has a puzzling Caſe to manage, ten to one he's non-ſuited; I have gull'd him fairly.

Enter

Enter Lovewell.

Love. I've got in. Thanks to my Stars, or rather the Clouds, whose Influence is my beſt Friend at preſent. Now is *Roebuck* gazing, or rather groping about for a Fellow with a long Sword; and I know his Fighting Humour will be as mad to be baulk'd by any Enemy, as by a Miſtreſs.

Roeb. Hark, Hark! I hear a Voice; it muſt be ſhe—— *Lucinda?*

Love. True to the Touch, I find. Is it you, my Dear?

Roeb. Yes, my Dear.

Love. Let me embrace thee, my Heart.

Roeb. Come to my arms.

[*Run into each other's Arms, Finding the Miſtake, ſtart back.*

Love. 'Slife! a Man!

Roeb. 'Sdeath! a Devil!——— And wert thou a Legion, here's a Wand ſhou'd conjure thee down— [*Draws.*

Love. We ſhall find whoſe Charm is ſtrongeſt. [*Draws.*

They paſs by one another; Roebuck *paſſes out at the oppoſite Door; and as* Lovewell *is paſſing out on the other Side of the Stage,*

Enter Leanthe, *with a Night-Gown over his Cloaths.*

Lean. Mr. *Roebuck!* Sir! Mr. *Roebuck!*

Love. That's a Woman's Voice, I'll ſwear——Madam.

Lean. Sir.

Love. Come, my dear *Lucinda*; I've ſtaid a little too long; but making an Apology now were only lengthening the Offence. Let's into the Arbour, and make up for the Moments miſpent.

Lean. Hold, Sir: Do you love this *Lucinda* you're ſo fond of hauling into the Arbour?

Love. Yes, by all that's powerful.

Lean. Falſe, falſe *Roebuck!*——[*Aſide.*]——I am loſt.

Love. Madam, do you love this *Roebuck*, that you open'd the Garden-door to ſo late?

Lean. I'm afraid I do too well.

Love. And did you never own an Affection to another?

Lean. No; witneſs all thoſe Powers you juſt now mention'd,

Love. Revenge yourſelves, ye Heavens. Behold in me your Accuſer, and your Judge. Behold *Lovewell*, injur'd

Lovewell.—This Darkneſs, which opportunely hides Bluſhes, makes your Shame more monſtrous.

Lean. Ha! *Lovewell!* I'm vex'd it is he, but glad i miſtaken ——Now, Female Policy, aſſiſt me.

Love. Yes, Madam, your Silence proclaims you g ——Farewel, Woman.

Lean. Ha, ha, ha!

Love. What am I made your Scorn?

Lean. Ha, ha, ha!——This happens better th expected.——Ha, ha, ha!——Mr. *Lovewell!*

Love. No Counter-plotting, Madam: the Mine's ſp already, and and all your Deceit diſcovered.

Lean. Indeed you're a fine Fellow at diſcovering Dec I muſt confeſs, that cou'd not find whether I was a Ma a Woman all this Time.

Love. What, the Page!

Lean. No Counter-plotting, good Sir; the Mine's ſp already.——Ah, Sir, I fancy Mr. *Roebuck* is better at covering a Man from a Woman in the dark, than you.

Love. This Diſcovery is the greateſt Riddle!——Pri Child, what makes thee diſguis'd? But, above all, meant that Letter to *Roebuck?*

Lean. Then I find you intercepted it.——Why, Sir Lady had a Mind to put a Trick upon the impudent Fe made him an Aſſignation, and ſent me in her Stead, to ter him. But when I tell her how you fell into the S and how jealous you were——Ha, ha, ha!

Love. Oh my little dear Rogue! was that the Matte [*Hugs her.*] On my Conſcience, thou'rt ſo ſoft, I be thou'rt a Woman ſtill.——But who was that Man counter'd juſt now?

Lean. A Man! 'Twas certainly *Roebuck.*——[Some of the Footmen, I ſuppoſe.——Come, Sir, I conduct you out immediately, leſt ſome more of 'em you. [*Conducts him to the Door and ret*

He certainly was here, and I have miſs'd him.
Fortune delights with Innocence to play,
And loves to hoodwink thoſe already blind.
Wary Deceit can many By-ways tread,
To ſhun the Blocks in Virtue's open Road,
Whilſt heedleſs Innocence ſtill falls on Ruin;

Yet, whilſt by Love inſpir'd, I will purſue,
What Men by Courage, we by Love can do.
Not even his Falſhood ſhall my Claim remove;
From mutual Fires none can true Paſſion prove;
For like to like, is Gratitude, not Love.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *An Anti-chamber in* Lucinda's *Houſe; the Flat Scene half open, diſcovers a Bed-chamber:* Lucinda *in her Night-gown, and reading by a Table.*

Enter Roebuck, *groping his Way.*

Roeb. ON what new happy Climate am I thrown? This Houſe is Love's Labyrinth; I have tumbled into it by Chance.——Ha! an Illuſion! let me look again.——Eyes, if you play me falſe, [*Looking about.*] I'll pluck ye out——'Tis ſhe! 'tis *Lucinda!* alone, undreſs'd, in a Bed-chamber, between Eleven and Twelve o'Clock ——A bleſſed Opportunity!——Now if her innate Principle of Virtue defend her, then is my innate Principle of Manhood not worth Two-pence.—Hold, ſhe comes forward.—— [Lucinda *approaches reading.*

Luc. Unjuſt Prerogative of faithleſs Man,
Abuſing Pow'r which partial Heav'n has granted!
In former Ages, Love and Honour ſtood
As Props and Beauties to the Female Cauſe:
But now lie proſtitute to Scorn and Sport.
Man, made our Monarch, is a Tyrant grown,
And Woman-kind muſt bear a ſecond Fall.

Roeb. [*Aſide.*] Ah, and a third too, or I'm miſtaken.—I muſt divert this plaguy Romantic Humour.

Luc. While Virtue guided Peace, and Honour War,
Their Fruits and Spoils were Off'rings made to Love.

Roeb. And 'tis ſo ſtill: for [*raiſing his Voice.*]
Beau with earlieſt Cherries Miſs does grace,
And Soldier offers Spoils of *Flanders* Lace.

Luc. Ha!—Protect me, Heav'ns! what art thou?

Roeb. A Man, Madam.

Luc. What accurſed Spirit has driven you hither?

Roeb. The Spirit of Fleſh and Blood, Madam.

Luc. Sir, what Encouragement have you ever receiv'd to prompt you to this Impudence?

Roeb. Umph! I muſt not own the Reception of a Note from her. [*Aſide.*] Faith, Madam, I know not whether to attribute it to Chance, Fortune, my good Stars, my Fate, or my Deſtiny: But here I am, Madam, and here I will be. [*Taking her by the Hand.*

Luc. [*Pulling her Hand away.*] If a Gentleman, my Commands may cauſe you to withdraw; if a Ruffian, my Footman ſhall diſpoſe of you.

Roeb. Madam, I'm a Gentleman; I know how to oblige a Lady, and how to ſave her Reputation. My Love and Honour go link'd together; they are my Principles; and if you'll be my Second, we'll engage immediately.

Luc. Stand off, Sir; the Name of Love and Honour are burleſqu'd by thy profeſſing 'em. Thy Love is Impudence, and thy Honour a Cheat. Thy Mien and Habit ſhew thee a Gentleman; but thy Behaviour is brutal. Thou art a *Centaur*; only one part Man, and the other Beaſt.

Roeb. Philoſophy in Petticoats! No wonder Women wear the Breeches; [*Aſide.*] and, Madam, you are a Demi-Goddeſs; only one part Woman, t'other Angel; and thus divided, claim my Love and Adoration.

Luc. Honourable Love is the Parent of Mankind; but thine is the Corrupter and Debaſer of it.——The Paſſion of you Libertines is like your Drunkenneſs; heat of Luſt, as t'other is of Wine, and off with the next Sleep.

Roeb. No, Madam; an Hair of the ſame—is my Receipt.—Come, come, Madam, all things are laid to reſt that will diſturb our Pleaſure; whole Nature favours us; the kind indulgent Stars that directed me hither, wink at what we are about.——'Twere jilting of Fortune to be now idle; and ſhe, like a true Woman, once baulk'd, never affords a ſecond Opportunity.—I'll put out the Candle, the Torch of Love ſhall light us to Bed.

Luc. To Bed, Sir!——Thou haſt Impudence enough to draw thy Rationality in Queſtion. Whence proceeds it? From a vain Thought of thy own Graces, or an Opinion of my Virtue:—If from the latter, know that I am a Woman, whoſe

whoſe Modeſty dare not doubt my Virtue; yet have ſo much Pride to ſuppport it, that the dying Groans of thy whole Sex at my Feet, ſhou'd not extort an immodeſt Thought from me.

Roeb. Your Thoughts may be as modeſt as you pleaſe, Madam.—You ſhall be as virtuous to-morrow Morning as e'er a Nun in *Europe*; the Opinion of the World ſhall proclaim you ſuch, and that's the ſureſt Charter the moſt rigid Virtue in *England* is held by. The Night has no Eyes to ſee, nor have I a Tongue to tell: One Kiſs ſhall ſeal up my Lips for ever.

Luc. That uncharitable Cenſure of Women, argues the Meanneſs of thy Converſation.

Roeb. Her ſuperior Virtue awes me into Coldneſs.—'Slife! it can't be Twelve ſure.—Night's a Lyar.

[*Draws out his Watch.*

Luc. Sir, if you won't be gone, I muſt fetch thoſe ſhall conduct you hence.——My Eyes are dazzled ſure.

[*Paſſing by him towards the Door, ſhe perceives the Jewel ty'd to the Watch.*

Pray, Sir, let me ſee that Jewel.

Roeb. By Heavens, ſhe has a mind to't!——Oh, 'tis at your Service with all my Soul.

Luc. Wrong not my Virtue by ſo poor a Thought.—— But anſwer directly, as you are a Gentleman, to what I now ſhall aſk: whence had you that Jewel?

Roeb. I exchanged Watches with a Gentleman, and had this Jewel into the Bargain. He valu'd it not; 'twas a Trifle from a Miſtreſs.

Luc. A Trifle! ſaid he:—Oh Indignation, am I ſlighted thus!—I'll put a Jewel out of his Power, that he wou'd pawn his Soul to retrieve.——If you be a Gentleman, Sir, whom Gratitude can work up to Love, or a virtuous Wife reclaim, I'll make you a large Return for that Trifle.

Roeb. Hey-day! a Wife, ſaid ſhe.

Luc. What's your Name, Sir, and of what Country?

Roeb. My Name's *Roebuck*, Madam.

Luc. Roebuck.

Roeb. 'Sdeath! I forgot my Inſtructions.—*Mockmode*, Madam.—*Roebuck Mockmode*, my Name, and Surname.

Luc. Mockmode, my 'Squire! it can't be! but if it ſhou'd, I've made the better Exchange.——Of what Family are you, Sir?

Roeb. Of, *Mockmode-Hall* in *Shropſhire*, Madam; My Father's lately dead; I came lately from the Univerſity; I've Fifteen hundred Acres of as good fighting Ground as any in *England*. —'Twas lucky I met that Blockhead to-day. [*Aſide.*

Luc. The very ſame.—And had you any Directions to court a Lady in *London?*

Roeb. Umph!——How ſhou'd I have found the way hither elſe, Madam? What the Devil will this come to? [*Aſide.*

Luc. My Fool that I dreamt of, I find a pretty Gentleman.——Dreams go by Contraries.——Well, Sir, I am the Lady; and if your Deſigns are honourable, I'm yours; take a turn in the Garden, 'till I ſend for my Chaplain: You muſt take me immediately, for if I cool, I'm loſt for ever. [*Exit.*

Roeb. I think I am become a very ſober *Shropſhire* Gentleman in good earneſt; I don't ſtart at the Name of the Parſon —Oh Fortune! Fortune! what art thou doing? If thou and my Friend will throw me into the Arms of a fine Lady, and a great Fortune, how the Devil can I help it? Oh but, Zoons, there's Marriage! Ay, but there's Money.—Oh but there are Children, ſquawling Children! Ay, but then there are *Rickets* and *Small-Pox*, which perhaps may carry them all away.——Oh but there's Horns! Horns! Ay, but then I ſhall go to Heaven; for 'tis but reaſonable, ſince all Marriages are made in Heaven, that all Cuckolds ſhould go thither.——But then, there's *Leanthe!* that ſticks. I love her, witneſs, Heaven; I love her to that Degree.—Pſhaw, I ſhall whine preſently. I love her as well as any Woman, and what can ſhe expect more? I can't drag a Lover's Chain a hundred Miles by Land, and a hundred Leagues by Water.—Fortune has decreed it otherwiſe—ſo lead on, blind Guide, I'll follow thee; and when the Blind leads the Blind, no wonder they both fall into—Matrimony. [*Going out, meets* Leanthe.] Oh my dear auſpicious little *Mercury!* let me kiſs thee.——Go tell thy charming Miſtreſs, I obey her Commands. [*Exit.*

Enter Leanthe.

Lean. Her Commands! Oh Heavens! I muſt follow him. [*Going*

Luc. Page, Page.

Lean.

Lean. Oh my curs'd Fortune! baulk'd again!—Madam.

Luc. Call my Chaplain; I'm to be marry'd presently.

Lean. Marry'd so suddenly! To whom, pray, Madam?

Luc. To the Gentleman you met going hence just now.

Lean. Oh Heavens! your Ladyship is not in earnest, Madam?

Luc. What, is Matrimony to be made a Jest of? Don't be impertinent, Boy; call him instantly.

Lean. What shall I do?—Oh, Madam, suspend it till the Morning, for Heav'ns sake. Mr. *Lovewell*'s in the House; I met him not half an Hour ago; and he will certainly kill the Gentleman, and perhaps harm your Ladyship.

Luc. *Lovewell* in my House! how came he hither?

Lean. I know not, Madam. I saw him, and talk'd to him; he had his Sword drawn, and he threaten'd every body. Pray delay it to-night, Madam.

Luc. No, I'm resolv'd; and I'll prevent his discovering us: I'll put on a Suit of your Cloaths, and order *Pindress* to carry her Night-Gown to the Gentleman in the Garden, and bid him meet me in the lower Arbour, in the West Corner, and send the Chaplain thither instantly.

Lean. Hold, Fortune, hold; thou hast entirly won!
For I am lost. Thus long I have been rack'd
On thy tormenting Wheel, and now my Heart-strings break.
Discovering who I am, exposes me to Shame;
Then what on Earth can help me?

Enter Pindress.

Pin. Oh Lord, Page, what's the matter? Here's old doings, or rather new doings. Prithee, let you and I throw in our Two-pence a-piece into this Marriage-Lottery

Lean. You'll draw nothing but Blanks, I'll assure you, from me.—But stay, let me consider o'th' Business.

Pin. No Consideration; the [illegible] must be done hand-over-head.

Lean. Well, I [illegible] and with you, *Pindress.* [illegible] *her Hand.*

Pin. You exper[illegible]

Lean. No, no[illegible]
dress, 'tis a Ma[illegible]
West Corner[illegible]
diately with[illegible]

must paſs upon the Chaplain for my Lady and the Gentleman.—Haſte.

Pin. Sha'n't I put on my new Gown firſt?

Lean. No, no; you ſhall have a Green Gown for your Wedding in the Arbour.

Pin. A Green-Gown!—Well, all Fleſh is Graſs.

Lean. Make haſte, my Spouſe, fly.

Pin. And will you come? will you be ſure to come?—O my little Green Gooſeberry, my Teeth waters at ye.—

Lean. Now Chance, No thou'rt blind.

Then Love, be thou my Guide, and ſet me right;
Tho' blind, like Chance, you have beſt Eyes by Night. [Ex.

SCENE Bullfinch's *Houſe.*

Enter Lovewell, Bruſh, *and* Servant.

Love. Mr. *Lyrick* abroad, ſay'ſt thou! and *Mockmode* with him!

Serv. All abroad, my Miſtreſs and all.

Love. I don't underſtand this.—*Bruſh*, run to *Lucinda*'s Lodgings, and obſerve what's doing there: I ſpy'd ſome haſty Lights glaneing thro' the Rooms: I'll follow you preſently. [*Exit* Bruſh.]—Can's you inform me which Way they went?

Serv. Perhaps Mr. *Mockmode*'s Man can inform ye.

Love. Pray call him.

Serv. Mr. *Club*, Mr. *Club*.

Love. What, is the Fellow deaf?

Serv. No, Sir; but he's aſleep, and in Bed.—Mr. *Club*, Mr. *Club*.

Club. Augh.—[*Yawning.*] I'm aſleep, I'm aſleep; don't wake me.—Augh.

Serv. Here's a Gentleman wants ye.

Enter Club, *with his Coat unbutton'd, his Garters untyed, ſcratching, and yawning, as newly waken'd from Bed.*

Club. Pox o'your *London* Breeding; what makes you waken a Man out of his Sleep that way?

Love. Where's your Maſter, pray, Sir?

Club. Augh——'Tis a ſad thing to be broken of one's Reſt this way.

Love. Can you inform me where your Maſter's gone?

Club. My Maſter!—Augh— [*Stretching and yawning.*

Love.

Love. Yeh, Sir, your Master—

Club. My Master!—Augh—What o'Clock is it, Sir? I believe 'tis past Midnight, for I have gotten my first Sleep—Augh—

Love. Thou'rt asleep still, Blockhead. Answer me, or—Where's your Master?

Club. Augh—I had the pleasantest Dream when you call'd me——Augh——I thought my Master's great black Stone-horse had broke loose among the Mares—Augh—And so, Sir, you call'd me——Augh—And so I awaken'd.

Love. Sirra, [*Strikes him.*]——Now your Dream's out, I hope.

Club. Zauns, Sir! what d'ye mean, Sir? My Master's as good a Man as you, Sir; Dem me, Sir,

Love. Tell me presently where your Master is, Sirrah, or I'll dust the Secret out of your Jacket.

Club. Oh, Sir, your Name's *Lovewell*, Sir!

Love. What then, Sir?

Club. Why then my Master is—where you are not, Sir. —My Master's in a fine Lady's Arms, and you are——here, I take it. [*Shrugging.*

Love. Has he got a Whore a-bed with him?

Club. He may be Father to the Son of a Whore by this time, if your Mistress *Lucinda* be one. Mr. *Lyrick* did his Bus'ness, and my Master will do her Business I warrant him, if o'th' right *Shropshire* Breed, which I'm sure he is, for my Mother nurs'd him on my Milk.

Love. Two Calves suckled on the same Cow——Ha, ha, ha! Gramercy, Poet; has he brought the Play to a Catastrophe so soon? A rare Executioner, to clap him in the Female Pillory already! Ha, ha, ha!

Club. Ay, Sir; and a Pillory, that you wou'd give your Ears for; I warrant you think my Master's over Head and Ears in the *Irish* Quagmire you wou'd have drown'd him in. But, Sir, we have found the Bottom on't.

Love. He may pass over the Quagmire, Sirrah, for there were stepping Stones laid in his Way.

Club. He has got over dry-shod, I'll assure you—Pray, Sir, did not you receive a Note from *Lucinda*, the true *Lucinda*, to meet her at Ten in her Garden, to-night?—Why don't you laugh now? Ha, ha, ha!

Love. Sdeath, Rascal, what Intelligence cou'd you have of that?

Club

Club. Hold, Sir, I have more Intelligence. You threw Mr. *Lyrick* his Poem, in a hurry, in the *Park*, and juſtled that ſweet Letter out of your Pocket, Sir. This Letter fell into my Maſter's Hands, Sir, and diſcover'd your Sham, Sir, your Trick, Sir. Now, Sir, I think you are as deep in the Mud as he is in the Mire.

Love. Curs'd Misfortune!——And where are they gone, Sir? Quickly, the Truth, the whole Truth, Dog, or I'll ſpit you like a Sparrow.

Club. I deſign to tell you, Sir. Mr. *Lyrick*, Sir, being my Maſter's intimate Friend, or ſo, upon a Bribe of a Hundred Pounds, or ſo, has ſided with him, taken him to *Lucinda*'s Garden in your ſtead, and there's a Parſon, and all, and ſo forth.—Now, Sir, I hope the Poet has brought the Play to a very good Cata—Cata—what d'ye call him, Sir?

Love. 'Twas he I encounter'd in the Garden.—'Sdeath! Trick'd by the Poet; I'll cut off one of his Limbs; I'll make a Synalœpha of him; I'll——

Club. He, he, he!—Two Calves ſuckled on the ſame Cow!——He, he, he!

Love. Nay, then I begin with you. [*Drubs him.*

Club. Zauns! Murder! Demme! Zauns! Murder! Zauns! [*Runs off,* Lovewell *after him.*

SCENE *changes to the Anti-chamber in* Lucinda's *Houſe; a Hat and a Sword on the Table.*

Enter Bruſh.

Bruſh. I have been peeping and crouching about like a Cat a mouſing. Ha! I ſmell a Rat—a Sword and a Hat!—There are certainly a Pair of Breeches appertaining to theſe, and may be lap'd up in my Lady's Lavender, who knows? [*Liſtens,*

Enter Lovewell *in a hurry.*

Love. What, Sir? What are you doing? I'm ruin'd, trick'd.——

Bruſh. I believe ſo too, Sir—See here!——

[*Shews the Hat and Sword.*

Love. By all my Hopes, *Roebuck*'s Hat and Sword. This is Miſchief upon Miſchief. Run you to the Garden, Sirrah, and if you find any Body, ſecure 'em, I'll ſearch the Houſe—I'm ruin'd!—Fly! *Roebuck?*—What hoa—*Roebuck?*—hoa!

Enter

Enter Roebuck *unbutton'd, runs to* Lovewell *and embraces him.*

Roeb. Dear, dear *Lovewell*, wiſh me Joy; wiſh me Joy, my Friend.

Love. Of what, Sir?

Roeb. Of the deareſt, tendereſt, whiteſt, ſofteſt Bride, that ever bleſt Man's Arms. I'm all Air, all a *Cupid*, all Wings, and muſt fly again to her Embraces. Detain me not, my Friend.

Love. Hold Sir, I hope you mock me! tho' that itſelf's unkind.

Roeb. Mock you!——By Heaven's, no. She's more than Senſe can bear, or Tongue expreſs——O *Lucinda!* Shou'd Heaven——

Love. Hold, Sir; no more.

Roeb. I'm on the Rack of Pleaſure, and muſt confeſs all. When her ſoft melting, white, and yielding Waiſt,
Within my preſſing Arms was folded faſt,
Our Lips were melted down by Heat of Love,
And lay incorporate in liquid Kiſſes,
Whilſt in ſoft broken Sighs, we catch'd each other's Souls.

Love. Come, come, *Roebuck*, no more of this Extravagance——By Heav'n I ſwear you ſha'n't marry her.

Roeb. By Heav'n I ſwear ſo too; for I'm marry'd already.

Love. Then thou'rt a Villain.

Roeb. A Villain, Man!——Pſhaw, that's Nonſenſe. A poor Fellow can no ſooner get marry'd, than you imagine he may be called a Villain preſently——You may call me a Fool, a Blockhead, or an Aſs, by the Authority of Cuſtom: But why a Villain, for God's ſake?

Love. Did not you engage to meet and fight a Gentleman for me in *Moorfields?*

Roeb. Did not you promiſe to engage a Lady for me at the *Fountain*, Sir?

Love. This *Lucinda* is my Miſtreſs, Sir.

Roeb. This *Lucinda*, Sir, is my Wife.

Love. Then this decides the Matter.—Draw.

[*Throws* Roebuck *his Sword, and draws his own.*

Roeb. Prithee be quiet, Man; I've other Buſineſs to mind on my Wedding-night. I muſt in to my Bride. [*Going.*

Love. Hold, Sir; move a Step, and by Heavens I'll ſtab thee.

Roeb.

Rob. Put up, put up; Pſhaw, I a'n't prepar'd to day, I a'n't, Devil take me.

Love. Do you dally with me Sir?

Rob. Why you won't be ſo unconſcionable as to kill a Man ſo ſuddenly; I han't made my Will yet. Perhaps I may leave you a Legacy.

Love. Pardon me, Heavens, if preſs'd by ſtinging Taunts, my Paſſion urge my Arm to act what's foul.

[*Offers to puſh at him.*

Rob. Hold. [*Taking up his Sword.*] 'Tis ſafeſt making Peace, they ſay, with Sword in Hand. —— I'll tell thee what, *Ned*, I would not loſe this Night's Pleaſure for the Honour of fighting and vanquiſhing the Seven Champions of *Chriſtendom*: Permit me then but this Night to return to the Arms of my dear Bride, and Faith and Troth I'll take a fair Thruſt with you To-morrow Morning.

Love. What! beg a poor Reprieve for Life! —— Then thou art a Coward.

Rob. You imagined the contrary, when you employed me to fight for you in *Moorfields*.

Love. Will nothing move thy Gall? —— Thou'rt baſe, ungrateful.

Rob. Ungrateful! I love thee, *Ned*; by Heavens, my Friend, I love thee; therefore name not that Word again, for ſuch a Repetition would overpay all thy Favours.

Love. A cheap, a very cheap way of making Acknowledgment, and therefore thou haſt catched it, which makes thee more ungrateful.

Rob. My Friendſhip even yet does balance Paſſion; but throw in the leaſt Grain more of an Affront, and by Heaven you turn the Scale.

Love. [*Pauſing.*] No, I've thought better; my Reaſon clears: She's not worth my Sword; a Bully only ſhou'd draw in her Defence, for ſhe's falſe, a Proſtitute.

[*Puts up his Sword.*

Rob. A Proſtitute! by Heavens thou ly'ſt. [*Draws.*]—Thou haſt blaſphemed. Her Virtue anſwers the uncorrupted State of Woman; ſo much above Modeſty, that it mocks Temptation. She has convinc'd me of the bright Honour of our Sex, and I ſtand Champion now for the fair Female Cauſe.

Love. Then I have loſt what nought on Earth can pay. Curſe on all Doubts, all Jealouſies, that deſtroy our preſent

ſent Happineſs, by miſtruſting the future. Thus Miſbelievers making their Heaven uncertain, find a certain Hell ——And is ſhe virtuous? found the bold Charge aloud, which does proclaim me guilty.

Roeb. By Heavens, as virtuous as thy Siſter.

Love. My Siſter!——Ha!——I fear, Sir, your Marriage with *Lucinda* has wrong'd my Siſter; for her you courted, and ſhe heard ſhe lov'd you.

Roeb. I courted her, it is true, and lov'd her alſo; nay, my Love to her rival'd my Friendſhip tow'rds——and had my Fate allow'd me Time for Thought, her dear Remembrance might have ſtop'd the Marriage. But ſince 'tis paſt, I muſt own to you, to her, and all the World, that I caſt off all former Paſſion, and ſhall henceforth confine my Love to the dear Circle of her charming Arms from whom I juſt now parted.

Enter Leanthe *in Woman's looſe Apparel.*

Lean. I take you at your Word. Theſe are the Arms that held you.

Roeb. Oh Gods and Happineſs! *Leanthe!*

Love. My Siſter! Heavens! It cannot be.

Roeb. By Heavens it can, it ſhall, it muſt be ſo——or none on Earth cou'd give ſuch Joys but ſhe.——Who would have thought my Joys cou'd bear Increaſe? *Lovewell*, my Friend! This is thy Siſter! 'Tis *Leanthe!* My diſtreſs, my Bride, my Wife!

Lean. I am your Siſter, Sir; as ſuch I beg you to pardon the Effect of violent Paſſion, which has driven me to imprudent Actions: But none ſuch as may blot the honour of my Virtue, or Family. To hold you no longer in Suſpence, 'twas I brought the Letter from *Leanthe*; 'twas I manag'd the Intrigue with *Lucinda*; I put the Note to Mr. *Roebuck* this Afternoon; and I——

Roeb. That was the Bride of happy me.

Love. Thou art my Siſter and Guardian-Angel; for you haſt bleſs'd thyſelf, and bleſs'd thy Brother. *Lucinda* ill is ſafe, and may be mine.

Roeb. May!——She ſhall be thine, my Friend.

Love. Where is *Lucinda?*

Enter Mockmode.

Mock. Not far off; tho' far enough from you, by the univerſe.

Lean.

Lean. You muſt give me leave not to believe you, Sir.

Mock. Oh, Madam! I crave you ten thouſand Pardons, by the Univerſe, Madam; Zauns, Madam; Dem me, Madam. [*Offers to ſalute her awkwardly.*

Love. By your Leave, Sir.——— [*Thruſts him back.*

Roeb. Ah, Couſin *Mockmode!*—How do all our Friends in *Shropſhire?*——

Mock. Now, Gentlemen, I thank you all for your Trick, your Sham. You imagine I have got your Whore, Couſin, your Crack. But, Gentlemen, by the Aſſiſtance of a Poet, your *Sheely* is metamorphos'd into the real *Lucinda*; which your Eyes ſhall teſtify. Bring in the Jury there.—Guilty or not Guilty?

Enter Lyrick *and* Trudge.

Trud. Oh, my dear *Roebuck!* [Trudge *ſeeing* Roebuck, *throws off her Maſque, flies to him, takes him about the Neck and kiſſes him.*] And Faith is it you, dear Joy? And where have you been theſe ſeven long Years?

Mock. Zauns!

Roeb. Hold off, ſtale Iniquity.—Madam, you'll pardon this? [*To* Leanthe.

Trud. Indeed I won't live with that Stranger. You promis'd to marry me, ſo you did.—Ah, Sir, *Neddy*'s a brave Boy, God bleſs him; he's a whole Armful; Lord knows, I had a heavy Load of him.

Love. Guilty or not Guilty, Mr. *Mockmode?*

Mock. 'Tis paſt that; I am condemn'd; I'm hang'd in the Marriage Nooſe.—Hark ye, Madam, was this the Doctor that let you Blood under the Tongue for the Quinſey?

Trud. Yes, that it was, Sir.

Mock. Then he may do ſo again; for the Devil take me if ever I breathe a Vein for ye.—Mr. *Lyrick*, is this your Poetical Friendſhip?

Lyr. I had only a mind to convince you of your 'Squireſhip.

Love. Now, Siſter, my Fears are over.—But where's *Lucinda?* How is ſhe diſpos'd of?

Lean. The Fear ſhe lay under of being diſcover'd by you, gave me an Opportunity of impoſing *Pindreſs* upon her inſtead of this Gentlewoman, whom ſhe expected to wear one of *Pindreſs*'s Night-Gowns as a Diſguiſe. To make

e the Cheat more current, she disguis'd herself in my
aths, which has made her pass on her Maid for me;
I by that Opportunity putting on a Suit of her's, pass'd
n this Gentleman for *Lucinda*: My next Business is
nd her out, and beg her Pardon, endeavour her Re-
cilement to you, which the Discovery of the Mistakes
ween both will easily effect.

oeb. Well, Sir, [*To* Lyrick,] how was your Plot car-
on?

yr. Why this 'Squire (will you give me Leave to call
so now?) this 'Squire had a mind to personate *Love-*
l, to catch *Lucinda*.—So I made *Trudge* to personate
inda, and snap him in this very Garden.—Now, Sir,
'll give me Leave to write our *Epithalamium*.

lock. My *Epithalamium!* my *Epitaph!* Screech-Owl,
I'm buried alive. But I hope you'll return my hun-
l Pounds I gave you for marrying me.

yr. No; but for five hundred more I'll unmarry you.
se are hard Times, and Men of Industry must make
ey.

ng. Here's the Money, by the Universe, Sir; a Bill
ve hundred Pounds Sterli[illegible] upon Mr. *Ditto* the Mer-
Cheapside. Bring me a [illegible] prieve, and 'tis yours.

yr. Lay it in that Gent[illegible]n's Hands.

[*Gives* Roebuck *the Bill.*

Executioner shall cut the Rope.

[*Goes to the Door, and* [illegible] *in* Bullfinch *drag'd*
like a Pa[illegible]

e's Revelation for you.— [*Pulls* [illegible] *Gown.*

ock. Oh, thou damn'd [illegible] of [illegible]

ove. What, Pope *Joan* t[illegible] [illegible]re you the
st?

ull. Of the Poet's Ordination.

yr. Ay, ay, before the Time of Christianity the Poets
Priests.

ock. No Wonder then that all the World were Hea-
s.

yr. How d'ye like the P[illegible]t? Wou'd it not do well
Play?—My Money, Si[illegible] [*To* Roebuck,

oeb. No, Sir; it belongs to this Gentlewoman.—
s it to Trudge.] You have divorc'd her, and must
give

give her ſeparate Maintenance.—There's another Turn of Plot you were not aware of, Mr. *Lyrick.*

Enter Lucinda, Leanthe, *and* Pindreſs.

Luc. You have told me Wonders.

Lean. Here are theſe can teſtify the Truth. This Gentleman is the real Mr. *Mechmode,* and much ſuch another Perſon as your Dream repreſented.

Roeb. I hope, Madam, you'll pardon my diſſembling, ſince only the Hopes of ſo great a Purchaſe cou'd cauſe it.

Luc. Let my wiſhing you much Joy and Happineſs in your Bride, teſtify my Reconciliation; and at the Requeſt of your Siſter, Mr. *Lovewell,* I pardon your paſt Jealouſies. You threatened me, Mr. *Lovewell,* with an *Iriſh* Entertainment at my Wedding. I wiſh it preſent now, to aſſiſt at your Siſter's Nuptials.

Lean. At my laſt going hence, I ſent for 'em, and they're ready.

Love. Call 'em in then.

[*An* Iriſh *Entertainment of three Men and three Women, dreſs'd after the* Fingalian *Faſhion.*

Luc. I muſt reward your Siſter, Mr. *Lovewell,* for the many Services done me as my Page. I therefore ſettle my Fortune and myſelf on you, on this Condition, That you make over your Eſtate in *Ireland* to your Siſter and that Gentleman.

Love. 'Tis done, only with this Proviſo, Brother, That you forſake your Extravagancies.

Roeb. Brother, you know I always ſlighted Gold,
But moſt when offer'd as a ſordid Bribe.
I ſcorn to be brib'd even to Virtue,
But for bright Virtue's ſake, I here embrace it.
[*Embracing* Leanthe.
I have eſpous'd all Goodneſs with *Leanthe,*
And am divorc'd from all my former Follies.

Woman's our Fate. Wild and unlawful Flames
Debauch us firſt, and ſoften Love reclaims;
Thus Paradiſe was loſt by Woman's Fall,
But virtuous Woman thus reſtores it all.

[Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE

PILOGUE.

Vritten and spoke by *Jo. Haynes* in Mourning.

Come not here, your Poet's Fate to see,
He and his Play both be damn'd for me:
Royal Theatre, I come to Mourn *for thee.*
must those Structures then untimely fall,
hilst th' other House stands, and gets the Devil and all?
still kind Fortune through all Weathers steer 'em,
Beauties bloom there, spite of Edax Rerum?
Ingenio, *that damn'd Motto there,*
[Looking up at it.
'd me first to be a wicked Player.
Times indeed; O Tempora! O Mores!
now that Stage must down, where not one Whore is.

But can you have the Hearts tho'—(Pray now speak,)
fter all our Services, to let us break?
cannot do't unless the Devil's in ye;
hat Arts, what Merit, ha'n't we us'd to win ye?
rst to divert you with some new French *Strollers;*
brought ye Bona Sere's, Barba Colars:
[Mocking the late Singers.

When their Male Throats no longer drew your Money;
got you an Eunuch's Pipe, Signior Rampony.
Beardless Songster we cou'd ne'er make much on;
Females found a damn'd Blotch in his 'Scutcheon.
Italian *now we've got of mighty Fame,*
Fidelli—*There's Music in his Name:*
Voice is like the Music of the Spheres,
be Heavenly for the Price it bears. [20 l. a time.

He's

EPILOGUE

He's a handſome Fellow too, looks briſk and trim:
If he don't take ye, then the De'el take him.
Beſides, leſt our white Faces always mayn't delight ye,
We've pickt up Gipſies now to pleaſe or fright ye.

Laſtly, to make our Houſe more courtly ſhine,
As Travel does the Men of Mode refine,
So our Stage-Heroes *did their* Tour *deſign.*
To mend their Manners, *and coarſe* Engliſh *Feeding,*
They went to Ireland, *to improve their* Breeding;
Yet, for all this, we ſtill are at a loſs,
Oh Collier! Collier! *thou'ſt frighted away Miſs* C——s:
She, to return our Foreigner's Complaiſance,
At Cupid's *call, has made a* Trip *to* France.
Love's Fire Arms *here, are ſince not worth a Sous:*
We've loſt the only Touch-hole *of our* Houſe.

Loſing that Jewel, gave us a fatal Blow:
Well, if this Audience muſt Jo. Haynes *undo;*
Well, if 'tis decreed, nor can thy Fate, O Stage!
Reſiſt the Vows of this obdurate Age;
I'll then grow wiſer, leave off playing the Fool,
And hire this Play-houſe for a Boarding-School.
D'ye think the Maids *won't be in a ſweet Condition,*
When they are under Jo. Haynes's *grave Tuition?*
They'll have no Occaſion then, I'm ſure, to Play,
They'll have ſuch Comings in *another way.*

THE

Conſtant Couple;

OR, A

Trip to the Jubilee.

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

Sive favore tuli, ſive hanc ego Carmine famam;
Jure tibi grates, candide lector, ago.
Ovid. Triſt. lib. iv. Eleg. 10.

LONDON:
Printed for T. Lowndes, T. Caslon, S. Bladon,
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M. DCC. LXXII.

PREFACE

To the Reader.

AN affected Modeſty is very often the greateſt Vanity, and Authors are ſometimes prouder of their Bluſhes, than of the Praiſes that occaſion'd them. I ſha'n't therefore, like a fooliſh Virgin, fly to be purſu'd, and deny what I chiefly wiſh for. I am very willing to acknowledge the Beauties of this Play, eſpecially thoſe of the third Night, which not to be proud of, were the Height of Impudence: Who is aſham'd to value himſelf upon ſuch Favours, undervalues thoſe who conferr'd them.

As I freely ſubmit to the Criticiſms of the Judicious, ſo I cannot allow this an ill Play, ſince the Town has allow'd it ſuch Succeſs. When they have pardon'd my Faults, 'twere very ill Manners to condemn their Indulgence. Some may think (my Acquaintance in Town being too ſlender to make a Party for the Play) that the Succeſs muſt be deriv'd from the pure Merits of the Cauſe. I am of another Opinion; I have not been long enough in Town to raiſe Enemies againſt me; and the Engliſh *are ſtill kind to Strangers. I am below the Envy of great Wits, and above the Malice of little ones. I have not diſpleaſed the Ladies, nor offended the Clergy; both which are now pleas'd to ſay, that a Comedy may be diverting without Smut and Profaneneſs.*

Next to thoſe Advantages, the Beauties of Action gave the greateſt Life to the Play, of which the Town is ſo ſenſible, that all will join with me in Commendation of the Actors, and allow (without detracting from the Merit of others) that the Theatre-Royal *affords an excellent and compleat Set of Comedians. Mr.* Wilks's *Performance has ſet him ſo far above Competition in the Part of* Wildair, *that none can pretend to envy the Praiſe due to his Merit. That he made the Part, will appear from hence, that whenever the Stage has the Misfortune to loſe him, Sir* Harry Wildair *may go to the Jubilee.*

A great many quarrel at the Trip to the Jubilee *for a* Miſnomer: *I muſt tell them, that perhaps there are greater Trips in the Play; and when I find that more exact Plays have had better Succeſs, I'll talk with the Critics about* Decorums, &c. *However, if I ever commit another Fault of this Nature, I'll endeavour to make it more excuſable.*

PROLOGU

By a FRIEND.

POETS will think nothing ſo checks their Fury
As Wits, Cits, Beaux, and Women for their Jury.
Our Spark's half dead to think what Medley's come,
With blended Judgments to pronounce his Doom.
'Tis all falſe Fear; for in a mingled Pit,
Why, what your grave Don thinks but dully writ,
His Neighbour i'th' great Wig may take for Wit.
Some Authors court the Few, the Wiſe if any;
Our Youth's content, if he can reach the many,
Who go with much like Ends to Church and Play,
Not to obſerve what Prieſts or Poets ſay,
No! no! your Thoughts, like theirs, lie quite another way
The Ladies ſafe may ſmile, for here's no Slander,
No Smut, no lewd-tongu'd Beau, no double Entendre.
'Tis true, he has a Spark juſt come from France,
But then ſo far from Beau—why, he talks Senſe!
Like Coin oft carry'd out, but—ſeldom brought from thence
There's yet a Gang to whom our Spark ſubmits,
Your Elbow-ſhaking Fool, that lives by's Wits,
That's only witty tho', juſt as he lives, by fits.
Who, Lion-like, through Bailiffs, ſcours away,
Hunts, in the Face, a Dinner all the Day,
At Night with empty Bowels grumbles o'er the Pla
And now the modiſh 'Prentice he implores,
Who, with his Maſter's Caſh, ſtol'n out of Doors,
Employs it on a Brace of——Honourable Whores:
While their good bulky Mother pleas'd, ſits by,
Bawd Regent of the Bubble Gallery.
Next to our mounted Friends, we humbly move,
Who all your Side-box Tricks are much above,
And never fail to pay us with your Love.
Ah Friends! poor Dorſet *Garden-houſe is gone;*
Our merry Meetings there are all undone:

PROLOGUE.

Quite loſt to us, ſure for ſome ſtrange Miſdeeds,
That ſtrong Dog Sampſon's *pull'd it o'er our Heads,*
Snaps Rope like Thread; but when his Fortune's told him,
He'll hear perhaps of Rope will one Day hold him:
At leaſt, I hope, that our good-natur'd Town
Will find a way to pull his Prices down.
Well, That's all! Now, Gentlemen, for the Play,
On ſecond Thoughts, I've but two Words to ſay;
Such as it is for your Delight deſign'd,
Hear it, read, try, judge, and ſpeak as you find.

Dramatis Perſonæ,

At DRURY-LANE, 1771.

MEN.

Sir Harry Wildair - - -	Mrs. *Barry.*
Beau Clincher - - -	Mr. *Jefferſon.*
Colonel Standard - - -	Mr. *Aickin.*
Alderman Smuggler - - -	Mr. *Parſons.*
Clincher junior - - -	Mr. *W. Palmer.*
Vizard - - - -	Mr. *Packer.*
Dicky - - - -	Mr. *Waldron.*
Tom Errand - - -	Mr. *Ackman.*

WOMEN.

Angelica - - - -	Miſs *Rogers.*
Lady Darling - - -	Mrs. *Croſs.*
Parly - - - -	Mrs. *Love.*
Lady Lurewell - - -	Mrs. *Baddeley.*

Conſtable, Mob, Porter's Wife, Servants, *&c.*

SCENE, *LONDON.*

TH

THE

Conſtant Couple.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Vizard *with a Letter, a Servant following.*

VIZARD.

ANGELICA ſend it back unopen'd! ſay you?

Serv. As you ſee, Sir.

Viz. The Pride of theſe virtuous Women is more inſufferable than the Immodeſty of Proſtitutes—After all my Encouragement to ſlight me thus!

Serv. She ſaid, Sir, that imagining your Morals ſincere, ſhe gave you Acceſs to her Converſation; but that your late Behaviour in her Company has convinc'd her, that your Love and Religion are both Hypocriſy, and that ſhe believes your Letter like yourſelf, fair on the Outſide, foul within; ſo ſent it back unopen'd.

Viz. May Obſtinacy guard her Beauty till Wrinkles bury it; then may Deſire prevail to make her curſe that untimely Pride her diſappointed Age repents—I'll be reveng'd the very firſt Opportunity—— Saw you the old Lady *Darling*, her Mother?

Serv. Yes, Sir, and ſhe was pleas'd to ſay much in your Commendation.

Viz. That's my Cue——An Eſteem grafted in Old Age is hardly rooted out; Years ſtiffen their Opinions with their Bodies, and old Zeal is only to be cozen'd by young Hypocriſy.——— [*Aſide.*

Run to the Lady *Lurewell's*, and know of her Maid, whether her Ladyſhip will be at home this Evening. Her Beauty is ſufficient Cure for *Angelica's* Scorn.

[*Exit Servant.* Vizard *pulls out a Book, reads, and walks about.*

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. Ay, there's a Pattern for the young Men o'th' Times, at his Meditation ſo early, ſome Book of pious Ejaculations, I'm ſure.

Viz. This *Hobs* is an excellent Fellow! [*Aſide.*] O Uncle *Smuggler!* To find you at this End o'th' Town is a Miracle.

Smug. I have ſeen a Miracle this Morning indeed, Couſin *Vizard.*

Viz. What is it, pray, Sir?

Smug. A Man at his Devotion ſo near the Court—I'm very glad, Boy, that you keep your Sanctity untainted in this infectious Place; the very Air of this Park is Heatheniſh, and every Man's Breath I meet ſcents of Atheiſm.

Viz. Surely, Sir, ſome great Concern muſt bring you to this unſanctify'd End of the Town.

Smug. A very unſanctify'd Concern truly, Couſin.

Viz. What is it?

Smug. A Law-Suit, Boy——Shall I tell you?——My Ship the *Swan* is newly arriv'd from *St. Sebaſtian*, laden with *Portugal* Wines: Now the impudent Rogue of a Tide-waiter has the Face to affirm it is *French* Wines in *Spaniſh* Caſks, and has indicted me upon the Statute——O Conſcience! Conſcience! Theſe Tide-waiters and Surveyors plague us more with their *French* Wines, than the War did with *French* Privateers————Ay, there's another Plague of the Nation——

Enter Colonel Standard.

A red Coat and Feather.

Viz. Col. *Standard*, I'm your humble Servant.

Stand.

nd. May be not, Sir.
. Why ſo?
nd. Becauſe——I'm diſbanded.
. How! Broke?
r. This very Morning, in *Hide-Park*, my brave ient, a thouſand Men that look'd like Lions Yeſ-, were ſcatter'd, and look'd as poor and ſimple as erd of Deer that graz'd beſide 'em.
g. Tal, al, deral [*Singing.*] I'll have a Bonfire ight as high as the Monument.
d. A Bonfire! Thou dry, wither'd, Ill nature; ot thoſe brave Fellows Swords defended you, your had been a Bonfire e'er this about your Ears.—— e not venture our Lives, Sir?
g. And did we not pay for your Lives, Sir?—— re your Lives! I'm ſure we ventur'd our Money, at's Life and Soul to me.——Sir, we'll maintain longer.
d. Then your Wives ſhall, old *Actæon.* There are d thirty ſtrapping Officers gone this Morning to on free Quarter in the City.
g. O Lord! O Lord! I ſhall have a Son within ine Months born with a leading Staff in his Hand. r, you are——
d. What, Sir.
r. Sir, I ſay that you are.——
d. What, Sir?
r. Diſbanded, Sir, that's all——I ſee my Law-der. [*Exit.*
Sir, I'm very ſorry for your Misfortune.
d. Why ſo? I don't come to borrow Money of f you're my Friend, meet me this Evening at the ; I'll pay my Foy, drink a Health to my King, ity to my Country, and away for *Hungary* to-Morning.
What! you won't leave us?
d. What! A Soldier ſtay here, to look like an ir of Colours in *Weſtminſter Hall*, ragged and No, no——I met Yeſterday a broken Lieu-he was aſham'd to own that he wanted a Dinner, g'd Eighteen-pence of me to buy a new Scabbard Sword.

Viz. O, but you have good Friends, Colonel!

Stand. O, very good Friends! My Father's a Lord, and my elder Brother a Beau; mighty-good Friends indeed!

Viz. But your Country may perhaps want your Sword again.

Stand. Nay, for that Matter, let but a ſingle Drum beat up for Volunteers between *Ludgate* and *Charing-Croſs*, and I ſhall undoubtedly hear it at the Walls of *Buda*.

Viz. Come, come, Colonel, there are Ways of making your Fortune at Home—Make your Addreſſes to the Fair, you're a Man of Honour and Courage.

Stand. Ay, my Courage is like to do me wondrous Service with the Fair: This pretty croſs Cut over my Eye will attract a Dutcheſs—I warrant 'twill be a mighty Grace to my Ogling——Had I us'd the Stratagem of a certain Brother Colonel of mine, I might ſucceed.

Viz. What was it, pray?

Stand. Why, to ſave his pretty Face for the Women, he always turn'd his Back upon the Enemy.——He was a Man of Honour for the Ladies.

Viz. Come, come, the Loves of *Mars* and *Venus* will never fail; you muſt get a Miſtreſs.

Stand. Prithee, no more on't——You have awaken'd a Thought, from which, and the Kingdom, I wou'd have ſtol'n away at once.——To be plain, I have a Miſtreſs.

Viz. And ſhe's cruel?

Stand. No.

Viz. Her Parents prevent your Happineſs?

Stand. Nor that.

Viz. Then ſhe has no Fortune?

Stand. A large one: Beauty to tempt all Mankind, and Virtue to beat off their Aſſaults. O *Vizard!* ſuch a Creature!

Enter Sir Harry Wildair, *croſſes the Stage ſinging, with Footmen after him.*

Hey-day! Who the Devil have we here?

Viz. The Joy of the Play-houſe, and Life of the Park; Sir *Harry Wildair*, newly come from *Paris*.

Stand.

Stand. Sir *Harry Wildair!* Did not he make a Campaign in *Flanders* ſome three or four Years ago?

Viz. The ſame.

Stand. Why, he behaved himſelf very bravely.

Viz. Why not? Do'ſt think Bravery and Gaiety are inconſiſtent? He's a Gentleman of moſt happy Circumſtances, born to a plentiful Eſtate; has had a genteel and eaſy Education, free from the Rigidneſs of Teachers, and Pedantry of Schools. His florid Conſtitution being never ruffled by Misfortune, nor ſtinted in its Pleaſures, has render'd him entertaining to others, and eaſy to himſelf.—Turning all Paſſion into Gaiety of Humour, by which he chuſes rather to rejoice with his Friends, than be hated by any; as you ſhall ſee.

Re-enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha, *Vizard!*

Viz. Sir *Harry!*

Wild. Who thought to find you out of the *Rubrick* ſo long? I thought thy Hypocriſy had been wedded to a Pulpit-Cuſhion long ago.—Sir, if I miſtake not your Face, your Name is *Standard.*

Stand. Sir *Harry*, I'm your humble Servant.

Wild. Come, Gentlemen, the News, the News o'th' Town, for I'm juſt arriv'd.

Viz. Why, in the City-end o'th' Town we're playing the Knave, to get Eſtates.

Stand. And in the Court-end playing the Fool, in ſpending 'em.

Wild. Juſt ſo in *Paris.* I'm glad we're grown ſo modiſh.

Viz. We are ſo reform'd, that Gallantry is taken for Vice.

Stand. And Hypocriſy for Religion.

Wild. Alamode de Paris again.

Viz. Not one Whore between *Ludgate* and *Aldgate.*

Stand. But ten Times more Cuckolds than ever.

Viz. Nothing like an Oath in the City.

Stand. That's a Miſtake; for my Major ſwore a hundred and fifty laſt Night to a Merchant's Wife in her Bedchamber.

Wild. Pſhaw, this is trifling; tell me News, Gentlemen. What Lord has lately broke his Fortune at the Groom-Porter's? or his Heart at *New-Market*, for the

Loſs of a Race? What Wife has been lately ſuing in *Doctors-Commons* for Alimony; or, what Daughter run away with her Father's *Valet?* What Beau gave the nobleſt Ball at the *Bath*, or had the fineſt Coach in the Ring? I want News, Gentlemen.

Stand. Faith, Sir, theſe are no News at all.

Viz. But pray, Sir *Harry*, tell us ſome News of your Travels.

Wild. With all my Heart.—You muſt know then, I went over to *Amſterdam* in a *Dutch* Ship: I there had a *Dutch* Whore for five Stivers. I went from thence to *Landen*, where I was heartily drub'd in the Battle with the But-end of a *Swiſs* Muſket. I thence went to *Paris*, where I had half a Dozen Intrigues, bought half a Dozen new Suits, fought a Couple of Duels, and here I am again *in ſtatu quo*.

Viz But we heard that you deſign'd to make the Tour of *Italy*; what brought you back ſo ſoon?

Wild. That which brought you into the World, and may perhaps carry you out of it; a Woman.

Stand. What! quit the Pleaſures of Travel for a Woman!

Wild. Ay, Colonel, for ſuch a Woman! I had rather ſee her *Ruelle* than the Palace of *Lewis le Grand*: There's more Glory in her Smile, than in the *Jubilee* at *Rome*; and I wou'd rather kiſs her Hand, than the Pope's Toe.

Viz. You, Colonel, have been very laviſh in the Beauty and Virtue of your Miſtreſs; and Sir *Harry* here has been no leſs eloquent in the Praiſe of his. Now will I lay you both ten Guineas a-piece, that neither of them is ſo pretty, ſo witty, or ſo virtuous, as mine.

Stand. 'Tis done.

Wild. I'll double the Stakes—But, Gentlemen, now I think on't, how ſhall we be reſolv'd? For I know not where my Miſtreſs may be found; ſhe left *Paris* about a Month before me, and I had an Account——

Stand. How, Sir! left *Paris* about a Month before you?

Wild. Yes, Sir, and I had an Account that ſhe lodg'd ſomewhere in St. *James's*.

Viz. How! ſomewhere in St. *James's*, ſay you?

Wild. Ay, Sir, but I know not where, and perhaps mayn't find her this Fortnight.

Stand

Stand. Her Name, pray, Sir *Harry*.

Viz. Ay, ay, her Name; perhaps we know her.

Wild. Her Name! Ay,——ſhe has the ſofteſt, whiteſt Hand that e'er was made of Fleſh and Blood; her Lips ſo balmy ſweet———

Stand. But her Name, Sir.

Wild. Then her Neck and Breaſt;——her Breaſts do ſo heave, ſo heave. [*Singing.*

Viz. But her Name, Sir; her Quality.

Wild. Then her Shape, Colonel!

Stand. But her Name I want, Sir.

Wild. Then her Eyes, *Vizard!*

Stand. Pſhaw, Sir *Harry*, her Name, or nothing.

Wild. Then if you muſt have it, ſhe's call'd the Lady ——— But then her Foot, Gentlemen; ſhe dances to a Miracle. *Vizard*, you have certainly loſt your Wager.

Viz. Why, you have certainly loſt your Senſes; we ſhall never diſcover the Picture, unleſs you ſubſcribe the Name.

Wild. Then her Name is *Lurewell.*

Stand. 'Sdeath, my Miſtreſs. [*Aſide.*

Viz. My Miſtreſs, by *Jupiter.* [*Aſide.*

Wild. Do you know her, Gentlemen?

Stand. I have ſeen her, Sir.

Wild. Can'ſt tell where ſhe lodges? Tell me, dear Colonel.

Stand. Your humble Servant, Sir. [*Exit* Stand.

Wild. Nay, hold, Colonel; I'll follow you, and will know. [*Runs out.*

Viz. The Lady *Lurewell*, his Miſtreſs! He loves her: But ſhe loves me.—But he's a Baronet, and I plain *Vizard*; he has a Coach and Six, and I walk on Foot; I was bred in *London*, and he in *Paris*.———That very Circumſtance has murder'd me——Then ſome Stratagem muſt be laid to divert his Pretenſions.

Re-enter Wildair.

Wild. Prithee, *Dick*, what makes the Colonel ſo out of Humour?

Viz. Becauſe he's out of Pay, I ſuppoſe.

Wild. 'Slife, that's true; I was beginning to miſtruſt ſome Rivalſhip in the Caſe.

Viz. And ſuppoſe there were, you know the Colonel can fight, Sir *Harry*.

Wild.

Wild. Fight! Pſhaw! but he can't dance, ha! We contend for a Woman, *Vizard!* 'Slife, Man, if Ladies were to be gain'd by Sword and Piſtol only, what the Devil ſhould all we Beaux do?

Viz. I'll try him farther. [*Aſide.*] But wou'd not you, Sir Harry, fight for this Woman you ſo much admire?

Wild. Fight! Let me conſider. I love her——that's true;—but then I love honeſt Sir *Harry Wildair* better. The Lady *Lurewell* is divinely charming———right——but then a Thruſt i'th' Guts, or a *Middleſex* Jury, is as ugly as the Devil.

Viz. Ay, Sir *Harry*, 'twere a dangerous Caſt for a Beau Baronet to be tried by a Parcel of greaſy, grumbling, bartering Boobies, who wou'd hang you, purely becauſe you're a Gentleman.

Wild. Ay, but, on t'other Hand, I have Money enough to bribe the Rogues with: So upon mature Deliberation, I would fight for her.——But no more of her. Prithee, *Vizard*, can't you recommend a Friend to a pretty Miſtreſs by the by, till I can find my own? You have Store I'm ſure; you cunning poaching Dogs make ſurer Game, than we that hunt open and fair. Prithee now, good *Vizard.*

Viz. Let me conſider a little.——Now Love and Revenge inſpire my Politics. [*Aſide.*

[*Pauſes whilſt Sir* Harry *walks ſinging.*

Wild. Pſhaw! thou'rt as long ſtudying for a new Miſtreſs, as a Drawer is piercing a new Pipe.

Viz. I deſign a new Pipe for you, and wholeſome Wine; you'll therefore bear a little Expectation.

Wild. Ha! ſay'ſt thou, dear *Vizard?*

Viz. A Girl of Sixteen, Sir *Harry.*

Wild. Now ſixteen thouſand Bleſſings light on thee.

Viz. Pretty and witty.

Wild. Ay, ay, but her Name, *Vizard.*

Viz. Her Name! yes,——ſhe has the ſofteſt whiteſt Hand that e'er was made of Fleſh and Blood; her Lips ſo balmy ſweet——

Wild. Well, well, but where ſhall I find her, Man?

Viz. Find her!——but then her Foot, Sir *Harry*; ſhe dances to a Miracle.

Wild. Prithee don't diſtract me.

Viz.

I think, Madam, I'm like to be very virtuous Service, if you teach me all thoſe Tricks that you our Lovers.

You're a Fool, Child! obſerve this, that tho' an ſwear, forſwear, lie, diſſemble, back-bite, d, vain, malicious, any Thing, if ſhe ſecures the hance, ſhe's ſtill virtuous; that's a Maxim.

I can't be perſuaded tho', Madam, but that you ov'd Sir *Harry Wildair* in *Paris*.

Of all the Lovers I ever had, he was my greateſt for I cou'd never make him uneaſy: I left him l in a Duel upon my Account: I long to know the Fop be kill'd or not.

Enter Standard.

rd! no ſooner talk of killing, but the Soldier is l up. You're upon hard Duty, Colonel, to ſerve ng, your Country, and a Miſtreſs too.

'. The latter, I muſt confeſs, is the hardeſt; for , Madam, we can be reliev'd in our Duty; but e, who wou'd take our Poſt, is our Enemy; ion in Glory is tranſporting, but Rivals here in- e.

Thoſe that bear away the Prize in the Field, boaſt the fame Succeſs in the Bed-chamber; hink, conſidering the Weakneſs of our Sex, we make thoſe our Companions who can be our ons.

'. I once, Madam, hop'd the Honour of defend- from all Injuries, thro' a Title to your lovely but now my Love muſt attend my Fortune. My ſſion, Madam, was my Paſs-port to the Fair; a Nobleneſs to my Paſſion, it ſtampt a Value in e; 'twas once the Life of Honour, but now its g-Sheet, and with it muſt my Love be buried.

What! diſbanded, Colonel?

'. Yes, Mrs. *Parly*.

Faugh, the nauſeous Fellow! he ſtinks of Poverty [*Aſide.*

His Misfortune troubles me, 'cauſe it may pre- r Deſigns. [*Aſide.*

'. I'll chuſe, Madam, rather to deſtroy my Paſ- Abſence abroad, than have it ſtarv'd at home.

Lure. I'm ſorry, Sir, you have ſo mean an Opinion of my Affection, as to imagine it founded upon your Fortune. And to convince you of your Miſtake, here I vow by all that's ſacred, I own the ſame Affection now as before. Let it ſuffice, my fortune is conſiderable.

Stand. No, Madam, no; I'll never be a Charge to her I love! The Man that ſells himſelf for Gold, is the worſt of Proſtitutes.

Lure. Now were he any other Creature but a Man, I coud love him. [*Aſide.*

Stand. This only laſt Requeſt I make, that no Title recommend a Fool, no Office introduce a Knave, nor Coat a Coward, to my Place in your Affections; ſo farewel my Country, and adieu my Love. [*Exit.*

Lure. Now the Devil take thee for being ſo honourable: Here, *Parly*, call him back, I ſhall loſe half my Diverſion elſe. Now for a trial of Skill. [*Re-enter* Colonel. Sir, I hope you'll pardon my Curioſity:
When do you take your Journey?

Stand. To-morrow morning, early, Madam.

Lure. So ſuddenly! which way are you deſign'd to travel?

Stand. That I can't yet reſolve on.

Lure. Pray, Sir, tell me; pray, Sir; I intreat you; why are you ſo obſtinate?

Stand. Why are you ſo curious, Madam?

Lure. Becauſe———

Stand. What!

Lure. Becauſe, I, I,———

Stand. Becauſe! What, Madam?—Pray tell me.

Lure. Becauſe I deſign to follow you. [*Crying.*

Stand. Follow me! By all that's great, I ne'er was proud before.
But ſuch Love from ſuch a Creature
Might ſwell the Vanity of the proudeſt Prince.
Follow me! By Heavens thou ſhalt not.
What! expoſe thee to the Hazards of a Camp——
Rather I'll ſtay, and here
Bear the Contempt of Fools, and worſt of Fortune.

Lure. You need not, ſhall not; my Eſtate for both is ſufficient.

Stand. Thy Eſtate! No, I'll turn a Knave, and purchaſe one myſelf; I'll cringe to the proud Man I under mine

mine, and fawn on him that I won'd bite to Death; I'll tip my Tongue with Flattery, and ſmooth my Face with Smiles; I'll turn Pimp, Informer, Office-broker, nay Coward, to be great; and ſacrifice it all to thee, my generous Fair.

Lure. And I'll diſſemble, lie, ſwear, jilt, any thing, but I'll reward thy Love, and recompenſe thy noble Paſſion.

Stand. Sir *Harry*, ha, ha, ha! poor Sir *Harry*, ha, ha, ha! Rather kiſs her Hand, than the Pope's Toe, ha, ha, ha!

Lure. What Sir *Harry*, Colonel! What Sir *Harry!*

Stand. Sir *Harry Wildair*, Madam.

Lure. What! Is he come over?

Stand. Ay, and he told me—but I don't believe a Syllable on't.

Lure. What did I tell you?

Stand. Only called you his Miſtreſs, and pretending to be extravagant in your Commendation, would vainly inſinuate the Praiſe of his own Judgment and good Fortune in a Choice.———

Lure. How eaſily is the Vanity of Fops tickled by our Sex!

Stand. Why, your Sex is the Vanity of Fops.

Lure. On my Conſcience, I believe ſo. This Gentleman, becauſe he danc'd well, I pitch'd on for a Partner at a Ball in *Paris*, and ever ſince he has ſo perſecuted me with Letters, Songs, Dances, Serenading, Flattery, Foppery, and Noiſe, that I was forc'd to fly the Kingdom——And I warrant you he made you jealous.

Stand. Faith, Madam, I was a little uneaſy.

Lure. You ſhall have a plentiful Revenge; I'll ſend him back all his fooliſh Letters, Songs and Verſes, and you yourſelf ſhall carry 'em; 'twill afford you Opportunity of triumphing, and free me from his farther Impertinence; for of all men he's my Averſion. I'll run and fetch them inſtantly.

Stand. Dear Madam, a rare Project! How ſhall I bait him like *Actæon* with his own Dogs.——Well, Mrs. *Parly*, it is order'd by *Act of Parliament*, that you receive no more Pieces, Mrs. *Parly*.———

Par. 'Tis provided by the ſame Act, that you ſend no more Meſſages by me, good Colonel; you muſt not pre-

tend

tend to ſend any more Letters, unleſs you can pay the Poſtage.

Stand. Come, come, don't be mercenary; take Example by your Lady, be honourable.

Par. A-lack-a-day, Sir, it ſhews as ridiculous and haughty for us to imitate our Betters in their Honour, as in their Finery; leave Honour to Nobility that can ſupport it: We poor Folks, Colonel, have no Pretence to't; and truly, I think, Sir, that your Honour ſhou'd be caſhier'd with your Leading-ſtaff.

Stand. 'Tis one of the greateſt Curſes of Poverty, to be the Jeſt of Chambermaids!

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Here's the Packet, Colonel; the whole Magazine of Love's Artillery, [*Gives him the Packet.*

Stand. Which ſince I have gain'd, I will turn upon the Enemy. Madam, I'll bring you the News of my Victory this Evening. Poor Sir *Harry*, ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Lure. To the right about as you were; march, Colonel! ha, ha, ha!

Vain Man, who boaſts of ſtudy'd Parts and Wiles!
Nature in us, your deepeſt Art beguiles,
Stamping deep Cunning in our Frowns and Smiles.
You toil for Art, your Intellects you trace;
Woman, without a Thought, bears Policy in her Face.

The End of the firſt ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, Clincher *Junior*'s *Lodgings.*

Enter Clincher *opening a Letter, Servant following.*

Dear Brother.

Clin.—reads. I *Will ſee you preſently; I have ſent this Lad to wait on you, he can inſtruct you in the Faſhions of the Town; I am your affectionate Brother,*

Clincher.

Very well, and what's your Name, Sir?

Dick.

Dick. My Name is *Dicky*, Sir?

Clin. Dicky!

Dick, Ay, *Dicky*, Sir.

Clin. Very well, a pretty Name! And what can you do, Mr. *Dicky?*

Dicky. Why, Sir, I can powder a Wig, and pick up a Whore.

Clin. O Lord! O Lord! A Whore! Why are there many Whores in this Town?

Dick. Ha, ha, ha! many Whores? There's a Queſtion indeed; why, Sir, there are above five hundred Surgeons in Town.—Hark'e, Sir, do you ſee that Woman there in the Velvet Scarf, and red Knots?

Clin. Ay, Sir, what then?

Dick. Why ſhe ſhall be at your Service in three Minutes, as I'm a Pimp.

Clin. O *Jupiter Ammon!* Why ſhe's a Gentlewoman.

Dick. a Gentlewoman! Why ſo are all the Whores in Town, Sir.

Enter Clincher *Senior.*

Clin. ſen. Brother, you're welcome to *London!*

Clin. jun. I thought, Brother, you ow'd ſo much to the Memory of my Father, as to wear Mourning for his Death.

Clin. ſen. Why ſo I do, Fool; I wear this becauſe I have the Eſtate, and you wear that, becauſe you have not the Eſtate. You have cauſe to mourn indeed, Brother. Well, Brother, I'm glad to ſee you, fare you well. [*Going.*

Clin. jun. Stay, ſtay, Brother; where are you going?

Clin. ſen. How natural 'tis for a Country Booby to aſk impertinent Queſtions. Hark'e, Sir, is not my Father Dead?

Clin. jun. Ay, ay, to my Sorrow.

Clin. ſen. No matter for that, he's dead; and am not I a young powder'd extravagant *Engliſh* Heir?

Clin. jun. Very right, Sir.

Clin. ſen. Why then, Sir, you may be ſure that I am going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Clin. jun. Jubilee! What's that?

Clin. ſen. Jubilee! Why the *Jubilee* is——faith, I don't know what it is.

Dick.

Dick. Why, the *Jubilee* is the ſame thing with our *Lord Mayor's* Day in the City; there will be *Pageants*, and *Squibs*, and *Raree Shows*, and all that, Sir.

Clin. jun. And muſt you go ſo ſoon, Brother?

Clin. ſen. Yes, Sir, for I muſt ſtay a Month in *Amſterdam*, to ſtudy Poetry.

Clin. jun. Then I ſuppoſe, Brother, you travel through *Muſcovy* to learn Faſhions, don't you, Brother?

Clin. ſen. Brother! Prithee, *Robin*, don't call me Brother; Sir will do every jot as well.

Clin. jun. O *Jupiter Ammon!* Why ſo?

Clin. ſen. Becauſe People will imagine that you have a Spite at me.——But have you ſeen your Couſin *Angelica* yet, and her Mother the Lady *Darling?*

Clin. jun. No, my Dancing-maſter has not been with me yet. How ſhall I ſalute them, Brother?

Clin. ſen. Pſhaw, that's eaſy; 'tis only two Scrapes, a Kiſs, and your humble Servant. I'll tell you more when I come from the *Jubilee*. Come along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Lady* Darling's *Houſe.*

Enter Wildair *with a Letter.*

Wild. *Like Light and Heat incorporate we lay,*
We bleſs'd the Night, and curs'd the coming Day.

Well, if this Paper-kite flies ſure, I'm ſecure of my Game—Humph! The prettieſt *Bordel* I have ſeen, a very ſtately genteel one. [*Footmen croſs the Stage.* Hey day! Equipage too! Now for a Bawd by the *Curteſy*, and a Whore with a *Coat of Arms.*—'Sdeath, I'm afraid I've miſtaken the Houſe.

Enter Lady Darling.

No, this muſt be the Bawd by her Bulk.

Darl. Your Buſineſs, pray, Sir?

Wild. Pleaſure, Madam.

Darl. Then, Sir, you have no Buſineſs here.

Wild. This Letter, Madam, will inform you farther; Mr. *Vizard* ſent it, with his humble Service to your Ladyſhip.

Darl. How does my Couſin, Sir?

Wild. Ay, her Couſin too; that's right Procureſs again. Madam,

Madam,

Darl. reads. *Earneſt Inclination to ſerve*——*Sir* Harry ——*Madam*——*Court my Couſin*—— *Gentleman*——*Fortune*——

Your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant.

VIZARD.

Sir, Your Fortune and Quality are ſufficient to recommend you any where; but what goes farther with me, is he Recommendation of ſo ſober and pious a young Gentleman as my Couſin *Vizard.*

Wild. A right ſanctify'd Bawd o'my Word.

Darl. Sir *Harry*, your Converſation with Mr. *Vizard* rgues you a Gentleman, free from the looſe and vicious arriage of the Town; I'll therefore call my Daughter. [*Exit.*

Wild. Now go thy way for an illuſtrious Bawd of *abylon*——She dreſſes up a Sin ſo religiouſly, that the evil wou'd hardly know it of his making.

Re enter Darling *with* Angelica.

Darl. Pray, Daughter, uſe him civilly; ſuch Matches on't offer every Day.

Wild. O all ye Powers of Love! An Angel! 'Sdeath, hat Money have I got in my Pocket! I can't offer her ſs than twenty Guineas——and by *Jupiter* ſhe's orth a hundred.

Angel. 'Tis he! The very ſame! And his Perſon as greeable as his Character of good Humour——Pray leav'n his Silence proceed from Reſpect.

Wild. How innocent ſhe looks! How would that Modeſty adorn Virtue, when it makes even Vice look ſo harming!——By Heaven there's ſuch a commanding nocence in her Looks, that I dare not aſk the Queſtion.

Angel. Now all the Charms of real Love and feign'd ndifference aſſiſt me to engage his Heart, for mine is oſt already.

Wild. Madam—I, I——Zoons, I cannot ſpeak to her —But ſhe's a Whore, and I will——Madam, in ſhort, , I——O Hypocriſy, Hypocriſy, what a charming in art thou?

Angel. He is caught; now to ſecure my Conqueſt—thought, Sir, you had Buſineſs to communicate.

Wild. Buſineſs to communicate! How nicely ſhe words it! Yes, Madam, I have a little Buſineſs to communicate. Don't you love ſinging Birds, Madam?

Angel. That's an odd Queſtion for a Lover——Yes, Sir.

Wild. Why then, Madam, here is a Neſt of the prettieſt Goldfinches that ever chirp'd in a Cage; twenty young ones, I aſſure you, Madam.

Angel. Twenty young ones! What then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, Madam, there are—twenty young ones —'Slife, I think twenty is pretty fair.

Angel. He's mad, ſure—Sir *Harry*, when you have learn'd more Wit and Manners, you ſhall be welcome here again.

Wild. Wit and Manners! Egad, now I conceive there is a great deal of Wit and Manners in twenty Guineas—I'm ſure 'tis all the Wit and Manners I have about me at preſent. What ſhall I do?

Enter Clincher *junior and* Dicky.

What the Devil's here? Another Couſin, I warrant ye! Hark'e, Sir, can you lend me ten or a dozen Guineas inſtantly? I'll pay you fifteen for them in three Hours, upon my Honour.

Clin. jun. Theſe *London* Sparks are plaguy impudent! This Fellow, by his Wig and Aſſurance, can be no leſs than a Courtier.

Dick. He's rather a Courtier by his borrowing.

Clinch jun Faith, Sir, I ha'n't above five Guineas about me.

Wild. What Buſineſs have you here then, Sir? For to my Knowledge twenty won't be ſufficient.

Clinch. jun. Sufficient! For what, Sir?

Wild What, Sir! Why, for that, Sir; what the Devil ſhould it be, Sir? I know your Buſineſs, notwithſtanding all your Gravity, Sir.

Clinch. jun. My Buſineſs! Why my Couſin lives here.

Wild. I know your Couſin does live here, and *Vizard's* Couſin, and every Body's Couſin.——Hark'e, Sir, I ſhall return immediately; and if you offer to touch her till I come back, I ſhall cut your Throat, Raſcal. [*Exit.*

Clinch jun. Why the Man's mad, ſure!

Dick. Mad, Sir, ay; why he's a Beau.

Clinch.

Clinch. jun. A Beau! What's that? Are all Madmen ıux?

Dick. No, Sir; but moſt Beaux are Madmen. But now your Couſin: Remember your three Scrapes, a Kiſs, l your humble Servant. [Exeunt, *as into the Houſe.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Wildair, *Colonel following.*

Stand. Sir *Harry*, Sir *Harry!*

Wild. I'm in haſte, Colonel; beſides, if you're in no tter Humour than when I parted with you in the Park is Morning, your Company won't be very agreeable.

Stand. You're a happy Man, Sir *Harry*, who are never t of Humour: Can nothing move your Gall, Sir *Harry?*

Wild. Nothing but Impoſſibilities, which are the ſame as thing.

Stand. What Impoſſibilities?

Wild. The Reſurrection of my Father to diſinherit me, an Act of Parliament againſt Wenching. A Man of ght thouſand Pounds *per Annum* to be vext! No, no; ager and Spleen are Companions for younger Brothers.

Stand. Suppoſe one call'd you Son of a Whore behind ur Back.

Wild. Why, then wou'd I call him Raſcal behind his ck; ſo we're even.

Stand. But ſuppoſe you had loſt a Miſtreſs.

Wild. Why, then I wou'd get another.

Stand. But ſuppoſe you were diſcarded by the Woman u love, that won'd ſurely trouble you.

Wild. You're miſtaken, Colonel; my Love is neither ro-antically honourable, nor meanly mercenary; 'tis only a ich of Gratitude; while ſhe loves me, I love her; when e deſiſts, the Obligation's void.

Stand. But to be miſtaken in your Opinion, Sir; if the ady *Lurewell* (only ſuppoſe it) had diſcarded you—I ſay, nly ſuppoſe it——and had ſent your Diſcharge by me.

Wild. Pſhaw! that's another Impoſſibility.

Stand. Are you ſure of that?

Wild. Why, 'twere a Soleciſm in Nature. Why ſhe's a lib of me, Sir. She dances with me, ſings with me, plays ith me, ſwea-- with me, lies with me.

Stand. How, Sir?

Wild. I mean in an honourable Way; that is, ſhe for me. In ſhort, we are as like one another as a coc of Guineas.

Stand. Now that I have rais'd you to the higheſt I nacle of Vanity, will I give you ſo mortifying a Fall, ſhall daſh your Hopes to Pieces.——I pray your Honour peruſe theſe Papers. [*Gives him the Pac*

Wild. What is't, the Muſter-Roll of your Regime Colonel?

Stand. No, no, 'tis a Liſt of your Forces in your Love Campaign; and, for your Comfort, all diſbanded.

Wild. Prithee, good Metaphorical Colonel, what d mean?

Stand. Read, Sir, read; theſe are the *Sibyls* Leaves t will unfold your Deſtiny.

Wild. So it be not a falſe Deed to cheat me of Eſtate, what care I——[*Opening the Packet*] Humph! Hand! To the Lady *Lurewell*—To the Lady *Lurewell* To the Lady *Lurewell*——What the Devil haſt thou be tampering with, to conjure up theſe Spirits?

Stand. A certain familiar of your Acquaintance, S Read, read.

Wild [*Reading*]—Madam, my Paſſion—ſo natural—yc Beauty contending—Force of Charms—Mankind—Et nal Admirer *Wildair!* I ne'er was aſham'd of my Na before.

Stand. What, Sir *Harry Wildair* out of Humour! ha, h ha! Poor Sir *Harry*; more Glory in her Smile than in t *Jubilee* at *Rome*, ha, ha, ha! But then her Foot, Sir *Har* ſhe dances to a Miracle! ha, ha, ha! Fie, Sir *Harry*, Man of your Parts write Letters not worth keeping! Wh ſay'ſt thou, my dear Knight Errant? ha, ha, ha! you m ſeek Adventures now indeed.

Wild. [*ſings*] No, no, let her wander, *&c.*

Stand. You are jilted to ſome Tune, Sir; blown up wi falſe Muſic, that's all.

Wild. Now, why ſhould I be angry that a Woman is Woman? Since Inconſtancy and Falſhood are grounded their Natures, how can they help it?

Stand. Then they muſt be grounded in your Nature; f ſhe's a Rib of you, Sir *Harry*.

Wi

Here's a Copy of Verſes too; I muſt turn Poet in
l's Name——Stay—'Sdeath, what's here? This is
l—Oh the charming Characters! *My dear* Wildair.
.] That's I egad! *this huff bluff Colonel*——that's
e rareſt fool in Nature—the Devil he is!—*and as*
e I us'd him—with all my Heart, faith——*I had no*
ty of letting him know that I lodge in St. James's *near*
Lamb. *Lurewell.* Colonel, I am your moſt humble

Hold, Sir, you ſha'n't go yet; I ha'n't deliver'd
Meſſage.
Upon my Faith but you have, Colonel.
Well, well, own your Spleen; out with it, I know
ke to burſt.
I am ſo, egad! ha, ha, ha!
[*Laugh and point at one another.*
. Ay, with all my Heart, ha, ha!
ell, that's forc'd, Sir *Harry*.
I was never better pleas'd in all my Life, by

. Well, Sir *Harry*, 'tis Prudence to hide your Con-
ıen there's no Help for't—: But to be ſerious now.
ly has ſent you back all your Papers there—I was
ı not to look upon 'em.
I'm glad on't, Sir; for there were ſome Things that
not have you ſee.
. All this ſhe has done for my Sake, and I deſire
uld decline any farther Pretenſions for your own
e, honeſt, good-natur'd Sir *Harry*, I'm your humble
[*Exit.*
Ha, ha, ha, poor Colonel! O the Delight of an
ıs Miſtreſs! what a Life and Briſkneſs it adds
mour, like the Loves of mighty *Jove*, ſtill ſuing in
: Shapes. A *Legerdemain Miſtreſs*, who, *Præſto!*
ınd ſhe's vaniſh'd; then *Hey!* in an Inſtant in your
gain. [*Going.*

Enter Vizard.

Well met, Sir *Harry*; what News from the Iſland
:?
. Faith, we made but a broken Voyage by your
but now I am bound for another Port: I told you
.onel was my Rival.

Viz. The Colonel! curs'd Misfortune! another! [*Aſide.*

Wild. But the civileſt in the World; he brought me Word where my Miſtreſs lodges: The Story's too long to tell you now, for I muſt fly.

Viz. What! have you given over all Thoughts of *Angelica?*

Wild. No, no, I'll think of her ſome other Time. But now for the Lady *Lurewell:* Wit and Beauty calls.

That Miſtreſs ne'er can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whoſe Wit can whet, whene'er her Beauty cloys.
Her little amorous Frauds all Truths excel,
And make us happy, being deceiv'd ſo well. Exit.

Viz. ſolus.——The Colonel my Rival too! how ſhall I manage? There is but one Way—him and the Knight will I ſet a tilting, where one cuts t'other's Throat, and the Survivor's hang'd: So there will be two Rivals pretty decently diſpos'd of. Since Honour may oblige them to play the Fool, why ſhould not Neceſſity engage me to play the Knave. [*Exit*

SCENE, Lurewell's *Lodgings.*

Lurewell *and* Parly.

Lure. Has my Servant brought me the Money from my Merchant?

Par. No, Madam; he met Alderman *Smuggler* at *Charing Croſs*, who has promis'd to wait on you himſelf immediately.

Lure. 'Tis odd that this old Rogue ſhou'd pretend to love me, and at the ſame Time cheat me of my Money.

Par. 'Tis well, Madam, if he don't cheat you of your Eſtate; for you ſay the Writings are in his Hands.

Lure. But what Satisfaction can I get of him? Oh! here he comes.

Enter Smuggler.

Mr. Alderman, your Servant; have you brought me any Money, Sir?

Smug. Faith, Madam, Trading is very dead; what with paying the Taxes, raiſing the Cuſtoms, Loſſes at Sea abroad, and

and maintaining our Wives at home, the Bank is reduc'd very low.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, theſe Evaſions won't ſerve your Turn; I muſt have Money, Sir——I hope you don't deſign to cheat me.

Smug. Cheat you, Madam! have a care what you ſay: I'm an Alderman, Madam! Cheat you, Madam! I have been an honeſt Citizen theſe five and thirty Years!

Lure. An honeſt Citizen! bear witneſs, *Parly!* I ſhall trap him in more Lies preſently.——Come, Sir, tho' I am a Woman, I can take a Courſe.

Smug. What Courſe, Madam? You'll go to Law, will ye? I can maintain a Suit of Law, be it right or wrong, theſe forty Years, I am ſure of that, thanks to the honeſt Practice of the Courts.

Lure. Sir, I'll blaſt your Reputation, and ſo ruin your Credit.

Smug. Blaſt my Reputation! he, he, he! Why, I'm a religious Man, Madam! I have been very inſtrumental in the Reformation of Manners. Ruin my Credit! ah, poor Woman. There is but one Way, Madam,—you have a ſweet leering Eye.

Lure. You inſtrumental in the Reformation! How?

Smug. I whipt all the Whores, Cut and Long-Tail, out of the Pariſh:—Ah! that leering Eye!—*Then I voted for pulling down the Playhouſe*:—Ah! that Ogle, that Ogle:—*Then my own pious Example*:——Ah! that Lip, that Lip!

Lure. Here's a religious Rogue for you now!——As I hope to be ſav'd, I have a good mind to beat the Old Monſter.

Smug. Madam, I have brought you about a hundred and fifty Guineas, (a great deal of Money as Times go) and—

Lure. Come, give 'em me.

Smug. Ah! that Hand, that Hand, that pretty ſoft, white—I have brought it, you ſee; but the Condition of the Obligation is ſuch, that whereas that leering Eye, that pouting Lip, that pretty ſoft Hand, that——you underſtand me; you underſtand, I'm ſure you do, you little Rogue——

Lure. Here's a Villain now, ſo covetous, that he won't Wench upon his own Coſt, but would bribe me with my own Money. I'll be reveng'd——Upon my Word, Mr. Alderman, you make me bluſh; what d'ye mean, pray?

Smug. See here, Madam.

[*Puts a Piece of Money in his Mouth.*

Buſs and Guinea, Buſs and Guinea, Buſs and Guinea.

Lure. Well, Mr. Alderman, you have ſuch pretty winning Ways, that I will, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Smug. Will you indeed, he, he, he! my little Cocket; and when? and where? and how?

Lure. 'Twill be a difficult Point, Sir, to ſecure both our Honours; you muſt therefore be diſguis'd, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Pihaw! no matter, I am an old Fornicator, I'm not half ſo religious as I ſeem to be. You little Rogue; why, I'm diſguis'd as I am; our Sanctity is all Outſide, all Hypocriſy.

Lure. No Man is ſeen to come into this Houſe after Night-fall; you muſt therefore ſneak in, when 'tis dark, in Woman's Cloaths.

Smug. With all my Heart.—I have a Suit on purpoſe, my little Cocket: I love to be diſguis'd, I cod, I make a very handſome Woman, I cod I do.

Enter Servant, whiſpers Lurewell.

Lure. Oh! Mr. Alderman, ſhall I beg you to walk into the next Room? here are ſome Strangers coming up.

Smug. Buſs and Guinea firſt; ah, my little Cocket

[*Exit*

Enter Wildair.

Wild. *My Life, my Soul, my all that Heaven can give.*

Lure. *Death's Life with thee, without thee Death to live.*

Welcome, my dear Sir *Harry*; I ſee you got my Directions

Wild. Directions! in the moſt charming Manner, thou dear *Machiavel* of Intrigue.

Lure. Still briſk and airy, I find, Sir *Harry.*

Wild. The Sight of you, Madam, exalts my Air, and makes Joy lighten in my Face.

Lure. I have a thouſand Queſtions to aſk you, Sir *Harry* How d'ye like *France?*

Wild. Ah! *eſt le plus beau Pais du Monde.*

Lure. Then what made you leave it ſo ſoon?

Wild. Madam, *vous voyez que je vous ſuy par-tout.*

Lure. O Monſieur, *je vouz ſuis fort obligée*—But, where' the Court now?

Wil

At *Marli*, Madam.

And where my Count *La Valier?*

His Body's in the Church of *Nôtre Dame*; I don't here his Soul is.

What Diſeaſe did he die of?

A *Duel*, Madam; I was his *Doctor*.

How d'ye mean?

As moſt Doctors do, I kill'd him.

En Cavalier, my dear Knight Errant; well, and nd how; what Intrigues, what Gallantries are car- n in the *Beau Monde?*

I ſhou'd aſk you that Queſtion, Madam, ſince your p makes the *Beau Monde* wherever you come.

Ah! Sir *Harry*, I've been almoſt ruin'd, peſter'd to here, by the inceſſant Attacks of a mighty Colonel; beſieg'd me as cloſe as our Army did *Namur*.

I hope your Ladyſhip did not ſurrender tho'.

No, no, but was forced to capitulate; but ſince come to raiſe the Siege, we'll dance, and ſing, and

And love and kiſs—*Montrez moy votre Chambre.*

Attande, attande, un peu—I remember, Sir *Harry*, omis'd me in *Paris*, never to aſk that impertinent n again.

Pſhaw, Madam, that was above two Months ago; Madam, Treaties made in *France* are never kept.

Wou'd you marry me, Sir *Harry?*

Oh! *Le marriage eſt une grand mals.*——But I will you.

Your Word, Sir, is not to be rely'd on; if a Gentle- ill forfeit his Honour in Dealings of Buſineſs, we may bly ſuſpect his Fidelity in an Amour.

My Honour in Dealings of Buſineſs! why, Ma- never had any Buſineſs all my Life.

Yes, Sir *Harry*, I have heard a very odd Story, ſorry that a Gentleman of your Figure ſhou'd un- he Scandal.

Out with it, Madam.

Why, the Merchant, Sir, that tranſmitted your Exchange to you in *France*, complains of ſome in- nd diſhonourable Dealings.

Wild. Who, old *Smuggler!*

Lure. Ay, ay, you know him I find.

Wild. I have ſome Reaſon, I think; why, the Rogue has cheated me of above five hundred Pounds within theſe three Years.

Lure. 'Tis your Buſineſs then to acquit yourſelf publicly; for he ſpreads the Scandal every where.

Wild. Acquit myſelf publicly! —— Here, Sirrah, my Coach; I'll drive inſtantly into the City, and cane the old Villain round the *Royal Exchange*; he ſhall run the Gauntlet through a thouſand bruſht Beavers and formal Cravats.

Lure. Why, he is in the Houſe now, Sir.

Wild. What, in this Houſe?

Lure. Ay, in the next Room.

Wild. Then, Sirrah, lend me your Cudgel.

Lure. Sir *Harry*, you won't raiſe a Diſturbance in my Houſe?

Wild. Diſturbance, Madam, no, no; I'll beat him with the Temper of a Philoſopher. Here, Mrs. *Parly*, ſhew me the Gentleman. [Exit. *with* Parly

Lure. Now ſhall I get the old Monſter well beaten, and Sir *Harry* peſter'd next Term with Bloodſheds, Batteries, Coſts and Damages, Solicitors and Attorneys; and if they don't teize him out of his good Humour, I'll never play again. [*Exit*

SCENE. *changes to another Room in the ſame Houſe.*

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. O, this damn'd Tide-waiter! A Ship and Cargo worth five thouſand Pounds! why, 'tis richly worth five hundred Perjuries.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Dear Mr. Alderman, I'm your moſt devoted and humble Servant.

Smug. My beſt Friend, Sir *Harry*, you're welcome to *England*.

Wild. I'll aſſure you, Sir, there's not a Man in the King's Dominions I am gladder to meet, dear, dear Mr. Alderman! [*Bowing very low*

Smug

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you Travellers have the moſt oblig-ag ways with you.

Wild. There is a Buſineſs, Mr. Alderman, fall'n out, hich you may oblige me infinitely by——I am very ſorry hat I am forc'd to be troubleſome; but Neceſſity, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Ay, Sir, as you ſay, Neceſſity——But upon my Word, Sir, I am very ſhort of Money at preſent, but——

Wild. That's not the Matter, Sir; I'm above an Obligation hat way; but the Buſineſs is, I'm reduc'd to an indiſpenſible Neceſſity of being oblig'd to you for a Beating——Here take his Cudgel.

Smug. A Beating, Sir *Harry!* ha, ha, ha! I beat a Knight laronet! an Alderman turn Cudgel-Player! ha, ha, ha!

Wild. Upon my Word, Sir, you muſt beat me, or I udgel you; take your Choice.

Smug. Pſhaw, pſhaw, you jeſt.

Wild. Nay, 'tis ſure as Fate: ſo, Alderman, I hope you'll ardon my Curioſity. [*Strikes him.*

Smug. Curioſity! Duce take your Curioſity, Sir; what 'ye mean?

Wild. Nothing at all; I'm but in jeſt, Sir.

Smug. O, I can take any thing in jeſt; but a Man might magine by the Smartneſs of the Stroke, that you were in ownright earneſt.

Wild. Not in the leaſt, Sir; [*Strikes him.*], not in the aſt indeed, Sir.

Smug. Pray, good Sir, no more of your Jeſts, for they are he blunteſt Jeſts that ever I knew.

Wild. [*Strikes.*] I heartily beg your Pardon, with all my Heart, Sir.

Smug. Pardon, Sir! well, Sir, that is Satisfaction enough rom a Gentleman: But ſeriouſly now, if you paſs any nore of your Jeſts upon me, I ſhall grow angry.

Wild. I humbly beg your Permiſſion to break one or two nore. [*Strikes him.*

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you'll break my Bones: Are you nad, Sir? Murder, Felony, Manſlaughter!

[Wild. *knocks him down.*

Wild. Sir, I beg you ten thouſand Pardons; but I am bſolutely compell'd to't, upon my Honour, Sir: nothing

can be more averſe to my Inclinations, than to with my honeſt, dear, loving, obliging Friend, the A man.

[*Striking him all this while,* Smuggler *tumbles and over. and ſhakes out his Pocket-Book on the F* Lurewell *enters, takes it up*]

Lure. The old Rogue's Pocket-book; this may h uſe. [*Aſide.*] O Lord, Sir *Harry*'s murdering the poo Man.——

Smug. O dear Madam, I was beaten in jeſt, 'till murder'd in good earneſt.

Lure. Well, well, I'll bring you off, *Senior—Fra Frapez!*

Smug. O! for Charity's Sake, Madam, reſcue a Citizen.

Lure. O you barbarous Man! Hold! hold! *Frapez rudiment!*

Frapez! I wonder you are not aſham'd, [*Holding* Wild poor reverend honeſt Elder—[*Helps* Smug. *up.*] It m me weep to ſee him in this Condition, poor Man! Now the Devil take you, Sir *Harry*—For not beating harder. Well, my Dear, you ſhall come at Night, anc make you amends. [*Here Sir* Harry *takes S*

Smug. Madam, I will have Amends before I leav Place.

Sir how durſt you uſe me thus?

Wild. Sir?

Smug. Sir, I ſay that I will have Satisfaction.

Wild. With all my Heart. [*Throws Snuff into his .*

Smug. O! Murder, Blindneſs, Fire! O Madam, Ma get me ſome Water! Water, Fire, Fire, Water!

[*Exit with* Lure

Wild. How pleaſant is reſenting an Injury without Paſ 'Tis the Beauty of Revenge.

Let Statesmen plot, and under Buſineſs groan,
And ſettling public Quiet, loſe their own;
Let Soldiers drudge and fight for Pay, or Fame,
For when they're ſhot, I think 'tis much the ſame;
Let Scholars vex their Brains with Mood and Tenſe,
And mad with Strength of Reaſon, Fools commence,
Loſing their Wits in ſearching after Senſe;

Their Summum Bonum *they muſt toil to gain,*
And ſeeking Pleaſure, ſpend their Life in Pain:
I make the moſt of Life, no Hour miſpend,
Pleaſure's the Mean, and Pleaſure is my End.
No Spleen, no Trouble ſhall my Time deſtroy,
Life's but a Span, I'll every Inch enjoy. [Exit.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Standard *and* Vizard.

Stand. I Bring him Word where ſhe lodg'd! I the civileſt Rival in the World! 'Tis impoſſible.

Viz. I ſhall urge it no farther, Sir.
I only thought, Sir, that my Character in the World might add Authority to my Words without ſo many Repetitions.

Stand. Pardon me, dear *Vizard.*
Our Belief ſtruggles hard before it can be brought to yield to the Diſadvantage of what we love;
'Tis ſo great an Abuſe to our Judgment, that it makes the Faults of our Choice our own Failing.
But what ſaid Sir *Harry?*

Viz. He pitied the poor credulous Colonel, laugh'd heartily.
Flew away with all the Raptures of a Bridegroom, repeating theſe Lines,

A Miſtreſs ne'er can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whoſe Wit can whet, whene'er her Beauty cloys.

Stand. A Miſtreſs ne'er can pall! By all my Wrongs he whores her! And I'm made their Property. Vengeance! *Vizard,* you muſt carry a Note for me to Sir *Harry.*

Viz. What! a Challenge! I hope you don't deſign to fight?

Stand. What! Wear the Livery of my King, and pock an Affront! 'Twere an Abuſe to his Sacred Majeſty; Soldier's Sword, *Vizard*, ſhould ſtart of itſelf to redreſs it Maſter's Wrong.

Viz. However, Sir, I think it not proper for me to car any ſuch Meſſage between Friends.

Stand. I have ne'er a Servant here, what ſhall I do?

Viz. There's *Tom Errand*, the Porter, that plies at th *Blue Poſts*, one who knows Sir *Harry* and his Haunts ver well; you may ſend a Note by him.

Stand. Here you, Friend.

Viz. I have now ſome Buſineſs, and muſt take my Leave I would adviſe you nevertheleſs againſt this Affair.

Stand. No wiſpering now, nor telling of Friends to pre vent us. He that diſappoints a Man of an honourable Re venge, may love him fooliſhly like a Wife, but never valu him as a Friend.

Viz. Nay, the Devil take him that parts you, ſay I.

Enter Porter running.

Err. Did your Honour call Porter?

Stand. Is your Name *Tom Errand?*

Err. People call me ſo, an't like your Worſhip——

Stand. D'ye know Sir *Harry Wildair?*

Err. Ay, very well, Sir; he's one of my beſt Maſters many a round Half-crown have I had of his Worſhip; he' newly come home from *France*, Sir.

Stand. Go to the next Coffee-houſe, and wait for me O Woman, Woman, how bleſt is Man, when favour'd b your Smiles, and how accurs'd when all thoſe Smiles ar found but wanton Baits to ſooth us to Deſtruction?

chief Joys with baſe Allays are curſt,
our beſt Things, when once corrupted, worſt. [Exi

Enter Wildair *and* Clincher ſenior *following.*

, ſen. Sir, Sir, Sir, having ſome Buſineſs of Im s to communicate to you, I wou'd beg your Atten o a trifling Affair that I wou'd impart to your Under ing.

l. What is your trifling Buſineſs of Importance, pray

Clinch

b. ſon. Pray, Sir, are the Roads deep between this
'it.

. Why that Queſtion, Sir?

b. ſon. Becauſe I deſign to go to the *Jubilee*, Sir; ſtand that you are a Traveller, Sir; there is an Travel in the Tie of your Cravat, Sir; there is in- ir—I ſuppoſe, Sir, you bought this Lace in *Flan-*

. No, Sir, this Lace was made in *Norway*.

b. ſon. Norway, Sir!

. Yes, Sir, of the Shavings of Deal-boards.

b. ſon. That's very ſtrange now, faith—Lace made Shavings of Deal-boards! Egad, Sir, you Travel- very ſtrange Things abroad, very incredible Things indeed. Well, I'll have a Cravat of the very ſame :fore I come home.

. But, Sir, what Preparations have you made for urney?

b. ſon. A Caſe of Pocket-piſtols for the Bravo's— wimming Girdle.

. Why theſe, Sir?

b. ſon. O Lord! Sir, I'll tell you——ſuppoſe us in ow; away goes I to ſome Ball—for I'll be a mighty Then, as I ſaid, I go to ſome Ball, or ſome Bear- , 'tis all one you know——then comes a fine *Italian* *oba*, and plucks me by the Sleeve, *Signior Angle*, *Angle*—ſhe's a very fine Lady, obſerve that—*Signior* ſays ſhe.—*Signora*, ſays I, and trips after her to the of a Street, ſuppoſe it *Ruſſel-Street* here, or any ſtreet; then you know, I muſt invite her to the , I can do no leſs.—There up comes her Bravo; the grows ſaucy, and I give him an *Engliſh* Douſe of the I can Box, Sir, box tightly; I was a 'Prentice, Sir, hen, Sir, he whips out his *Stilletto*, and I whips out *l-Dog*—ſlaps him through, trips down Stairs, turns rner of *Ruſſel-Street* again, and whips me into the ador's Train, and there I'm ſafe as a Beau behind nes.

. Is your Piſtol charg'd, Sir?

b. ſon. Only a Brace of Bullets, that's all, Sir.

. 'Tis a very fine Piſtol, truly; pray let me ſee it.

b. ſon. With all my Heart, Sir.

Wild.

Wild. Hark'e, Mr. *Jubilee*, can you digeſt a Brace of Bullets?

Clinch. ſen. O by no Means in the World, Sir!

Wild. I'll try the Srength of your Stomach, however. Sir, you're a dead Man. [*Preſenting the Piſtol to his Breaſt.*

Clinch. ſen. Conſider, dear Sir! I am going to the *Jubilee*, when I come home again, I am a dead Man at your Service.

Wild. O very well, Sir! but take heed you are not ſo choleric for the future.

Clinch. ſen. Choleric, Sir! Oons! I deſign to ſhoot ſeven *Italians* a Week, Sir.

Wild. Sir, you won't have Provocation.

Clinch. ſen. Provocation, Sir! Zauns, Sir, I'll kill any Man for treading upon my Corns, and there will be a deviliſh Throng of People there; they ſay that all the Princes in *Italy* will be there.

Wild. And all the Fops and Fiddlers in *Europe*—But the Uſe of your ſwimming Girdle, pray, Sir?

Clinch. ſen. O Lord, Sir! That's eaſy. Suppoſe the Ship caſt away; now, whilſt other fooliſh People are buſy at their Prayers, I whip on my ſwimming Girdle, clap a Month's Proviſion into my Pocket, and ſails me away like an Egg in a Duck's Belly.—And hark'e, Sir, I have a new Project in my Head. Where d'ye think my ſwimming Girdle ſhall carry me upon this Occaſion? 'Tis a new Project.

Wild. Where, Sir?

Clinch. ſen. To *Civita Vecchia*, faith and troth, and ſo ſave the Charges of my Paſſage. Well, Sir, you muſt pardon me now, I'm going to ſee my Miſtreſs. [*Exit.*

Wild. This Fellow's an accompliſh'd Aſs before he goes abroad. Well! This *Angelica* has got into my Heart, and I can't get her out of my Head. I muſt pay her t'other Viſit.

SCENE, *Lady* Darling's *Houſe.*

Angelica *ſola.*

Angel. Unhappy State of Woman! whoſe chief Virtue is but Ceremony, and our much boaſted Modeſty but a ſlaviſh Reſtraint. The ſtrict Confinement on our Words, makes our Thoughts ramble more; and what preſerves our outward Fame, deſtroys our inward Quiet.——'Tis hard that Love ſhou'd be deny'd the Privilege of Hatred; that Scandal

dal and Detraction ſhou'd be ſo much indulg'd, yet ſacred Love and Truth debar'd our Converſation.

Enter Darling, Clincher jun. *and* Dicky.

Darl. This is my Daughter, Couſin.

Dick. Now, Sir, remember your three Scrapes.

Clinch. ſaluting Angelica.]——One, two, three, Your humble Servant. Was not that right, *Dicky?*

Dick. Ay, faith, Sir; but why don't you ſpeak to her?

Clinch. jun. I beg your Pardon, *Dicky*, I know my Diſtance. Wou'd you have me ſpeak to a Lady at the firſt Sight?

Dick. Ay, Sir, by all means; the firſt Aim is the ſureſt.

Clinch. jun. Now for a good Jeſt, to make her laugh heartily.——By *Jupiter Ammon* I'll go give her a Kiſs.

[*Goes towards her.*

Enter Wildair, *interpoſing.*

Wild. 'Tis all to no Purpoſe, I told you ſo before; your pitiful five Guineas will never do—you may go, I'll outbid you.

Clinch. jun. What the Devil! The Madman's here again.

Darl. Bleſs me, Couſin! What d'ye mean? Affront a Gentleman of his Quality in my Houſe!

Clinch. jun. Quality——Why, Madam, I don't know what you mean by your Madmen, and your Beaux, and your Quality—They're all alike, I believe.

Darl. Pray, Sir, walk with me into the next Room.

[*Exit* Darl. *leading* Clin. Dicky *follows.*

Angel. Sir, if your Converſation be no more agreeable than 'twas the laſt Time, I wou'd adviſe you to make your Viſit as ſhort as you can.

Wild. The Offences of my laſt Viſit, Madam, bore their Puniſhment in the Commiſſion; and have made me as uneaſy till I receive Pardon, as your Ladyſhip can be till I ſue for it.

Angel. Sir *Harry*, I did not well underſtand the Offence, and muſt therefore proportion it to the Greatneſs of your Apology; if you wou'd therefore have me think it light, take no great Pains in an Excuſe.

Wild. How ſweet muſt the Lips be that guard that Tongue! Then, Madam, no more of paſt Offences, let us prepare for Joys to come; let this ſeal my Pardon. [*Kiſſes her Hand*] And this [*Again*] initiate me to farther Happineſs.

Angel. Hold, Sir,——one Queſtion, Sir *Harry*, and pray anſwer plainly—D'ye love me?

Wild.

Wild. Love you! Does Fire aſcend? Do Hypocrites diſſemble? Uſurers love Gold, or great Men Flattery? Doubt theſe, then queſtion that I love.

Angel. This ſhews your Gallantry, Sir, but not your Love.

Wild. View your own Charms, Madam, then judge my Paſſion; your Beauty raviſhes my Eye, your Voice my Ear, and your Touch has thrill'd my melting Soul.

Angel. If your Words be real, 'tis in your Pow'r to raiſe an equal Flame in me.——

Wild. Nay, then——I ſeize——

Angel. Hold, Sir, 'tis alſo poſſible to make me deteſt and ſcorn you worſe than the moſt profligate of your deceiving Sex.

Wild. Ha! A very odd Turn this. I hope, Madam, you only affect Anger, becauſe you know your Frowns are becoming.

Angel. Sir *Harry*, you being the beſt Judge of your own Deſigns, can beſt underſtand whether my Anger ſhou'd be real or diſſembled; think what ſtrict Modeſty ſhou'd bear, then judge of my Reſentments.

Wild. Strict Modeſty ſhou'd bear! Why faith, Madam, I believe, the ſtricteſt Modeſty may bear fifty Guineas, and I don't believe 'twill bear one Farthing more.

Angel. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Wild. Nay, Madam, what do you mean? if you go to that. I think now fifty Guineas is a fine Offer for your ſtrict Modeſty, as you call it.

Angel. 'Tis more charitable, Sir *Harry*, to charge the Impertinence of a Man of your Figure on his Defect in Underſtanding, than on his Want of Manners.—I'm afraid you're mad, Sir.

Wild. Why, Madam, you're enough to make any Man mad. 'Sdeath, are you not a——

Angel. What, Sir?

Wild. Why, a Lady of—ſtrict Modeſty, if you will have it ſo.

Angel. I ſhall never hereafter truſt common Report, which repreſented you, Sir, a Man of Honour, Wit, and Breeding; for I find you very deficient in them all three. [*Exit.*

Wild. ſolus. Now I find that the ſtrict Pretences which the Ladies of Pleaſure make to ſtrict Modeſty, is the Reaſon why thoſe of Quality are aſham'd to wear it.

Enter

Enter Vizard.

z. Ah! Sir *Harry*, have I caught you? Well, and Succeſs?

ld. Succeſs! 'Tis a Shame for you young Fellows in n here, to let the Wenches grow ſo ſaucy: I offer'd her Guineas, and ſhe was in her Airs preſently, and flew in a Huff. I cou'd have had a Brace of Counteſſes *ris* for half the Money, and *Je vous remercie* into the tin.

z. Gone in her Airs, ſay you! And did not you fol- er?

ld. Whither ſhou'd I follow her?

z. Into her Bed-chamber, Man; ſhe went on Purpoſe, a Man of Gallantry, and not underſtand that a Lady's pleas'd when ſhe put on her Airs, as you call it?

ld. She talk'd to me of ſtrict Modeſty, and Stuff.

z. Certainly. Moſt Women magnify their Modeſty, e ſame Reaſon that Cowards boaſt their Courage, be- they have leaſt on't. Come, come, Sir *Harry*, when make your next Aſſault, encourage your Spirits with *Burgundy*; if you ſucceed, 'tis well; if not, you have Excuſe for your Rudeneſs. I'll go in, and make your for what's paſt. Oh! I had almoſt forgot——Col. *ard* wants to ſpeak with you about ſome Buſineſs.

ld. I'll wait upon him preſently; d'ye know where he be found?

z. In the Piazza of *Covent-Garden*, about an Hour , I promis'd to ſee him; and there you may meet to have your Throat cut. [*Aſide.*] I'll go in and in- le for you.

ld. But no foul Play with the Lady, *Vizard*. [*Exit.*

z. No fair Play, I can aſſure you. [*Exit.*

NE, *The Street before* Lurewell's *Lodgings*; Clincher ſen. *and* Lurewell *coqueting in the Balcony.*

Enter Standard.

nd. How weak is Reaſon in Diſputes of Love? That Reaſon which ſo oft pretends to queſtion Works of Omnipotence, yet poorly truckles to our weakeſt Paſ- and yields implicit Faith to fooliſh Love, paying blind to faithleſs Women's Eyes. I've heard her Falſhood uch preſſing Proofs, that I no longer ſhould diſtruſt it.

Yet

Yet ſtill my Love wou'd baffle Demonſtration, and make Impoſſibilities ſeem probable. [*Looks up.*] Ha! That Fool too! What, ſtoop ſo low as that Animal!—'Tis true, Women once fall'n, like Cowards in Deſpair, will ſtick at nothing; there's no Medium in their Actions. They muſt be bright as Angels, or black as Fiends. But now for my Revenge, I'll kick her Cully before her Face, call her Whore, curſe the whole Sex, and leave her. [*Goes in.*

Lurewell *comes down with* Clincher. *The Scene changes to a Dining-Room.*

Lure. O Lord, Sir, it is my Huſband! What will become of you?

Clinch. Ah! Your Huſband! Oh, I ſhall be murdered: What ſhall I do! Where ſhall I run! I'll creep into an Oven; I'll climb up the Chimney; I'll fly; I'll ſwim; — I wiſh to the Lord I were at the *Jubilee* now.——

Lure. Can't you think of any thing, Sir?

Clinch. Think! not I; I never cou'd think to any Purpoſe in my Life.

Enter Tom Errand.

Lure. What do you want, Sir?

Err. Madam, I am looking for Sir *Harry Wildair*; I ſaw him come in here this Morning; and did imagine he might be here ſtill, if he is not gone.

Lure. A lucky Hit! Here, Friend, change Cloaths with this Gentleman, quickly, ſtrip.

Clinch. Ay, ay, quickly, ſtrip: I'll give you half a Crown to boot. Come here; So. [*They change Cloaths.*

Lure. Now ſlip you [*To* Clinch.] down Stairs, and wait at the Door till my Huſband be gone; and get you in there [*To the Porter.*] till I call you. [*Puts* Errand *in the next Room.*

Enter Standard.

Oh, Sir! Are you come? I wonder, Sir, how you have the Confidence to approach me after ſo baſe a Trick?

Stand. O Madam, all your Artifices won't avail.

Lure. Nay, Sir, your Artifices won't avail. I thought, Sir, that I gave you Caution enough againſt troubling me with Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Company when I ſent his Letters back by you; yet you, forſooth, muſt tell him where I lodg'd, and expoſe me again to his impertinent Courtſhip!

Stand. I expoſe you to his Courtſhip!

Lure.

Lure. I'll lay my Life you'll deny it now. Come, come, Sir; a pitiful Lie is as ſcandalous to a Red Coat as an Oath to a Black. Did not Sir *Harry* himſelf tell me, that he found out by you where I lodg'd?

Stand. You're all Lies: Firſt, your Heart is falſe; your Eyes are double; one Look belies another; and then your Tongue does contradict them all—Madam, I ſee a little Devil juſt now hammering out a Lie in your *Pericranium.*

Lure. As I hope for Mercy, he's in the right on't. [*Aſide.*] Hold, Sir, you have got the Play-houſe Cant upon your Tongue; and think, that Wit may privilege your railing: But I muſt tell you, Sir, that what is Satire upon the Stage, is ill Manners here.

Stand. What is feign'd upon the Stage, is here in Reality real Falſhood. Yes, yes, Madam,——I expos'd you to the Courtſhip of your Fool *Clincher*, too; I hope your Female Wiles will impoſe that upon me——alſo——

Lure. Clincher! Nay, now you're ſtark mad. I know no ſuch Perſon.

Stand. O Woman in Perfection! not know him? 'Slife, Madam, can my Eyes, my piercing jealous Eyes, be ſo deluded? Nay, Madam, my Noſe could not miſtake him; for I ſmelt the Fop by his *Pulvilio* from the Balcony down to the Street.

Lure. The Balcony! Ha, ha, ha! the Balcony; I'll be hang'd but he has miſtaken Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Footman with a new *French* Livery, for a Beau.

Stand. 'Sdeath, Madam, what is there in me that looks like a Cully! Did not I ſee him?

Lure. No, no, you cou'd not ſee him; you're dreaming, Colonel. Will you believe your Eyes, now that I have rubb'd them open?—Here, you Friend.

Enter Errand *in* Clincher's *Cloaths.*

Stand. This is Illuſion all; my Eyes conſpire againſt themſelves. 'Tis Legerdemain.

Lure. Legerdemain! Is that all your Acknowledgment for your rude Behaviour?——Oh, what a Curſe is it to love as I do!—But don't preſume too far, Sir, on my Affection: For ſuch ungenerous Uſage will ſoon return my tir'd Heart. —Be gone, Sir, [*To the Porter.*] to your impertinent Maſter, and tell him I ſhall never be at Leiſure to receive any of his troubleſome

troubleſome Viſits.—Send to me to know when I ſhou'd be at home!—Be gone, Sir:—I am ſure he has made me an unfortunate Woman. [*Weeps.*

Stand. Nay, then there is no Certainty in Nature; and Truth is only Falſhood well diſguis'd.

Lure. Sir, had not I own'd my fond fooliſh Paſſion, I ſhou'd not have been ſubject to ſuch unjuſt Suſpicions: But it is an ungrateful Return. [*Weeping.*

Stand. Now, where are all my firm Reſolves? I will believe her juſt. My Paſſion rais'd my Jealouſy; then why mayn't Love be as blind in finding Faults, as in excuſing them?—I hope, Madam, you'll pardon me, ſince Jealouſy, that magnify'd my Suſpicion, is as much the Effect of Love, as my Eaſineſs in being ſatisfy'd.

Lure. Eaſineſs in being ſatisfy'd! You Men have got an inſolent Way of extorting Pardon, by perſiſting in your Faults. No, no, Sir; cheriſh your Suſpicions, and feed upon your Jealouſy: 'Tis fit Meat for your ſqueamiſh Stomach.

With me all Women ſhou'd this Rule purſue:
Who think us falſe, ſhou'd never find us true.

[*Exit* in a Rage.

Enter Clincher *in the Porter's Cloaths.*

Clinch. Well, Intriguing is the prettieſt, pleaſanteſt Thing for a Man of my Parts:—How ſhall we laugh at the Huſband, when he is gone?—How ſillily he looks! He's in labour of Horns already.—To make a Colonel a Cuckold! 'Twill be rare News for the Alderman.

Stand. All this Sir *Harry* has occaſion'd; but he's brave, and will afford me a juſt Revenge:—O! this is the Porter I ſent the Challenge by——Well, Sir, have you found him?

Clinch. What the Devil does he mean now?

Stand. Have you given Sir *Harry* the Note, Fellow?

Clinch. The Note! What Note?

Stand. The Letter, Blockhead, which I ſent by you to Sir *Harry Wildair*; have you ſeen him?

Clinch. O Lord, what ſhall I ſay now? Seen him? Yes, Sir—No, Sir.—I have, Sir—I have not, Sir.

Stand. The Fellow's mad. Anſwer me directly, Sirrah, or I'll break your Head.

Clinch. I know Sir *Harry* very well, Sir; but as to the Note, Sir, I can't remember a Word on't: Truth is, I have a very bad Memory.

Stand.

'. O Sir, I'll quicken your Memory. [*Strikes him.*
b. Zauns, Sir, hold!—I did give him the Note.
'. And what Anſwer?
b. I mean, I did not give him the Note.
'. What d'ye banter, Raſcal? [*Strikes him again.*
b. Hold, Sir, hold! He did ſend an Anſwer.
'. What was't, Villain?
b. Why, truly Sir, I have forgot it: I told you ıad a very treacherous Memory.
'. I'll engage you ſhall remember me this Month, [*Beats him off, and* Exit.

Enter Lurewell *and* Parly.

Fortboon, fortboon, fortboon! This is better than ıed; but Fortune ſtill helps the Induſtrious.

Enter Clincher.

b. Ah! The Devil take all Intriguing, ſay I, and ıo firſt invented Canes.—That curs'd Colonel has h a Knack of beating his Men, that he has left rk of a Collar of Bandileers about my Shoulders.
. O, my poor Gentleman! And was it beaten?
b. Yes, I have been beaten. But where's my ı? my Cloaths?
. What, you won't leave me ſo ſoon, my Dear, ?
b. Will ye! If ever I peep into a Colonel's Tent may I be forc'd to run the Gauntlet.—But my s, Madam.
. I ſent the Porter down Stairs with them: Did not ıet him?
b. Meet him! No, not I.
No! He went out of the Back-door, and is run way, I'm afraid.
b. Gone, ſay you! and with my Cloaths! my fine Cloaths!—O, the Rogue, the Thief!—I'll have ıng'd for Murder.—But how ſhall I get home in this ?
I'm afraid, Sir, the Colonel will be back pre- for he dines at home.
b. O, then I muſt ſneak off!

ver ſuch an Unfortunate Beau,
ve his Coat well thraſh'd, and loſe his Coat alſo?

Lure.

Lure. Thus the noble Poet ſpoke Truth:

Nothing ſuits worſe with Vice than want of Senſe:
Fools are ſtill wicked at their own Expence.

Par. Methinks, Madam, the Injuries you have ſuffer'd by Men muſt be very great, to raiſe ſuch heavy Reſentments againſt the whole Sex.

Lure. The greateſt Injury that Woman cou'd ſuſtain; they robb'd me of that Jewel, which preſerv'd, exalts our Sex almoſt to Angels; but deſtroy'd, debaſes us below the worſt of Brutes, Mankind.

Par. But I think, Madam, your Anger ſhou'd be only confin'd to the Author of your Wrongs.

Lure. The Author! Alas, I know him not, which makes my Wrongs the greater.

Par. Not know him! 'Tis odd, Madam, that a Man ſhould rob you of that fame Jewel you mentioned, and you not know him.

Lure. Leave trifling;—'tis a Subject that always ſours my Temper: But ſince, by thy faithful Service, I have ſome Reaſon to confide in your Secrecy, hear the ſtrange Relation.——Some twelve Years ago, I liv'd at my Father's Houſe in *Oxfordſhire*, bleſt with Innocence, the ornamental, but weak Guard of blooming Beauty: I was then juſt Fifteen, an Age fatal to the Female Sex: Our Youth is tempting, our Innocence credulous, Romances moving, Love powerful, and Men are—Villains. Then it happened, that three young Gentlemen from the Univerſity coming into the Country, and being benighted, and Strangers, call'd at my Father's: He was very glad of their Company, and offer'd them the Entertainment of his Houſe.

Par. Which they accepted, no doubt: Oh! theſe ſtrolling Collegians are never abroad, but upon ſome Miſchief.

Lure. They had ſome private Frolic or Deſign in their Heads, as appear'd by their not naming one another, which my Father perceiving, out of Civility, made no Enquiry into their Affairs; two of them had a heavy, pedantic, Univerſity Air, a Sort of a diſagreeable Scholaſtic Booriſhneſs in their Behaviour; but the third!

Par. Ah! the third, Madam;—the third of all things, they ſay, is very critical.

Lure.

Lure. He was—but in ſhort, Nature cut him out for my undoing; he ſeem'd to be about Eighteen.

Par. A fit Match for your Fifteen as cou'd be.

Lure. He had a genteel Sweetneſs in his Face, a graceful Comelineſs in his Perſon, and his Tongue was fit to ſooth ſoft Innocence to ruin. His very Looks were witty, and his expreſſive Eyes ſpoke ſofter, prettier things, than Words cou'd frame.

Par. There will be Miſchief by and by; I never heard a Woman talk ſo much of Eyes, but there were Tears preſently after.

Lure. His Diſcourſe was directed to my Father, but his Looks to me. After Supper I went to my Chamber, and read *Caſſandra*, then went to Bed, and dreamt of him all Night, roſe in the Morning, and made Verſes, ſo fell deſperately in Love.—My Father was ſo well pleas'd with his Converſation, that he begg'd their Company next Day; they conſented, and next Night, *Parly*———

Par. Ah, next Night, Madam,—next Night (I'm afraid) was a Night indeed.

Lure. He brib'd my Maid, with his Gold, out of her Honeſty; and me, with his Rhetoric, out of my Honour. —She admitted him to my Chamber, and there he vow'd, and ſwore, and wept, and ſigh'd——and conquer'd.

[*Weeps.*

Par. A-lack-a-day, poor Fifteen! [*Weeps.*

Lure. He ſwore that he wou'd come down from *Oxford* in a Fortnight, and marry me.

Par. The old Bait! the old Bait!—I was cheated juſt ſo myſelf. [*Aſide.*] But had not you the Wit to know his Name all this while?

Lure. Alas! what Wit had Innocence like mine? He told me, that he was under an Obligation to his Companions of concealing himſelf then, but that he wou'd write to me in two Days, and let me know his Name and Quality. After all the binding Oaths of Conſtancy, joining Hands, exchanging Hearts, I gave him a Ring with this Motto, *Love and Honour*; then we parted, but I never ſaw the dear Deceiver more.

Par. No, nor never will, I warrant you.

Lure. I need not tell my Griefs, which my Father's Death made a fair Pretence for; he left me ſole Heireſs

and

and Executrix to Three Thouſand Pounds a Y
laſt, my Love for this ſingle Diſſembler turn'd t
tred of the whole Sex; and reſolving to divert
lancholy, and make my large Fortune ſubſervie
Pleaſure and Revenge, I went to travel, where,
Courts of *Europe*, I have done ſome Execution.
will play my laſt Scene; then retire to my Countr
live ſolitary, and die a Penitent.

Par. But don't you ſtill love this dear Diſſemb

Lure. Moſt certainly: 'Tis Love of him that k
Anger warm, repreſenting the Baſeneſs of Manl
in view; and makes my Reſentments work—
have that old impotent Lecher, *Smuggler*, here to
I have a Plot to ſwinge him, and his preciſe
Vizard.

Par. I think, Madam, you manage every bc
comes in your way.

Lure. No, *Parly*; thoſe Men, whoſe Pretenſions
juſt and honourable, I fairly diſmiſs'd, by lettin
know my firm Reſolutions never to marry. B
Villains that wou'd attempt my Honour, I'v
fail'd to manage.

Par. What d'ye think of the Colonel, Madam
poſe his Deſigns are honourable.

Lure. That Man's a Riddle; there's ſomething
nour in his Temper that pleaſes; I'm ſure he k
too, becauſe he's ſoon jealous, and ſoon ſatisfy'
he's a Man ſtill.—When I once tried his Pulſ
Marriage, his Blood ran as low as a Coward's. I
indeed, that he lov'd me, but cou'd not marry
ſooth, becauſe he was engag'd elſewhere. So po
tence made me diſdain his Paſſion, which otherwi
have been uneaſy to me.—But hang him, I have te
enough.—Beſides, *Parly*, I begin to be tir'd of
venge:—But this Buſs and Guinea I muſt maul on
I'll hanſel his Woman's Cloaths for him. Gc
Pen and Ink; I muſt write to *Vizard* too.

Fortune, this once aſſiſt me as before;
Two ſuch Machines can never work in vain,
As thy propitious Wheel, and my projecting Brain.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

Wildair *and* Standard *meeting.*

I Thought, Sir *Harry*, to have met you ere this in a more convenient Place; but ſince my s were without Ceremony, my Revenge ſhall be Draw, Sir!

d. Draw, Sir! What ſhall I draw?

ld. Come, come, Sir, I like your facetious Humour nough; it ſhews Courage and Unconcern. I know ave; and therefore uſe you thus. Draw your Sword.

d. Nay, to oblige you, I will draw; but the Devil ne if I fight.—Perhaps, Colonel, this is the prettieſt you have ſeen.

nd. I doubt not but the Arm is good; and therefore both worth my Reſentment. Come, Sir.

ld. But, prithee Colonel, doſt think that I am ſuch lman, as to ſend my Soul to the Devil, and Body to Vorms *upon every Fool's Errand?* [*Aſide.*

nd. I hope you're no Coward, Sir.

ld. Coward, Sir! I have Eight Thouſand Pounds a Sir.

nd. You fought in *Flanders*, to my Knowledge.

ld. Ay, for the ſame Reaſon that I wore a red Coat; uſe 'twas faſhionable.

nd. Sir, you fought a *French* Count in *Paris*.

ld. True, Sir; but there was no Danger of Lands, Tenements: Beſides, he was a Beau, like myſelf. you're a Soldier, Colonel, and Fighting's your Trade, I think it downright Madneſs to contend with any in his Profeſſion.

nd. Come, Sir, no more dallying: I ſhall take very mly Methods, if you don't ſhew yourſelf a Gentle-

ld. A Gentleman! Why there again now. A Gen- an! I tell you once more, Colonel, that I am a Ba- t, and have Eight Thouſand Pounds a Year. I can e, ſing, ride, fence, underſtand the Languages. , I can't conceive how running you through the Body

ſhou'd contribute one Jot more to my Gentility. But pray, Colonel, I had forgot to aſk you, What's the Quarrel?

Stand. A Woman, Sir.

Wild. Then I put up my Sword. Take her.

Stand. Sir, my Honour's concerned.

Wild. Nay, if your Honour be concern'd with a Woman, get it out of her Hands as ſoon as you can. An honourable Lover is the greateſt Slave in Nature; ſome will ſay, the greateſt Fool. Come, come, Colonel, this is ſomething about the Lady *Lurewell*, I warrant; I can give you Satisfaction in that Affair.

Stand. Do ſo then immediately.

Wild. Put up your Sword firſt; you know I dare fight: But I had much rather make you a Friend than an Enemy. I can aſſure you, this Lady will prove too hard for one of your Temper. You have too much Honour, too much in Conſcience, to be a Favourite with the Ladies.

Stand. I'm aſſur'd, Sir, ſhe never gave you any Encouragement.——

Wild. A Man can never hear Reaſon with a Sword in his Hand. Sheath your Weapon; and then if I don't ſatisfy you, ſheath it in my Body.

Stand. Give me but Demonſtration of her granting you any Favour, and it is enough.

Wild. Will you take my Word?

Stand. Pardon me, Sir, I cannot.

Wild. Will you believe your own Eyes?

Stand. 'Tis ten to one whether I ſhall or no, they have deceiv'd me already.

Wild. That's hard—But ſome means I ſhall deviſe for your Satisfaction—We muſt fly this Place, elſe that cluſter of Mob will overwhelm us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mob, Tom Errand's *Wife hurrying in* Clincher ſenior *in* Errand's *Cloaths.*

Wife. O, the Villain, the Rogue, he has murder'd my Huſband: Ah! my poor *Timothy!* [*Crying.*

Clin. Dem your *Timothy!*—your Huſband has murder'd me, Woman; for he has carry'd away my fine *Jubilee* Cloaths.

Wife. Ay, you Cut-throat, have you not got his Cloaths upon your Back there?—Neighbours, don't you know poor *Timothy*'s Coat and Apron?

Mob.

Ay, ay, it is the ſame.
Mob. What ſhall we do with him, Neighbours?
Mob. We'll pull him in pieces.
Mob. No, no; then we may be hang'd for Mur-
it we'll drown him.
Ah, good People, pray don't drown me; for I
urnt to ſwim in all my Life. Ah, this plaguy in-
!
Away with him, away with him to the *Thames.*
Oh, if I had but my *Swimming Girdle* now.

Enter Conſtable.

Hold, Neighbours, I command the Peace.
O, Mr. Conſtable, here's a Rogue that has
d my Huſband, and robb'd him of his Cloaths.
. Murder and Robbery! then he muſt be a Gen-
Hands off there; he muſt not be abus'd.—
Account of yourſelf. Are you a Gentleman?
No, Sir, I am a Beau.
. A Beau! Then you have kill'd nobody, I'm
ed. How came you by theſe Cloaths, Sir?
You muſt know, Sir, that walking along, Sir, I
now how, Sir; I can't tell where, Sir; and ſo
ter and I chang'd Cloaths, Sir.
. Very well! the Man ſpeaks Reaſon, and like
leman.
. But pray, Mr. Conſtable, aſk him how he chang'd
with him.
. Silence, Woman! and don't diſturb the Court.
, Sir, how did you change Cloaths?
Why, Sir, he pull'd off my Coat, and I drew off
I put on his Coat, and he put on mine.
. Why, Neighbour, I don't find that he's guilty
him; and if he carries no Arms about him, we'll
go. [*They ſearch his Pockets, and pull out his Piſtols.*
. O *Gemini!* My *Jubilee* Piſtols!
. What, a Caſe of Piſtols! Then the Caſe is plain.
what are you, Sir? Whence came you, and whi-
you?
. Sir, I came from *Ruſſel-Street*, and am going to
bilee.
. You ſhall go to the Gallows, you Rogue.

Conſt. Away with him, away with him to *Newgate*, ſtraight.

Clin. I ſhall go to the *Jubilee* now, indeed. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Wildair *and* Standard.

Wild. In ſhort, Colonel, 'tis all Nonſenſe: Fight for a Woman! Hard by is the Lady's Houſe, if you pleaſe we'll wait on her together: You ſhall draw your Sword; I'll draw my Snuff-Box: You ſhall produce your Wounds receiv'd in War; I'll relate mine by *Cupid*'s Dart: You ſhall look big; I'll ogle:—You ſhall ſwear; I'll ſigh:—You ſhall *ſa, ſa,* and I'll *Coupee*; and if ſhe flies not to my Arms like a Hawk to its Perch, my Dancing-Maſter deſerves to be damn'd.

Stand. With the generality of Women, I grant you theſe Arts may prevail.

Wild. Generality of Women! Why there again, you're out. They're all alike, Sir; I never heard of any one that was particular, but one.

Stand. Who was ſhe, pray?

Wild. Penelope, I think ſhe's call'd, and that's a Poetical Story too. When will you find a Poet in our Age make a Woman ſo chaſte?

Stand. Well, Sir *Harry*, your facetious Humour can diſguiſe Falſhood, and make Calumny paſs for Satire; but you have promis'd me ocular Demonſtration that ſhe favours you: Make that good, and I ſhall then maintain Faith and Female to be as inconſiſtent as Truth and Falſhood.

Wild. Nay, by what you told me, I am ſatisfied that ſhe impoſes on us all: And *Vizard* too ſeems what I ſtill ſuſpected him: But his honeſty once miſtruſted, ſpoils his Knavery:—But will you be convinc'd, if our Plot ſucceeds?

Stand. I rely on your Word and Honour, Sir *Harry*; which if I doubted, my Diſtruſt wou'd cancel the Obligation of their Security.

Wild. Then meet me half an Hour hence at the *Rummer*: You muſt oblige me by taking a hearty Glaſs with me toward the fitting me out for a certain Project, which this Night I undertake.

Stand. I gueſs by the Preparation, that Woman's the Deſign.

Wild.

Wild. Yes, faith.—I am taken dangerous ill with two fooliſh Maladies, Modeſty and Love; the firſt I'll cure with *Burgundy*, and my Love by a Night's Lodging with the Damſel. A ſure Remedy. *Probatum eſt.*

Stand. I'll certainly meet you, Sir. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Clincher junior *and* Dicky.

Clin. Ah! *Dicky*, this *London* is a ſad Place, a ſad vicious Place: I wiſh that I were in the Country again: And this Brother of mine! I'm ſorry he's ſo great a Rake: I had rather ſee him dead than ſee him thus.

Dick. Ay, Sir, he'll ſpend his whole Eſtate at this ſame Jubilee. Who d'ye think lives at this ſame Jubilee?

Clin. Who, pray?

Dick. The Pope.

Clin. The Devil he does! My Brother go to the Place where the Pope dwells! He's bewitch'd ſure!

Enter Tom Errand *in* Clincher ſenior's *Cloaths.*

Dick. Indeed, I believe he is, for he's ſtrangely alter'd.

Clin. Alter'd! Why he looks like a Jeſuit already.

Err. This Lace will ſell. What a Blockhead was the Fellow to truſt me with his Coat! If I can get croſs the Garden, down to the Water-ſide, I am pretty ſecure. [*Aſide.*

Clin. Brother!—Alaw! O *Gemini!* Are you my Brother?

Dick. I ſeize you in the King's Name, Sir.

Err. O Lord! Shou'd this prove ſome Parliament Man now!

Clin. Speak, you Rogue, what are you?

Err. A poor Porter, Sir, and going of an Errand.

Dick. What Errand? Speak, you Rogue.

Err. A Fool's Errand, I'm afraid.

Clin. Who ſent you?

Err. A Beau, Sir.

Dick. No, no; the Rogue has murder'd your Brother, and ſtript him of his Cloaths.

Clin. Murder'd my Brother! O *Crimini!* O my poor Jubilee Brother!—Stay, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I'm Heir tho: Speak. Sirrah, have you kill'd him? Confeſs that you have kill'd him, and I'll give you Half a Crown.

Err. Who, I, Sir? Alack-a-day, Sir, I never kill'd any Man, but a Carrier's Horſe once.

Clin. Then you ſhall certainly be hang'd; but c that you kill'd him, and we'll let you go.

Err. Telling the Truth hangs a Man, but conf a Lie can do no Harm; beſides, if the worſt come worſt, I can but deny it again—Well, Sir, ſince I tell you, I did kill him.

Clin. Here's your Money, Sir.—But are you ſure kill'd him dead?

Err. Sir, I'll ſwear it before any Judge in *Englan*

Dick. But are you ſure that he's *Dead in Law?*

Err. Dead in Law? I can't tell whether he be *D Law.* But he's as dead as a Door-Nail; for I gav ſeven Knocks on the Head with a Hammer.

Dick. Then you have the Eſtate by Statute. Any that's knock'd o'th' Head is *Dead in Law.*

Clin. But are you ſure he was *Compos Mentis* whe was kill'd?

Err. I ſuppoſe he was, Sir; for he told me nothi the contrary afterwards.

Clin. Hey! Then I go to the *Jubiles*—Strip, Sir, By *Jupiter Ammon*, ſtrip.

Dick. Ah! don't ſwear, Sir.

[*Puts on his Brother's Cl*

Clin. Swear, Sir! Zoons, han't I got the Eſtate, Come, Sir, now I'm in Mourning for my Brother.

Err. I hope you'll let me go now, Sir.

Clin. Yes, yes, Sir; but you muſt do me the Fav ſwear poſitively before a Magiſtrate, that you kill'd dead, that I may enter upon the Eſtate without any T ble. By *Jupiter Ammon*, all my Religion's gone, fi put on theſe fine Cloaths—Hey, call me a Coach f body.

Err. Ay, Maſter, let me go, and I'll call one ir diately.

Clin. No, no; *Dicky*, carry this Spark before a Ju and when he has made Oath, you may diſcharge And I'll go ſee *Angelica.* [*Exeunt* Dick *and* Err Now that I'm an elder Brother, I'll court, and ſwear, rant, and rake, and go to the *Jubilee* with the be them. [

SCE

SCENE, Lurewell's *Houſe.*

Enter Lurewell *and* Parly.

ure. Are you ſure that *Vizard* had my Letter?

ar. Yes, yes, Madam; one of your Ladyſhip's Foot- gave it to him in the Park, and he told the Bearer, all Tranſports of Joy, that he wou'd be punctual to inute.

ure. Thus moſt Villains ſome time or other are punc- to their Ruin; and Hypocriſy, by impoſing on the ld, at laſt deceives itſelf. Are all Things prepar'd iis Reception?

ar. Exactly to your Ladyſhip's Order; the Alderman is juſt come, dreſs'd and cook'd up for Iniquity.

ure. Then he has got Woman's Cloaths on?

ar. Yes, Madam, and has paſs'd upon the Family for Nurſe.

ure. Convey him into that Cloſet, and put out the dles, and tell him, I'll wait on him preſently.

[*As* Parly *goes to put out the Candles, ſomebody knocks.*

ure. This muſt be ſome Clown without Manners, or entleman above Ceremony. Who's there?

Wildair ſings.

Thus Damon *knock'd at* Celia's *Door,*
He ſigh'd, and begg'd, and wept, and ſwore,
The Sign was ſo,
[Knocks.]
She anſwer'd, No.
[Knocks thrice.]
No, no, no.
Again he ſigh'd, again he pray'd,
No, Damon, *no, I am afraid:*
Conſider, Damon, *I'm a Maid.*
Conſider,
No,
I'm a Maid.
No, &c.
At laſt his Sighs and Tears made Way,
She roſe, and ſoftly turn'd the Key:
Come in, ſaid ſhe, but do not ſtay.
I may conclude
You will be rude,
But if you are, you may.
Enters. [*Exit* Parly.

Lure. 'Tis too early for Serenading, Sir *Harry.*

Wild. Whereſoever Love is, there Muſic is proper; there's an harmonious Conſent in their Natures, and when rightly join'd, they make up the Chorus of Earthly Happineſs.

Lure. But, Sir *Harry*, what Tempeſt drives you here at this Hour?

Wild. No Tempeſt, Madam, but as fair Weather as ever entic'd a Citizen's Wife to cuckold her Huſband in freſh Air. Love, Madam. [Wild. *taking her by the Hand.*

Lure. *As pure and white as Angels ſoft Deſires.*

Wild. *Fierce, as when ripe conſenting Beauty fires.*

Is't not ſo?

Lure. O Villain! What Privilege has Men to our Deſtruction, that thus they hunt our Ruin? [*Aſide.*] If this be a Love Token, [Wild. *drops a Ring, ſhe takes it up.*] your Miſtreſſes Favours hang very looſe about you, Sir.

Wild. I can't, juſtly, Madam, pay your Trouble of taking it up by any Thing, but deſiring you to wear it.

Lure. You Gentlemen have the cunningeſt Ways of playing the Fool, and are ſo induſtrious in your Profuſeneſs. Speak ſeriouſly, am I beholden to Chance or Deſign for this Ring?

Wild. To Deſign, upon my Honour. And I hope my Deſign will ſucceed. [*Aſide.*

Lure. *And what ſhall I give you for ſuch a fine Thing?*

Wild. *You'll give me another, you'll give me another fine Thing.* [*Both ſing.*

Lure. Shall I be free with you, Sir *Harry?*

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam, ſo I may be free with you.

Lure. Then plainly, Sir, I ſhall beg the Favour to ſee you ſome other Time; for at this very Minute I have two Lovers in the Houſe.

Wild. Then to be as plain, I muſt be gone this Minute, for I muſt ſee another Miſtreſs within theſe two Hours.

Lure. Frank and free.

Wild. As you with me—Madam, your moſt humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Lure. Nothing can diſturb his Humour. Now for my Merchant and *Vizard.* [*Exit and takes the Candles with her.*

Enter Parly, *leading in* Smuggler, *dreſs'd in Woman's Cloaths.*

Par. This Way, Mr. Alderman.

Smug.

Smug. Well, Mrs. *Parly*,—I'm oblig'd to you for this Trouble, here are a Couple of Shillings for you. Times are hard, very hard, indeed; but next Time I'll ſteal a Pair of Silk Stockings from my Wife, and bring them to you——What are you fumbling about my Pockets for?—

Par. Only ſetting the Pleats of your Gown; here, Sir, get into this Cloſet, and my Lady will wait on you preſently. [*Puts him into the Cloſet, runs out, and returns with* Vizard.

Viz. Where would'ſt thou lead me, my dear auſpicious little Pilot?

Par. You're almoſt in Port, Sir; my Lady's in the Cloſet, and will come out to you immediately.

Viz. Let me thank thee as I ought. [*Kiſſes her.*

Par. Pſhaw, who has hir'd me beſt; a Couple of Shillings, or a Couple of Kiſſes?

Viz. Propitious Darkneſs guides the Lovers Steps, and Night that ſhadows outward Senſe, lights up our inward Joy. Night! The great awful Ruler of Mankind, which, like the *Perſian* Monarch, hides its Royalty to raiſe the Veneration of the World. Under thy eaſy Reign Diſſemblers may ſpeak Truth; all ſlaviſh Forms and Ceremonies laid aſide, and generous Villany may act without Conſtraint.

Smug. [*Peeping out of the Cloſet.*] Bleſs me! What Voice is this?

Viz. Our hungry Appetites, like the wild Beaſts of Prey, now ſcour about, to gorge their craving Maws; the Pleaſure of Hypocriſy, like a chain'd Lion, once broke looſe, wildly indulges its new Freedom, ranging through all unbounded Joys.

Smug. My Nephew's Voice, and certainly poſſeſs'd with an Evil Spirit; he talks as prophanely as an Actor poſſeſs'd with a Poet.

Viz. Ha! I hear a Voice: Madam,——my Life, my Happineſs, where are you, Madam?

Smug. Madam! He takes me for a Woman too: I'll try him. Where have you left your Sanctity, Mr. *Vizard.*

Viz. Talk no more of that ungrateful Subject—I left it where it has only Buſineſs, with Day-light; 'tis needleſs to wear a Maſk in the dark.

Smug. O the Rogue, the Rogue!—The World ta you for a very ſober, virtuous Gentleman.

Viz. Ay, Madam, that adds Security to all my Pleaſu —With me a Cully-'Squire may ſquander his Eſtate, ne'er be thought a Spendthrift——With me a holy El may zealouſly be drunk, and toaſt his tuneful Noiſ Sack, to make it hold forth clearer——But what is m my Praiſe, the formal Rigid ſhe, that rails at Vice Men, with me ſecures her looſeſt Pleaſures, and her ſtric Honour——ſhe who with ſcornful Mien, and virtu Pride, diſdains the Name of Whore, with me can wan and laugh at the deluded World.

Smug. How have I been deceived! Then you are v great among the Ladies.

Viz. Yes, Madam, they know that like a Mole in Earth, I dig deep, but inviſible; not like thoſe flutte noiſy Sinners, whoſe Pleaſure is the Proclamation of t Faults; thoſe empty Flaſhes, who no ſooner kindle, they muſt blaze to alarm the World. But come, Mad you delay our Pleaſures.

Smug. He ſurely takes me for the Lady *Lurewell*— has made him an Appointment too—but I'll be reven of both——Well, Sir, what are thoſe you are ſo intim with?

Viz. Come, come, Madam, you know very well— thoſe who ſtand ſo high, that the Vulgar envy even t Crimes, whoſe Figure adds Privilege to their Sin, makes it paſs unqueſtion'd: fair, high, pamper'd Fema whoſe ſpeaking Eyes, and piercing Voice, would arm Statue of a *Stoick*, and animate his cold Marble with Soul of an *Epicure*, all raviſhing, lovely, and ſoft, kind, like you——

Smug. I'm very lovely and ſoft indeed! you ſhall fin much harder than you imagine, Friend——Well, Sir, I ſuppoſe your Diſſimulation has ſome other Motive beſides Pleaſure?

Viz. Yes, Madam, the honeſteſt Motive in the Wo Intereſt—You muſt know, Madam, that I have an Uncle, Alderman *Smuggler*, you have ſeen him, I ſupp

Smug. Yes, yes, I have ſome ſmall Acquaintance w him.

Vix. 'Tis the moſt knaviſh, preciſe, covetous old Rogue, that ever died of the Gout.

Smug. Ah! The young Son of a Whore! Well, Sir, and what of him?

Vix. Hell hungers not more for wretched Souls, than he for ill-got Pelf——and yet (what's wonderful) he that would ſtick at no profitable Villany himſelf, loves Holineſs in another—he prays all *Sundays* for the Sins of the Week paſt——he ſpends all Dinner-time in two tedious Graces; and what he deſigns a Bleſſing to the Meat, proves a Curſe to his Family——he's the moſt——

Smug. Well, well, Sir, I know him very well.

Vix. Then, Madam, he has a ſwinging Eſtate, which I deſign to purchaſe as a Saint, and ſpend like a Gentleman. He got it by Cheating, and ſhould loſe it by Deceit. By the Pretence of my Zeal and Sobriety, I'll cozen the old Miſer one of theſe Days out of a Settlement and Deed of Conveyance——

Smug. It ſhall be a Deed to convey you to the Gallows, then, ye young Dog. [*Aſide.*

Vix. And no ſooner he's dead, but I'll rattle over his Grave with a Coach and Six, to inform his covetous Ghoſt how genteelly I ſpend his Money.

Smug. I'll prevent you, Boy, for I'll have my Money bury'd with me. [*Aſide.*

Vix. Bleſs me, Madam! Here's a Light coming this Way. I muſt fly immediately; when ſhall I ſee you, Madam?

Smug. Sooner than you expect, my Dear.

Vix. Pardon me, dear Madam, I would not be ſeen for the World. I wou'd ſooner forfeit my Life, nay my Pleaſure, than my Reputation. [*Exit.*

Smug. Reputation! Reputation! That poor Word ſuffers a great deal——Well! thou art the moſt accompliſh'd Hypocrite that ever made a grave plodding Face over a Diſh of Coffee and a Pipe of Tobacco! he owes me for ſeven Years Maintenance, and ſhall pay me by ſeven Years Impriſonment; and when I die, I'll leave him the Fee-ſimple of a Rope and a Shilling. Who are theſe? I begin to be afraid of ſome Miſchief——I wiſh that I were ſafe within the City Liberties——I'll hide myſelf.

[*Stands cloſe.*

Enter Butler, *with other Servants and Lights.*

But. I ſay there are two Spoons wanting, and I'll ſearch the whole Houſe—Two Spoons will be no ſmall Gap in my Quarter's Wages.———

Serv. When did you miſs 'em, *James?*

But. Miſs them! Why I miſs them now! in ſhort they muſt be among you, and if you don't return them, I'll go to the Cunning-man To-morrow Morning; my Spoons I want, and my Spoons I will have.

Serv. Come, come, ſearch about.

[*Search and diſcover* Smuggler.

But. Hark'e, good Woman, what makes you hide yourſelf? What are you aſham'd of?

Smug. Aſham'd of! O Lord, Sir, I'm an honeſt old Woman that never was aſham'd of any Thing.

But. What are you, a Midwife then? Speak, did not you ſee a Couple of ſtray Spoons in your Travels?

Smug. Stray Spoons!

But. Ay, ay, ſtray Spoons; in ſhort you ſtole them, and I'll ſhake your old Limbs to Pieces, if you don't deliver them preſently.

Smug. Bleſs me; a reverend Elder of ſeventy Years old accus'd for *Petty Larceny!*—Why ſearch me, good People, ſearch me; and if you find any Spoons about me, you ſhall burn me for a Witch.

But. Ay, we will ſearch you, Miſtreſs.

[*They ſearch and pull the Spoons out of his Pocket.*

Smug. Oh! the Devil, the Devil!

But. Where, where is he? Lord bleſs us! ſhe is a Witch in good Earneſt, may be.

Smug. O, it was ſome Devil, ſome *Covent-Garden* or St. *James*'s Devil, that put them in my Pocket.

But. Ay, ay, you ſhall be hang'd for a Thief, burnt for a Witch, and then carted for a Bawd. Speak, what are you?

Enter Lurewell.

Smug. I'm the Lady *Lurewell*'s Nurſe.

Lure. What Noiſe is this?

But. Here is an old *Succubus*, Madam, that has ſtole two Silver Spoons, and ſays ſhe's your Nurſe.

Lure. My Nurſe! O the impudent old Jade, I never ſaw the wither'd Creature before.

Smug.

Smug. Then I'm finely caught. O Madam, Madam, don't you know me? don't you remember Buſs and Guinea?

Lure. Was ever ſuch Impudence? I know thee! why thou'rt as brazen as a Bawd in the Side-box.—Take her before a Juſtice, and then to *Newgate*, away.

Smug. O! conſider, Madam, that I'm an Alderman.

Lure. Conſider, Sir, that you're a compound of Covetouſneſs, Hypocriſy, and Knavery, and muſt be puniſh'd accordingly—You muſt be in Petticoats, gouty Monſter, muſt ye! You muſt Buſs and Guinea too; you muſt tempt a Lady's Honour, old Satyr; away with him.

[*Hurry him off.*

Still may our Sex thus Frauds of Men oppoſe,
Still may our Arts delude their tempting Foes.
May Honour rule, and never fall betray'd,
But Vice be caught in Nets for Virtue laid.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE, *Lady* Darling's *Houſe.*

Darling *and* Angelica.

Darl. DAughter, ſince you have to deal with a Man of ſo peculiar a Temper, you muſt not think the general Arts of Love can ſecure him; you may therefore allow ſuch a Courtſie, ſome Encouragement extraordinary, without Reproach to your Modeſty.

Angel. I am ſenſible, Madam, that a formal Nicety makes our Modeſty ſit awkward, and appears rather a Chain to enſlave, than Bracelet to adorn us;—it ſhould ſhew, when unmoleſted, eaſy and innocent as a Dove, but ſtrong and vigorous as a Faulcon, when aſſaulted.

Darl. I'm afraid, Daughter, you miſtake Sir *Harry*'s Gaiety for Diſhonour.

Ang. Tho' Modeſty, Madam, may wink, it muſt not ſleep, when powerful Enemies are abroad—I muſt confeſs, that of all Men's, I wou'd not ſee Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Faults;

[illegible] I [illegible] wrest his most suspicious Words [illegible] to make them look like Honour—But Madam, [illegible] I must hate him, and carf those Practices which taint our Nobility, and rob all virtuous Women of the bravest Men.——

Dar. [illegible] *Angelica*; for I'm satisfy'd Sir *Harry*'s Designs are only to court, and marry you.

Ang. His Pretence, perhaps, was such; but Women now, like Enemies, are attack'd; whether by Treachery, or fairly conquer'd, the Glory of the Triumph is the same—Pray, Madam, by what Means were you made acquainted with his Designs?

Dar. Means. Child! why, my Cousin *Vinard*, who, I'm sure, is your sincere Friend, sent him. He brought me this Letter from my Cousin.——

[*Gives her the Letter, which she opens.*

Ang. Hal! *Vinard*! then I'm abus'd in Earnest.—— Would Sir *Harry*, by his Instigation, fix a base Affront upon me? No, I can't suspect him of so ungenteel a Crime——This Letter shall trace the Truth—[*Aside.*] My Suspicions, Madam, are much clear'd; and I hope to satisfy your Ladyship in my Management, when next I see Sir *Harry*.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here's a Gentleman below calls himself *Wildair*.

Darl. Conduct him up. Daughter, I won't doubt your Discretion. [*Exit* Darling

Enter Wildair.

Wild. O, the Delights of Love and *Burgundy*!—— Madam, I have toasted your Ladyship fifteen Bumpers successively, and swallow'd *Cupids* like *Loches* to every Glass.

Ang. And what then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, Madam, the Wine has got into my Head, and the *Cupids* into my Heart; and unless by quenching quick my Flame, you kindly ease the Smart I'm a lost Man, Madam.

Ang. Drunkenness, Sir *Harry*, is the worst Pretence a Gentleman can make for Rudeness; for the Excuse is as scandalous as the Fault.——Therefore, pray conside

wh

o you are ſo free with, Sir; a Woman of Condition, it can call half a Dozen Footmen upon Occaſion.

Wild. Nay, Madam, if you have a Mind to toſs me a Blanket, half a Dozen Chamber-maids would do tter Service.—Come, come, Madam, tho' the Wine ikes me liſp, yet it has taught me to ſpeak plainer. all the Duſt of my ancient Progenitors, I muſt this ight reſt in your Arms.

Aug. Nay then, who waits there? [*Enter Footmen.* ke hold of that Madman, and bind him.

Wild. Nay, then *Burgundy*'s the Word, Slaughter will ſue. Hold,—do you know, Scoundrels, that I have en drinking victorious *Burgundy?* [*Draws.*

Servants. We know you're drunk, Sir.

Wild. Then how have you the Impudence, Raſcals, aſſault a Gentleman with a Couple of Flaſks of ourage in his Head?

Servants. We muſt do as our young Miſtreſs commands us.

Wild. Nay, then have among ye, Dogs.

[*Throws Money among them; they ſcramble and take it up. He paſting them out, ſhuts the Door, and returns.*

aſcals, Poltroons,—I have charm'd the Dragon, and ow the Fruit's my own.

Aug. O, the mercenary Wretches! This was a Plot to tray me.

Wild. I have put the whole Army to Flight: And now ll take the General Priſoner. [*Laying hold on her.*

Aug. I conjure you, Sir, by the ſacred Name of onour, by your dead Father's Name, and the fair eputation of your Mother's Chaſtity, that you offer t the leaſt Offence—Already you have wrong'd me aſt Redreſs.

Wild. Thou art the moſt unaccountable Creature.

Aug. What Madneſs, Sir *Harry!* what wild Dream f looſe Deſire cou'd prompt you to attempt this Baſeeſs? View me well.——The Brightneſs of my Mind, ethinks, ſhould lighten outwards, and let you ſee your liſtake in my Behaviour. I think it ſhines with ſo uch Innocence in my Face, that it ſhould dazzle all our vicious Thoughts: Think not I am defenceleſs auſe alone. Your very ſelf is Guard againſt yourſelf:

I'm

I'm ſure, there's ſomething generous in your Soul; my Words ſhall ſnatch it out, and Eyes ſhall fire it for my own Defence.

Wild. [*Mimicking.*] Tal tidum, ti dum, tal ti didi, didum. A Million to one now, but this Girl is juſt come fluſh from reading the *Rival Queens*——'I gad, I'll at her in her own Cant.

O my Satyra, *O my angry Dear, turn thy Eyes on me*, behold thy Beau in Buſkins.

Ang. Behold me, Sir; view me with a ſober Thought, free from thoſe Fumes of Wine that throw a Miſt before your Sight, and you ſhall find that every Glance from my reproaching Eyes is arm'd with ſharp Reſentment, and with a virtuous Pride that looks Diſhonour dead.

Wild. This is the firſt Whore in *Heroics* that I have met with. [*Aſide.*] Look ye, Madam, as to that ſlender Particular of your Virtue, we ſhan't quarrel about it; you may be as virtuous as any Woman in *England*, if you pleaſe; you may ſay your Prayers all the Time:—But pray, Madam, be pleas'd to conſider what is this fame Virtue that you make ſuch a mighty Noiſe about: Can your Virtue beſpeak you a Front Row in the Boxes? No, for the Players can't live upon Virtue. Can your Virtue keep you a Coach and Six? No, no; your Virtuous Women walk on Foot——Can your Virtue hire you a Pew in the Church? Why, the very Sexton will tell you, No. Can your Virtue ſtake for you at Picquet? No. Then, what Buſineſs has a Woman with Virtue?—Come, come, Madam, I offer'd you fifty Guineas,—there's a Hundred.—The Devil! Virtuous ſtill! Why, it is a Hundred, five Score, a Hundred Guineas.

Ang. O Indignation! Were I a Man, you durſt not uſe me thus; but the mean, poor Abuſe you throw on me, reflects upon yourſelf; our Sex ſtill ſtrikes an Awe upon the Brave, and only Cowards dare affront a Woman.

Wild. Affront! S'death, Madam, a hundred Guineas will ſet you up a Bank at Baſſet; a Hundred Guineas will furniſh out your Lodgings with China; a Hundred Guineas will give you an Air of Quality; a Hundred Guineas will buy you a rich Eſcritoir for your *Billet-deux*, or a fine *Common-Prayer Book* for your Virtue. A Hundred

ıdred Guineas will buy a Hundred fine Things, and Things are for fine Ladies; and fine Ladies are for Gentlemen; and fine Gentlemen are—'I Egad, this *gundy* makes a Man ſpeak like an Angel—Come, ıe, Madam, take it, and put it to what Uſe you pleaſe.

ng. I'll uſe it as I would uſe the baſe unworthy 'er! thus! [*Throws down the Purſe and ſtamps upon it.*

Vild. I have no Mind to meddle in State Affairs; but e Women will make me a Parliament Man ſpite of Teeth, on purpoſe to bring in a Bill againſt their ortion. She tramples under Foot that Deity which the World adores.—O the blooming Pride of beau- l Eighteen! Pſhaw, I'll talk to her no longer; make my Markets with the old Gentlewoman, knows Buſineſs better.—[*Goes to the Door.*] Here, , Friend, pray deſire the old Lady to walk in.—— ırk'e, Egad, Madam, I'll tell your Mother.

Enter Lady Darling.

)arl. Well, Sir *Harry*, and how d'ye like my Daughter, ?

Vild. Like her, Madam!—Hearkʼe, will you take Why faith, Madam!—take the Money, I ſay, or l, all's out.

ng. All ſhall out; Sir, you're a Scandal to the ne of Gentleman.

Vild. With all my Heart, Madam:—In ſhort, Ma- , your Daughter has us'd me ſomewhat too fami- y, tho' I have treated her like a Woman of Quality.

arl. How, Sir?

Vild. Why, Madam, I have offer'd her a Hundred neas.

arl. A Hundred Guineas! upon what Score?

Vild. Upon what Score! Lord, Lord, how theſe old nen love to hear Bawdy. Why, faith, Madam, I never a double *Entendre* ready at preſent, but I'll you a Song.

Behold the Goldfinches, tall al de rall,
And a Man of my Inches, tall al de rall,
You ſhall take um, believe me, tall al de rall,
If you will give me your—tall al de rall.

odiſh Minuet, Madam, that's all.

Darl.

Darl. Sir, I don't underſtand you.

Wild. Ay, ſhe will have it in plain Terms; Madam, in downright *Engliſh*, I offer'd your Da a hundred Guineas to———

Ang. Hold, Sir; ſtop your abuſive Tongue, toc for modeſt Ears to hear.—Madam, I did before f that his Deſigns were baſe, now they're too plain Knight, this mighty Man of Wit and Humour, is a Tool to a Knave: *Vizard* has ſent him on a E Errand to affront a Woman; but I ſcorn the Abuſe him that offer'd it.

Darl. How, Sir, come to affront us! D'ye knov we are, Sir?

Wild. Know who you are! Why, your Da there, is Mr. *Vizard*'s—Couſin, I ſuppoſe:—A you, Madam—now to call her Procureſs Alamo *France*, [*Aſide.*] *J'eſtime votre Occupation.*———

Darl. Pray, Sir, ſpeak *Engliſh*.

Wild. Then to define her Office, Alamode de *Lo* [*Aſide.*] I ſuppoſe your Ladyſhip to be one of thoſe obliging, diſcreet, old Gentlewomen, who keep viſiting Days for the Entertainment of their pref Friends, whom they treat with Imperial Tea, a p Room, and a Pack of Cards. Now I ſuppoſe y underſtand me.

Darl. This is beyond Sufferance! But ſay, thou a Man, what Injury have you ever receiv'd from r mine, thus to engage you in this ſcandalous Aſper

Ang. Yes, Sir, what Cauſe, what Motives coc duce you thus to debaſe yourſelf below your Rank i

Wild. Hey day! Now dear *Roxana*, and you n *Statyra*, be not ſo very Heroic in your Stiles; *V* Letter may reſolve you, and anſwer all the impe Queſtions you have made me.

Both Women. We appeal to that.

Wild. And I'll ſtand to't; he read it to me, a Contents were pretty plain, I thought.

Ang. Here, Sir, peruſe it, and ſee how much injur'd, and you deceiv'd.

Wild. [*Opening the Letter.*] But hold, Madam *Darling.*] before I read I'll make ſome Condition: *Vizard* ſays here, that I won't ſcruple 30 or 40

Now, Madam, if you have clapt in another Cypher to the Account, and made it 3 or 4 Hundred, egad I will not ſtand to't

Ang. Now I can't tell whether Diſdain or Anger be the moſt juſt Reſentment for this Injury.

Darl. The Letter, Sir, ſhall anſwer you.

Wild. Well then [*Reads.*]

Out of my earneſt Inclination to ſerve your Ladyſhip, and my Couſin Angelica, Ay, ay, the very Words, I can ſay it by Heart—*I have ſent Sir* Harry Wildair—*to*—What the Devil's this? *Sent Sir* Harry Wildair *to court my Couſin for*—He read to me quite a different thing.—*He's a Gentleman of great Parts and Fortune*——He's a Son of a Whore and a Raſcal——*And won'd make your Daughter very happy (Whiſtles) in a Huſband. (Looks fooliſh, and hums a Song.)* Oh, poor Sir *Harry*, what have the angry Stars deſign'd?

Ang. Now, Sir, I hope you need no Inſtigation to redreſs our Wrongs, ſince even the Injury points the Way.

Darl. Think, Sir, that our Blood for many Generations, has run in the pureſt Channel of unſully'd Honour.

Wild. Ay, Madam. [*Bows to her.*

Ang. Conſider what a tender Flower is Woman's Reputation, which the leaſt Air of foul Detraction blaſts.

Wild. Yes, Madam. [*Bows to t'other.*

Darl. Call then to mind your rude and ſcandalous Behaviour.

Wild. Right, Madam. [*Bows again.*

Ang. Remember the baſe Price you offer'd me. [*Exit.*

Wild. Very true, Madam; was ever Man ſo catechiz'd?

Darl. Then think that *Vizard*, Villain *Vizard*, caus'd all this, yet lives: That's all; farewel.

Wild. Stay, Madam, (*To* Darling) one Word; is there no other Way to redreſs your Wrongs, but by fighting?

Darl. Only one, Sir, which if you can think of, you may do; you know the Buſineſs I entertain'd you for.

Wild.

Wild. I underſtand you, Madam. [*Exit* Darl
Here am I brought to a very pretty Dilemma, I
commit Murder, or commit Matrimony; which is
now? A Licenſe from *Doctors Commons*, or a Sen
from the *Old Bailey?* If I kill my Man, the Law h
me: If I marry my Woman, I ſhall hang myſe
But, Damn it,—Cowards dare fight; I'll marry, t
the moſt daring Action of the two: So my dear C
Angelica, have at you.

SCENE *Newgate.* Clincher ſenior *ſolus.*

Clin. How ſevere and melancholy are *Newgate*
flections! Laſt Week my Father died; yeſterday I t
Beau; To-day I am laid by the Heels, and To-mo
ſhall be hung by the Neck—I was agreeing wi
Bookſeller about printing an Account of my Jou
through *France* and *Italy*; but now the Hiſtory of
Travels muſt be thro' *Holbourn* to *Tyburn.—The laſt
dying Speech of* Beau Clincher, *that was going to th*
bilee—*Come a Half-penny a-piece.* A ſad ſound, a
ſound, faith! 'Tis one way to have a Man's I
make a great Noiſe in the World.

Enter Smuggler *and* Gaoler.

Smug. Well, Friend, I have told you who I am
ſend theſe Letters into *Thames Street*, as directed;
are to Gentlemen that will bail me. [Exit *Gaoler.*]
this *Newgate* is a very populous Place: Here's
bery and Repentance in every Corner.——Well, Fr
what are you? a Cut-throat or a Bum-Bailiff?

Clinch. What are you, Miſtreſs? a Bawd or a W
Heark'e, if you are a Witch, d'ye ſee, I'll give y
hundred Pounds to mount me on a Broom-ſtaff, and
me away to the *Jubilee.*

Smug. The *Jubilee!* O, you young Rake-hell,
brought you here?

Clin. Ah, you old Rogue, what brought you he
you go to that?

Smug. I knew, Sir, what your powdering, your p
ing, your dancing, and your friſking, would come

Clin. And I knew what your Cozening, your Extor
and your Smuggling wou'd come to.

Smug. Ay, Sir, you muſt break your Indentures, and un to the Devil in a full bottom Wig, muſt you?

Clin. Ay, Sir, and you muſt put off your Gravity, nd run to the Devil in Petticoats:—You deſign to ſwing n Maſquerade, Maſter, d'ye?

Smug. Ay, you muſt go to the Plays too, Sirrah: Lord, ord! What Buſineſs has a 'Prentice at a Play-houſe, nleſs it be to hear his Maſter made a Cuckold, and his Miſtreſs a Whore? It is ten to one now, but ſome maicious Poet has my Character upon the Stage within this Month: 'Tis a hard matter now, that an honeſt ſober Man can't ſin in private for this plaguy Stage. I gave an oneſt Gentleman five Guineas myſelf towards writing a Book againſt it: And it has done no good, we ſee.

Clin. Well, well, Maſter, take Courage! our Comort is, we have liv'd together, and ſhall die together, nly with this difference, that I have liv'd like a Fool, nd ſhall die like a Knave; and you have liv'd like a Knave, and ſhall die like a Fool.

Smug. No, Sirrah! I have ſent a Meſſenger for my Cloaths, and ſhall get out immediately, and ſhall be upon your Jury by and by.—Go to Prayers, you Rogue, to Prayers. [*Exit.* Smug.

Clin. Prayers! it is a hard taking when a Man muſt ſay Grace to the Gallows.—Ah, this curſed Intriguing! Had I ſwung handſomely in a ſilken Garter now, I had died in my Duty; but to hang in Hemp, like the Vulgar, it is very ungenteel.

Enter Tom Errand.

A Reprieve! a Reprieve! thou dear, dear—damn'd Rogue. Where have you been? Thou art the moſt welcome—Son of a Whore; where's my Cloaths?

Err. Sir, I ſee where mine are: Come, Sir, ſtrip, Sir, ſtrip.

Clin. What, Sir, will you abuſe a Gentleman?

Err. A Gentleman! Ha, ha, ha! d'ye know where you are, Sir? We're all Gentlemen here.—I ſtand up for Liberty and Property.—*Newgate*'s a Commonwealth. No Courtier has Buſineſs among us; come, Sir.

Clin. Well, but ſtay, ſtay, till I ſend for my own Cloaths: I ſhall get out preſently.

Err. No, no, Sir! I'll ha' you into the Dungeon, and uncaſe you.

Clin.

Clin. Sir, you can't maſter me; for I'm twenty th
ſand ſtrong. [Exeunt *ſtrugg*

SCENE, *Changes to Lady* Darling's *Houſe.*

Enter Wildair *with Letters, Servants following.*

Wild. Here, fly all around, and bear theſe as
rected; you to *Weſtminſter*,—you to St. *James's*, and
into the City.—Tell all my Friends, a Bridegroo
Joy invites their Preſence. Look all of ye like Bri
grooms alſo: All appear with hoſpitable Looks,
bear a Welcome in your Faces.—Tell 'em I'm marr
If any aſk to whom, make no Reply; but tell 'em
I'm marry'd, that Joy ſhall crown the Day, and L
the Night. Be gone, fly.

Enter Standard.

A thouſand Welcomes, Friend; my Pleaſure's
complete, ſince I can ſhare it with my Friend: B
Joy ſhall bound from me to you; then back ag
and, like the Sun, grow warmer by Reflection.

Stand. You're always pleaſant, Sir *Harry*; but
tranſcends yourſelf: Whence proceeds it?

Wild. Canſt thou not gueſs, my Friend? Whence fl
all Earthly Joy? What is the Life of Man, and Sou
Pleaſure?—*Woman*——What fires the Heart with T
ſport, and the Soul with Raptures? *Lovely Woma*
What is the Maſter-ſtroke and Smile of the Creati
but *charming virtuous Woman?*—When Nature in the
neral Compoſition, firſt brought Woman forth, lik
fluſh'd Poet, raviſh'd with his Fancy, with Ecſtaſ
bleſt the fair Production!—Methinks, my Friend,
reliſh not my Joy. What is the Cauſe?

Stand. Canſt thou not gueſs.—What is the Bane of M
and Scourge of Life, but *Woman?*—What is the heathe
Idol Man ſets up, and is damn'd for worſhippi
Treacherous Woman.—What are thoſe, whoſe Eyes,
Baſiliſks, ſhine beautiful for ſure Deſtruction, wh
Smiles are dangerous as the Grin of Fiends, but *falſe,*
luding Woman?—Woman! whoſe Compoſition inverts
manity; their Bodies heavenly; but their Souls are C

Wild. Come, come, Colonel, this is too much
know your Wrongs receiv'd from *Lurewell* may ex

)

entments againſt her. But it is unpardonable to the Failings of a ſingle Woman upon the whole I have found one, whoſe Virtues——

So have I, Sir *Harry*; I have found one whoſe above yielding to a Prince. And if Lying, Diſ-, Perjury and Falſhood, be no Breaches in a 's Honour, ſhe's as innocent as Infancy.

Well, Colonel, I find your Opinion grows by Oppoſition; I ſhall now therefore wave the nt, and only beg you for this Day to make a Complaiſance at leaſt.—Here comes my charm-le.

Enter Darling *and* Angelica.

. [Saluting *Angelica.*] I wiſh you, Madam, all of Love and Fortune.

Enter Clincher junior.

Gentlemen and Ladies, I'm juſt upon the Spur, e only a Minute to take my Leave.

Whither are you bound, Sir?

Bound, Sir! I'm going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Bleſs me, Couſin! how came you by theſe ?

Cloaths! ha, ha, ha! the rareſt Jeſt! Ha, ha, ha! urſt, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I ſhall burſt!

What's the matter, Couſin?

The Matter! Ha, ha, ha! Why, an honeſt Por-ha, ha! has knock'd out my Brother's Brains, ha,

. A very good Jeſt, i'faith, ha, ha, ha!

Ay, Sir, but the Jeſt of all is, he knock'd out ins with a Hammer, and ſo he is as dead as a Door-, ha, ha!

. And do you laugh, Wretch?

Laugh! ha, ha, ha! let me ſee e'er a younger in *England* that won't laugh at ſuch a Jeſt.

You appear'd a very ſober pious Gentleman ſome ago.

Pſhaw, I was a Fool then: But now, Madam, Wit; I can rake now.—As for your Part, Madam, ght have had me once!—But now, Madam, if you fall to eating Chalk, or gnawing the Sheets, it is

none

none of my Fault.—Now, Madam—I have got an Eſta and I muſt go to the *Jubilee.*

Enter Clincher ſenior *in a Blanket.*

Clin. ſen. Muſt you ſo, Rogue, muſt ye? You will to the *Jubilee,* will you?

Clin. jun. A Ghoſt, a Ghoſt!—Send for the Dean a Chapter preſently.

Clin. ſen. A Ghoſt! No, no, Sirrah, I'm an elder Br ther, Rogue.

Clin. jun. I don't care a Farthing for that; I'm ſt you're dead in Law.

Clin. ſen. Why ſo, Sirrah; why ſo?

Clin. jun. Becauſe, Sir, I can get a Fellow to ſwear knock'd out your Brains.

Wild. An odd Way of ſwearing a Man out of his Lift

Clin. jun. Smell him, Gentlemen, he has a deadly Sce about him.———

Clin. ſen. Truly the Apprehenſions of Death may ha made me ſavour a little—O Lord,—the Colonel! T Apprehenſion of him may make the Savour worſe, I afraid.

Clin. jun. In ſhort, Sir, were you a Ghoſt, or Brother, Devil, I will go to the *Jubilee,* by *Jupiter Ammon.*

Stand. Go to the *Jubilee,* go the *Bear-Garden,*—t Travel of ſuch Fools as you doubly injures our Countr you expoſe our Native Follies, which ridicule us amo Strangers, and return fraught only with their Vic which you vend here for faſhionable Gallantry; a trav ling Fool is as dangerous as a home-bred Villain—G you to your native Plough and Cart, converſe with An mals like yourſelves, Sheep and Oxen; Men are Cre tures you don't underſtand.

Wild. Let 'em alone, Colonel, their Folly will be nc diverting. Come, Gentlemen, we'll diſpute this Poi ſome other time; I hear ſome Fiddles tuning, let's he how they can entertain us.

A Servant enters and whiſpers Wildair.

Wild. Madam, ſhall I beg you to entertain the Co pany in the next Room for a Moment: [*To* Darlin

Darl. With all my Heart—Come, Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt omnes but* Wildair.

Wi

M. A Lady to enquire for me! Who can this be?

Enter Lurewell.

Madam, this Favour is beyond my Expectation, ie uninvited to dance at my Wedding—What d'ye t, Madam?

r. A monſter—if thou'rt marry'd, thou'rt the moſt 'd Wretch that e'er avouch'd Deceit.

d. Hey dey! Why, Madam, I'm ſure I never ſwore rry you: I made indeed a ſlight Promiſe, upon tion of your granting me a ſmall Favour, but you not conſent you know.

e. How he upbraids me with my Shame.—Can you your binding Vows when this appears a Witneſs your Falſhood. [*Shews a Ring.*] Methinks the of this ſacred Pledge ſhou'd flaſh Confuſion in uilty Face—Read, read here the binding Words of nd Honour, Words not unknown to your perfidious ie,—tho' utter Strangers to your treacherous Heart.

d. The Woman's ſtark ſtaring mad, that's certain.

e. Was it maliciouſly deſign'd to let me find my when paſt Redreſs; to let me know you, only to you falſe?—Had not curſed Chance ſhew'd me the zing Motto, I had been happy—The firſt Knowledge of you was fatal to me, and this ſecond worſe.

d. What the Devil is all this!—Madam, I'm not at for Raillery at preſent, I have weighty Affairs my Hands; the Buſineſs of Pleaſure, Madam; any time———— [*Going.*

e. Stay, I conjure you ſtay.

d. Faith I can't, my Bride expects me; but hark'e, the Honey-Moon is over, about a Month or two , I may do you a ſmall Favour. [*Exit.*

e. Grant me ſome wild Expreſſions, Heavens, or burſt—Woman's Weakneſs, Man's Falſhood, my Shame, and Love's Diſdain, at once ſwell up my ——Words, Words, or I ſhall burſt. [*Going.*

Enter Standard.

nd. Stay, Madam, you need not ſhun my Sight; for are perfect Woman, you have Confidence to outface ne; and bear the Charge of Guilt without a Bluſh.

e. The Charge of Guilt! What? Making a Fool of I've don't, and glory in the Act; the Height of

Female Juſtice were to make you all hang or dro
ſembling to the prejudice of Men is Virtue; and ev
or Sign, or Smile, or Tear that can deceive, is me

Stand. Very pretty Principles truly—if there
in Woman, 'tis now in thee—Come, Madam, y
that you're diſcovered, and being ſenſible you
cape, you wou'd now turn to Bay.

That Ring, Madam, proclaims you guilty.

Lure. O Monſter, Villain, perfidious Villain
told you?

Stand. I'll tell it you, and loudly too.

Lure. O name it not—yet, ſpeak it out, 'tis
Puniſhment for putting Faith in Man, that I wi
all; and let credulous Maids, that truſt their H
the Tongues of Men, thus hear their Shame procl
Speak now, what his buſy Scandal, and your in
Malice both dare utter.

Stand. Your Falſhood can't be reach'd by M
by Satire; your Actions are the juſteſt Libel
Fame—your Words, your Looks, your Tears,
lieve in ſpite of common Fame. Nay, 'gainſt r
Eyes, I ſtill maintain'd your Truth. I imagi
dair's boaſting of your Favours to be the pure
his own Vanity: At laſt he urg'd your taking
of him, as a convincing Proof of which you
from him receiv'd that Ring, which Ring, that
be ſure he gave it, I lent it him for that Purpo

Lure. Ha! You lent it him for that Purpoſe!

Stand. Yes, yes, Madam, I lent it him for that
——no denying it——I know it well, for I hav
long, and deſire you now, Madam, to reſtore
juſt Owner.

Lure. The juſt Owner! Think, Sir, think
what Importance 'tis to own it; if you have I
Honour in your Soul, 'tis then moſt juſtly y
not, you are a Robber, and have ſtol'n it baſel

Stand. Ha!—your Words, like meeting Flin
ſtruck a Light to ſhew me ſomething ſtrange—
me inſtantly, is not your real Name *Manly?*

Lure. Anſwer me firſt; did not you receive t
about twelve Years ago?

Stand. I did.

. And were not you about that time entertain'd
ghts at the Houſe of Sir *Oliver Manly* in *Oxfordſhire?*
d. I was, I was; [*Runs to her and embraces her*]
left Remembrance fires my Soul with Tranſport—
v the reſt—you are the charming She, and I the
Man.

. How has blind Fortune ſtumbled on the right!
iere have you wander'd ſince?—'twas cruel to for-
ie.

d. The Particulars of my Fortune are too tedious
But to diſcharge myſelf from the Stain of Diſho-
I muſt tell you, that immediately upon my Return
Univerſity, my elder Brother and I quarrell'd: My
, to prevent farther Miſchief, poſts me away to
l: I writ to you from *London*, but fear the Letter
iot to your Hands.

. I never had the leaſt Account of you by Letter
:rwiſe.

d. Three Years I liv'd abroad, and at my return,
you were gone out of the Kingdom, tho' none
tell me whither: Miſſing you thus, I went to
rs, ſerv'd my King till the Peace commenced; then
ately going on Board at *Amſterdam*, one Ship tranſ-
us both to *England*. At the firſt Sight I lov'd,
norant of the hidden Cauſe—You may remember,
n, that talking once of Marriage, I told you I
igaged; to your dear ſelf I meant.

. Then Men are ſtill moſt generous and brave—
reward your Truth, an Eſtate of Three Thouſand
s a Year waits your Acceptance; and if I can fa-
ou in my paſt Conduct, and the Reaſons that en-
me to deceive all Men, I ſhall expect the honour-
Performance of your Promiſe, and that you will
ith me in *England*.

d. Stay! nor Fame, nor Glory, e'er ſhall part us
My Honour can be nowhere more concerned
iere.

Enter Wildair, Angelica, *both* Clinchers.

! Sir *Harry*, Fortune has acted Miracles to Day;
ory's ſtrange and tedious, but all amounts to this,
Woman's Mind is charming as her Perſon, and I
ade a Convert too to Beauty.

Wild. I wanted only this to make my Pleaſure perfect And now, Madam, we may dance and ſing, and lo and kiſs in good Earneſt. ———

A Dance here. After the Dance, enter Smuggler.

Smug. So, Gentlemen and Ladies, I'm glad to ſi you ſo merry; is my gracious Nephew among ye?

Wild. Sir, he dares not ſhew his Face among ſuch h nourable Company, for your gracious Nephew is——

Smug. What, Sir? Have a care what you ſay.

Wild. A Villain, Sir.

Smug. With all my Heart—I'll pardon you the beati me for that very Word. And pray, Sir *Harry*, wh you ſee him next, tell him this News from me, tha have diſinherited him, that I will leave him as poor as diſbanded Quarter-maſter. And this is the poſitive and ſt Reſolution of Threeſcore and Ten; an Age that ſticks obſtinately to its Purpoſe, as to the old Faſhion of i Cloak.

Wild. You ſee, Madam, [*To* Angel.] how induſtriou Fortune has puniſh'd his Offence to you.

Angel. I can ſcarcely, Sir, reckon it an Offence, co ſidering the happy Conſequence of it.

Smug. O! Sir *Harry*, he is as hypocritical ——

Lure. As yourſelf, Mr. Alderman. How fares n go d old Nurſe, pray Sir?

Smug. O Madam, I ſhall be even with you before I pa with your Writings and Money, that I have in my Hanc

Stand. A Word with you, Mr. Alderman; do y know this Pocket-Book?

Smug. O Lord, it contains an Account of all my ſecr Practices in Trading. [*Aſide.*] How came you by it, Si

Stand. Sir *Harry* here duſted it out of your Pocket, this Lady's Houſe Yeſterday; It contains an Account ſome ſecret Practices in your Merchandizing; among t reſt, the Counterpart of an Agreement with a Correſpo dent at *Bourdeaux*, about tranſporting *French* Wine *Spaniſh* Caſks—Firſt return this Lady all her Writing then I ſhall conſider whether I ſhall lay your Proceedin before the Parliament or not, whoſe Juſtice will nev ſuffer your Smuggling to go unpunith'd.

Smug. O my poor Ship and Cargo!

Clin. ſen. Hark'e, Maſter, you had as good come alo with me to the *Jubilee* now.

Ang

l. Come, Mr. Alderman, for once let a Woman
: Wou'd you be thought an honeſt Man, baniſh
uſneſs, that worſt Gout of Age: Avarice is a poor
ıg Quality of the Soul, and will as certainly cheat,
ıief wou'd ſteal——Wou'd you be thought a Re-
of the Times, be leſs ſevere in your Cenſures, leſs
ı your Precepts, and more ſtrict in your Example.
'. Right, Madam, Virtue flows freer from Imita-
han Compulſion; of which, Colonel, your Con-
ɔn and mine are juſt Examples.

ain are muſty Morals taught in Schools,
igid Teachers, and as rigid Rules,
e Virtue with a frowning Aſpect ſtands,
frights the Pupil from its rough Commands.
Woman ———
ming Woman can true Converts make,
ove the Precepts for the Teacher's Sake.
e in them appears ſo bright, ſo gay,
ear with Tranſport, and with Pride obey.

The End of the Fifth Act.

EPILOGU

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

NOW all depart each his reſpective Way,
To ſpend an Evening's Chat upon the Play;
Some to Hippolito's; *one homeward goes,*
And one with loving ſhe retires to th' Roſe.
The am'rous Pair in all Things frank and free,
Perhaps may ſave the Play in Number Three.
The tearing Spark, if Phyllis *ought gainſays,*
Breaks th' Drawer's Head, kicks her, and murders Bay.
To Coffee *ſome retreat to ſave their Pockets,*
Others, more generous, damn the Play at Locket's;
But there, I hope, the Author's Fears are vain,
Malice ne'er ſpoke in generous Champaign.
That Poet merits an ignoble Death,
Who fears to fall over a brave Monteth.
The Privilege of Wine we only aſk,
You'll taſte again, before you damn the Flaſk.
Our Author fears not you; but thoſe he may,
Who in cold Blood murder a Man in Tea.
Thoſe Men of Spleen, who fond the World ſhould know it
Sit down, and for their Two-pence *damn a Poet.*
Their Criticiſm's good, that we can ſay for't,
They underſtand a Play—too well to pay for't.
From Box to Stage, from Stage to Box they run,
Firſt ſteal the Play, then damn it when they've done.
But now, to know what Fate may us betide,
Among our Friends in Cornhill *and* Cheapſide.
But thoſe I think, have but one Rule for Plays;
They'll ſay they're good, if ſo the World but ſays.
If it ſhould pleaſe them, and their Spouſes know it,
They ſtrait enquire what Kind of Man's the Poet.
But from Side-box we dread a fearful Doom,
All the good-natur'd Beaux are gone to Rome.

EPILOGUE

The Ladies Cenſure I'd almoſt forgot,
Then for a Line or two t'engage their Vote:
But that Way's odd, below our Author's Aim,
No leſs than his whole Play is Compliment to them.
For their Sakes then the Play can't miſs ſucceeding,
Tho' Critics may want Wit, they have good Breeding;
They won't, I'm ſure, forfeit the Ladies Graces,
By ſhewing their Ill-nature to their Faces;
Our Buſineſs with good Manners may be done,
Flatter us here, and damn us when you're gone.

HARRY WILDAIR.

Being the SEQUEL of the

Trip to the Jubilee.

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

LONDON:
for T. LOWNDES, T. CASLON, W. NICOLL,
and S. BLADON.

M. DCC. LXXII.

ROLOGUE.

UR Authors have, in moſt their late Eſſays,
Prologu'd their own, by damning other Plays;
le great Harangues to teach you what was fit
aſs for Humour, and go down for Wit.
enian *Rules muſt form an* Engliſh *Piece,*
' Drury-Lane *comply with ancient* Greece.
ctneſs *only, ſuch as* Terence *writ,*
? *pleaſe our maſqu'd* Lucretias *in the Pit.*
youthful Author ſwears he cares not a Pin
Voſſius, Scaliger, Hedelin, *or* Rapin:
leaves to learned Pens ſuch labour'd Lays,
are the Rules by which he writes his Plays.
n muſty Books let others take their View,
hates dull Reading, but he ſtudies You.
?, from you Beaux, his Leſſon is Formality;
' in your Footmen there——moſt nice Morality;
leaſure them his Pegaſus *muſt fly,*
uſe they judge, and lodge, three Stories high.
n the Front-Boxes he has pick'd his Stile,
' learns, without a Bluſh, to make 'em Smile;
eſſon only taught us by the Fair;
aggiſh Action——but a modeſt Air.
ng his Friends here in the Pit, he reads
t Rules that every modiſh Writer needs.
'earns from ev'ry Covent-Garden *Critic's Face,*
modern Forms of Action, Time, *and* Place,
Action he's aſham'd to name,———d'ye ſee,
Time *is* Seven, *the* Place *is* Number Three.
Maſques *he only reads by paſſant Looks,*
dares not venture far into their Books.
s then the Pit *and* Boxes *are his* Schools,
r Air, your Humour, his Dramatic Rules.
Critics cenſure then, and hiſs like Snakes,
ains his Ends, if his light Fancy takes
James's *Beaux, and* Covent-Garden *Rakes.*

Dramatis Perſonæ,

MEN.

Sir *Harry Wildair*, - - -	Mr. *Wilks*.
Col. *Standard*, - - -	Mr. *Mills*.
Fireball, a Sea Captain, - -	Mr. *Johnſon*.
Monſ. *Marquis*, a ſharping Refugee,	Mr. *Cibber*.
Beau Banter, - - -	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Clincher the Jubilee-Beau turn'd Politician, - - - -	Mr. *Pinkethman*.
Dicky, Servant to *Wildair*, - -	Mr. *Norris*.
Shark, Servant to *Fireball*, - -	Mr. *Fairbank*.
Ghoſt, - - - - -	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Lord *Bellamy*, - - -	Mr. *Simpſon*.

WOMEN.

Lady *Lurewell*, - - -	Mrs. *Verbrugge*.
Angelica, - - -	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Parly, - - - -	Mrs. *Lucas*.

Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, St. *JAMES's*.

THE

SECOND PART

OF THE

ONSTANT COUPLE:

OR, A

Trip to the Jubilee.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball *meeting.*

[AH! Brother *Fireball!* Welcome aſhore, What! Heart whole? Limbs firm, and Frigate ſafe?

Fire. All, all, as my Fortune and Friends wiſh.

d. And what News from the *Baltic?*

. Why, yonder are three or four young Boys i'th' that have got Globes and Sceptres to play with: fell to Loggerheads about their Playthings; the came in like *Robin Good-Fellow,* cry'd *Bob,* and 'em quiet.

Stand.

Stand. In the next Place then, you're to congrat my Succeſs: You have heard, I ſuppoſe, that I've ry'd a fine Lady with a great Fortune.

Fire. Ay, ay, 'twas my firſt News upon my Land that Colonel *Standard* had marry'd the fine Lady *Lur* —A fine Lady indeed! A very fine Lady!—But F. Brother, I had rather turn Skipper to an *Indian C.* than manage the Veſſel you're Maſter of.

Stand. Why ſo, Sir?

Fire. Becauſe ſhe'll run adrift with every Wind blows: She's all Sail and no Ballaſt—Shall I tell yo Character I have heard of a fine Lady? A fine Lady laugh at the Death of her Huſband, and cry for the of her Lap-Dog. A fine Lady is angry without a C and pleas'd without a Reaſon. A fine Lady has the pours all the Morning, and the Cholic all the Aftern The Pride of a fine Lady is above the Merit of an un ſtanding Head; yet her Vanity will ſtoop to the Ad tion of a Peruke. And in fine, a fine Lady goe Church for Faſhion's Sake, and to the Baſſet-Table Devotion; and her Paſſion for Gaming exceeds her nity of being thought virtuous, or the Deſire of a the contrary.—We Seamen ſpeak plain, Brother.

Stand. You Seamen are like your Element, always peſtuous, too ruffling to handle a fine Lady.

Fire. Say you ſo? Why then give me thy Hand, neſt *Frank*, and let the World talk on and be damn'

Stand. The World talk, ſay you? What does the W talk?

Fire. Nothing, nothing at all—They only ſay w ufual upon ſuch Occaſions: That your Wife's the gre Coquet about the Court, and your Worſhip the gre Cuckold about the City: That's all.

Stand. How, how, Sir?

Fire. That ſhe's a Coquet, and you a Cuckold.

Stand. She's an Angel in herſelf, and a Paradiſe to

Fire. She's an *Eve* in herſelf, and a Devil to you.

Stand. She's all Truth, and the World a Liar.

Fire. Why then, I gad, Brother, it ſhall be ſo: back again to *White*'s, and whoever dares mutter Sca of my Brother and Siſter, I'll daſh his Ratifia in's I 'd call him a Liar.

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Stand. Hold, hold, Sir. The World is too ſtrong for us. Were Scandal and Detraction to be thoroughly reveng'd, we muſt murder all the Beaux, and poiſon half the Ladies: Thoſe that have nothing elſe to ſay, muſt tell Stories; Fools over *Burgundy*, and Ladies over *Tea*, muſt have ſomething that's ſharp to reliſh their Liquor; Malice is the piquant Sauce of ſuch Converſation; and without it, their Entertainment wou'd prove mighty inſipid—Now, Brother, why ſhould we pretend to quarrel with all Mankind?

Fire. Becauſe all Mankind quarrel with us.

Stand. The worſt Reaſon in the World.—Wou'd you pretend to devour a Lion, becauſe a Lion wou'd devour you?

Fire. Yes, if I cou'd.

Stand. Ay, that's right; if you cou'd: But ſince you have neither Teeth nor Paws for ſuch an Encounter, lie quietly down, and perhaps the furious Beaſt may run over you.

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir! But I ſay, that whoever abuſes my Brother's Wife, tho' at the Back of the King's Chair, he's a Villain.

Stand. No, no, Brother, that's a Contradiction; there's no ſuch Thing as Villainy at Court. Indeed, if the Practice of Courts were found in a ſingle Perſon, he might be kill'd Villain with a Vengeance; but Number and Power authorizes every Thing, and turns the Villain upon their Accuſers. In ſhort, Sir, every Man's Morals, like his Religion now-a-days, pleads Liberty of Conſcience; every Man's Conſcience is his Convenience, and we know no Convenience but Preferment—As for Inſtance, who would be ſo complaiſant as to thank an Officer for his Courage, when that's the Condition of his Pay? And who can be ſo ill-natur'd, as to blame a Courtier for eſpouſing that which is the very Tenure of his Livelihood?

Fire. A very good Argument in a very damnable Cauſe:—But, Sir, my Buſ'neſs is not with the Court, but with you: I deſire you, Sir, to open your Eyes; at leaſt, be pleas'd to lend an Ear to what I heard juſt now at the *Chocolate-Houſe*.

Stand. Brother——

Fire. Well, Sir.

Stand.

Stand. Did the Scandal pleaſe you when you heard it?

Fire. No.

Stand. Then why ſhou'd you think it ſhou'd pleaſe me? Be not more uncharitable to your Friends than to yourſelf, ſweet Sir: If it made you uneaſy, there's no queſtion but it will torment me, who am ſo much nearer concern'd.

Fire. But wou'd you not be glad to know your Enemies?

Stand. Pſhaw! If they abus'd me they are my Friends, my intimate Friends, my Table-Company, and Bottle-Companions.

Fire. Why then, Brother, the Devil take all your Acquaintance. You were ſo rally'd, ſo torn! there was a hundred Ranks of ſneering white Teeth drawn upon your Misfortunes at once, which ſo mangled your Wife's Reputation, that ſhe can never patch up her Honour while ſhe lives.

Stand. And their Teeth were very white, you ſay?

Fire. Very white; Blood, Sir, I ſay they mangled your Wife's Reputation.

Stand. And I ſay, that if they touch my Wife's Reputation with nothing but their Teeth, her Honour will be ſafe enough.

Fire. Then you won't hear it.

Stand. Not a Syllable. Liſt'ning after Slander is laying Nets for Serpents, which, when you have caught, will ſting you to Death: Let 'em ſpit their Venom among themſelves, and it hurts nobody.

Fire. Lord! Lord! How Cuckoldom and Contentment go together! Fie, fie, Sir! conſider you have been a Soldier, dignify'd by a noble Poſt; diſtinguiſh'd by brave Actions, an Honour to your Nation, and a Terror to your Enemies.—Hell! that a Man who has ſtorm'd *Namur* ſhou'd become the Jeſt of a Coffee-Table.—The whole Houſe was clearly taken up with the two important Queſtions, whether the Colonel was a Cuckold? or *Kid* a Pirate?

Stand. This I can't bear. [*Aſide.*

Fire. Ay, (ſays a ſneering Coxcomb) the Colonel has made his Fortune with a Witneſs; he has ſecur'd himſelf a good Eſtate in this Life, and a Reverſion in the World to come. Then (replies another) I preſume he's oblig'd to your Lordſhip's Bounty for the latter Part of the Settlement.

ement. There are others (ſays a Third) that have play'd ith my Lady *Lurewell* at Piquet, beſides my Lord; I ave capotted her myſelf two or three Times in an Even-ng.

Stand. O Matrimonial Patience, aſſiſt me!

Fire. Matrimonial Patience! Matrimonial Peſtilence! —Shake off theſe drowzy Chains that fetter your Reſent-nents. If your Wife has wrong'd ye, pack her off, and et her Perſon be as public as her Character: If ſhe be ioneſt, revenge her Quarrel.—I can ſtay no longer: This is my Hour of Attendance at the *Navy-Office*; I'll ome and dine with you; in the mean Time, Revenge! think on't. [*Exit* Fireball.

Stand. [*Solus.*] How eaſy is it to give Advice, and how difficult to obſerve it! *If your Wife has wrong'd ye, pack her off.* Ay, but how? The Goſpel drives the Matri-monal Nail, and the Law clinches it ſo very hard, that to draw it again wou'd tear the Work to Pieces.—That her Intentions have wrong'd me here's a young Bawd can witneſs.

Enter Parly, *running acroſs the Stage.*

Here, here, Mrs. *Parly*, whither ſo faſt?

Par. Oh Lord! my Maſter!—Sir, I was running to Madamoiſelle *Furbello*, the *French* Milliner, for a new *Burgundy* for my Lady's Head.

Stand. No, Child, you're employ'd about an old aſhion'd Garniture for your Maſter's Head, if I miſtake ot your Errand.

Par. Oh, Sir! there's the prettieſt Faſhion lately come ver! ſo airy, ſo *French*, and all that!—The Pinners re double ruffled with twelve Plaits of a Side, and open ll from the Face; the Hair is frizzled all up round the Head, and ſtands as ſtiff as a Bodkin. Then the Favou-ites hang looſe upon the Temples with a languiſhing ock in the Middle. Then the Caule is extremely wide, nd over all is a Cornet rais'd very high, and all the Lap-ets behind—I muſt fetch it preſently.

Stand. Hold a little, Child, I muſt talk with you.

Par. Another Time, Sir, my Lady ſtays for it.

Stand. One Queſtion firſt: What Wages does my Wife ive you?

Par.

Par. Ten Pounds a Year, Sir, which God knows i tle enough, conſidering how I ſlave from Place to upon her Occaſions. But then, Sir, my Perquiſite conſiderable; I make above Two Hundred Pounds a by her old Cloaths.

Stand. Two Hundred Pounds a Year of her old Clo What then muſt her new ones coſt?—But what do yo by viſiting Gallants, and Picquet?

Par. About a Hundred Pounds more.

Stand. A Hundred Pounds more! Now who can e to find a Lady's Woman honeſt, when ſhe gets ſo by being a Jade?—What Religion are you of, Mrs. *P*

Par. Religion, Sir! I can't tell.

Stand. What was your Father?

Par. A Mountebank.

Stand. Where was you born?

Par. In *Holland*.

Stand. Were you ever Chriſten'd?

Par. No.

Stand. How came that?

Par. My Parents were *Anabaptiſts*; they dy'd be was dipt; I then forſook their Religion, and ha' got a new one ſince.

Stand. I'm very ſorry, Madam, that I had not the nour to know the Worth of your Extraction ſooner I might have paid you the Reſpect due to your Qua

Par. Sir, your humble Servant.

Stand. Have you any Principles?

Par. Five Hundred.

Stand. Have you loſt your Maidenhead?—[*She p her Maſque, and nods.*] Do you love Money?

Par. Yaw, Mijn Heer.

Stand. Well, Mrs. *Parly*, now you have been ſo with me, I tell you what you muſt truſt to in Re Never to come near my Houſe again. Be gone, ſter, fly.—Hell and Furies! never Chriſten'd! He ther a Mountebank!

Par. Lord, Sir, you need not be ſo furious. I Chriſten'd! What then? I may be a very good Chr for all that, I ſuppoſe. Turn me off! Sir, you ſ Meddle with your Fellows; 'tis my Lady's Buſine order her Women.

Stand. Here's a young Whore for you now! A ſweet Companion for my Wife! Where there's ſuch a helliſh Confident, there muſt be damnable Secrets.—Be gone, I ſay.—My Wife ſhall turn you away.

Par. Sir, ſhe won't turn me away, ſhe ſha'n't turn me away, nor ſhe can't turn me away. Sir, I ſay, ſhe dare not turn me away.

Stand. Why, you Jade? Why?

Par. Becauſe I'm the Miſtreſs, not ſhe.

Stand. You the Miſtreſs!

Par. Yes, I know all her Secrets; and let her offer to turn me off if ſhe dares.

Stand. What Secrets do you know?

Par. Humph!—Tell a Wife's Secrets to her Huſband!—Very pretty, faith! Sure, Sir, you don't think me ſuch a *Jew*: Tho' I was never Chriſten'd, I have more Religion than that comes to.

Stand. Are you faithful to your Lady for Affection, or Intereſt?

Par. Shall I tell you a Chriſtian Lie, or a Pagan Truth?

Stand. Come, Truth for once.

Par. Why then, Intereſt, Intereſt! I have a great Soul, which nothing can gain but a great Bribe.

Stand. Well, tho' thou art a Devil, thou art a very honeſt one—Give me thy Hand, Wench. Should not Intereſt make you faithful to me, as much as to others?

Par. Honeſt to you! Marry for what? you gave me indeed two pitiful Pieces the Day you were marry'd, but not a Stiver ſince. One Gallant gives me ten Guineas, another a Watch, another a Pair of Pendants, a fourth a Diamond Ring; and my noble Maſter gives me—his Linen to mend.—Faugh!—I'll tell you a Secret, Sir: Stinginess to Servants makes more Cuckolds, than Ill-nature to Wives.

Stand. And am I a Cuckold, *Parly!*

Par. No, faith, not yet; tho' in a very fair Way of having the Dignity conferr'd upon you very ſuddenly.

Stand. Come, Girl, you ſhall be my Penſioner; you ſhall have a glorious Revenue; for every Guinea that you get for keeping a Secret, I'll give you two for revealing it: You ſhall find a Huſband once in your Life out-do all your Gallants in Generoſity. Take their Money, Child,

Child, take all their Bribes: give 'em Hopes, make Aſſignations; ſerve your Lady faithfully, but tell all to By which means, ſhe will be kept chaſte, you will grow r and I ſhall preſerve my Honour.

Par. But what Security ſhall I have for Performance Articles?

Stand. Ready Payment, Child.

Par. Then give me Earneſt.

Stand. Five Guineas. [*Giving her Mo*

Par. Are they right? No *Gray's-Inn* Pieces amo 'em——All right as my Leg——Now, Sir, I'll give yo Earneſt of my Service. Who d'ye think is come to To

Stand. Who?

Par. Your old Friend, Sir *Harry Wildair.*

Stand. Impoſſible!

Par. Yes, faith, and as gay as ever.

Stand. And has he forgot his Wife ſo ſoon?

Par. Why, ſhe has been dead now above a Year—— appear'd in the Ring laſt Night with ſuch Splendor Equipage, that he eclips'd the Beaux, dazzled the Lad and made your Wife dream all Night of ſix *Flanders* Ma ſeven *French* Liveries, a Wig like a Cloak, and a Hat li Shuttlecock.

Stand. What are a Woman's Promiſes and Oaths?

Par. Wind, Wind, Sir.

Stand. When I marry'd her, how heartily did ſhe c demn her light preceding Conduct, and for the future vo herſelf a perfect Pattern of Conjugal Fidelity!

Par. She might as ſafely ſwear, Sir, That this l ſe'nnight, at Four o'Clock, the Wind will blow fair *Flanders*. 'Tis preſuming for any of us all to promiſe our Inclinations a whole Week. Beſides, Sir, my Lady got the Knack of coquetting it; and when once a Wo has got that in her Head, ſhe will have a touch on't e where elſe.

Stand. An Oracle, Child. But now I muſt make the of a bad Bargain; and ſince I have got you on my Sid have ſome Hopes, that by conſtant Diſappointment Croſſes in her Deſigns, I may at laſt tire her into good haviour.

Par. Well, Sir, the Condition of the Articles being d performed, I ſtand to the Obligation; and will tell

fart

arther, That by and by Sir *Harry Wildair* is to come to our Houſe to Cards, and that there is a Deſign laid to cheat him of his Money.

Stand. What Company will there be beſides?

Par. Why, the old Set at the Baſſet Table; my Lady *Lovecards*, and the uſual Company: They have made up a Bank of fifteen Hundred *Louis d'Ors* among 'em; the whole Deſign lies upon Sir *Harry*'s Purſe, and the *French* Marquis, you know, conſtantly *Taillés*.

Stand. Ay, the *French* Marquis; that's one of your Benefactors, *Parly*;—the Perſecution of *Baſſet* in *Paris* furniſh'd us with that *Refugee*, but the Character of ſuch a Fellow ought not to reflect on thoſe who have been real Sufferers for their Religion. —But take no Notice. Be ſure only to inform me of all that paſſes.——There's more Earneſt for you: Be rich and faithful. [*Exit* Standard.

Par. [*Solus.*] I am now not only *Woman* to the Lady *Lurewell*, but *Steward* to her Huſband, in my double Capacity of knowing *her* Secrets, and commanding his *Purſe*. A very pretty Office in a Family: *For every Guinea that I get for keeping a Secret, he'll give me two for revealing it.*—— My Comings-in, at this Rate, will be worth a Maſter in *Chancery*'s Place, and many a poor *Templer* will be glad to marry me with half my Fortune.

Enter Dicky, *meeting her.*

Dick. Here's a Man much fitter for your Purpoſes.

Par. Bleſs me! Mr. *Dicky!*

Dick. The very ſame in Longitude and Latitude! not a Bit diminiſh'd, nor a Hair's Breadth increas'd.—Dear Mrs. *Parly*, give me a Buſs, for I'm almoſt ſtarv'd.

Par. Why ſo hungry, Mr. *Dicky?*

Dick. Why I ha'n't taſted a Bit this Year and half, Woman. I have been wandring about all over the World, following my Maſter, and come home to dear *London* but two Days ago. Now the Devil take me, if I had not rather kiſs an *Engliſh* Pair of Pattins, than the fineſt Lady in *France*.

Par. Then you're over-joy'd to ſee *London* again?

Dick. Oh! I was juſt dead of a Conſumption, till the ſweet Smoke of *Cheapſide*, and the dear Perfume of *Fleetditch*, made me a Man again.

Par. But how came you to live with Sir *Harry Wildair?*

Dick.

Dick. Why, ſeeing me a handſome perſonable Fe and well qualify'd for a Livery, he took a Fancy u Figure, that was all.

Par. And what's become of your old Maſter?

Dick. O! hang him, he was a Blockhead, and I t him off; I turn'd him away.

Par. And were not you very ſorry for the Loſs of Miſtreſs, Sir *Harry*'s Lady? They ſay, ſhe was a very Woman.

Dick. Oh! the ſweeteſt Woman that ever the Sun upon. I cou'd almoſt weep when I think of her. [*Wiping his*

Par. How did ſhe die, pray? I could never hea 'twas.

Dick. Give me a Buſs then, and I'll tell ye.

Par. You ſhall have your Wages when your W done.

Dick. Well then—Courage!—Now for a doleful T You know that my Maſter took a Freak to go ſee fooliſh *Jubiles* that made ſuch a Noiſe among us here; no ſooner ſaid than done; away he went; he took hi *French* Servants to wait on him, and left me, the poor *E* Puppy, to wait upon his Lady at home here.—Wel far ſo good—But ſcarce was my Maſter's Back tu when my Lady fell to ſighing, and pouting, and whi and crying; and in ſhort fell ſick upon't.

Par. Well, well, I know all this already; and th pluck'd up her Spirits at laſt, and went to follow him.

Dick. Very well: Follow him we did, far and far, farther than I can tell, till we came to a Place call'd *I pellier* in *France*; a goodly Place truly.—But Sir *Harry* gone to *Rome*; there was our Labour loſt.——But, t ſhort, my poor Lady, with the Tireſomeneſs of Travel fell ſick—and dy'd.

Par. Poor Woman!

Dick. Ay, but that was not all. Here comes the wo the Story.——Thoſe curſed barbarous Devils, the *Fr* wou'd not let us bury her.

Par. Not bury her!

Dick. No, ſhe was a Heretic Woman, and they w not let her Corps be put in their Holy Ground— damn their holy Ground for me.

Par. Now had not I better be an honeſt Pagan, as I am, an ſuch a Chriſtian as one of theſe?—But how did you ſpoſe the Body?

Dick. Why, there was one charitable Gentlewoman that 'd to viſit my Lady in her Sickneſs: She contriv'd the latter ſo, that ſhe had her bury'd in her own private hapel. This Lady and myſelf carried her out upon our wn Shoulders, through a Back-door at the Hour of Mid-ght, and laid her in a Grave that I dug for her with my wn Hands; and if we had been catch'd by the Prieſts, we ad gone to the Gallows without the Benefit of Clergy.

Par. Oh! the Devil take 'em. But what did they mean y a Heretic Woman?

Dick. I don't know; ſome Sort of *Canibal*, I believe. I now there are ſome *Canibal* Woman here in *England*, that ome to the Play-houſes in Maſques; but let them have a are how they go to *France*. (For they are all Heretics, believe.) But I'm ſure my good Lady was none of eſe.

Par. But how did Sir *Harry* bear the News?

Dick. Why, you muſt know, that my Lady, after ſhe was ury'd, ſent me——

Par. How! after ſhe was bury'd!

Dick. Pſhaw! Why Lord, Miſtreſs, you know what I ean; I went to Sir *Harry* all the Way to *Rome*; and here d'ye think I found him?

Par. Where?

Dick. Why, in the Middle of a Monaſtery among a undred and fifty Nuns, playing at Hot-cockles. He was rpriz'd to ſee honeſt *Dicky*, you may be ſure. But when told him the ſad Story, he roar'd out a whole Volley of *ngliſh* Oaths upon the Spot, and ſwore that he would ſet ire on the Pope's Palace for the Injury done to his Wife. le then flew away to his Chamber, lock'd himſelf up for ree Days; we thought to have found him dead; but in-ead of that, he call'd for his beſt Linen, fine W[illegible] oach; and laughing very heartily, ſwore a[illegible] e reveng'd, and bid them drive to the N[illegible] as revenged to ſome Purpoſe.

Par. How, how, dear Mr. *Dicky*?

Dick. Why, in a Matter of five Days h[illegible] ith Child, and left 'em to prov

Baſtards—Ah Plague on 'em, they hate a dead Hereti they love a piping-hot warm Heretic with all their Hea So away we came; and thus did he jog on, reve himſelf at this Rate through all the Catholic Countrie we paſs'd, till we came home; and now, Mrs. *Pa* fancy he has ſome Deſigns of Revenge too upon Lady.

Par. Who cou'd have thought that a Man of his airy Temper wou'd have been ſo revengeful?

Dick. Why, faith, I'm a little malicious too: W the Buſs you promis'd me, you Jade?

Par. Follow me, you Rogue. [*Ru*

Dick. Allons. [*Fo*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Lady's Apartment.*

Enter two Chamber-maids.

1ſt Cham. ARE all Things ſet in Order? The fix'd, the Bottles and Combs put in and the Chocolate ready?

2d Cham. 'Tis no great matter whether they be ri not; for right or wrong we ſhall be ſure of our Left wiſh for my Part that my Time were out.

1ſt Cham. Nay, 'tis a Hundred to one but we m away before our Time be half expir'd; and ſhe's wor Morning than ever.—Here ſhe comes.

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Ay, there's a Couple of you indeed! Bu how in the Name of Negligence cou'd you two conti make a Bed as mine was laſt Night; a Wrinkle on on and a Rumple on t'other; the Pillows awry, and the aſkew.—I did nothing but tumble about, and fence w Sheets all Night long.—Oh!—my Bones ake this Mo

i if I had lain all Night on a Pair of *Dutch* Stairs—Go, ring Cnocolate.—And, d'ye hear? Be ſure to ſtay an Hour or two at leaſt.—Well! Theſe *Engliſh* Animals are ſo unpoliſh'd! I wiſh the Perſecution would rage a little arder, that we might have more of theſe *French Refugees* mong us.

Enter the Maids with Chocolate.

Theſe Wenches are gone to *Smyrna* for this Chocolate.—And what made you ſtay ſo long?

Cham. I thought we did not ſtay at all, Madam.

Lure. Only an Hour and a half by the ſloweſt Clock in *Chriſtendom*—And ſuch Salvers and Diſhes too! The Lord be merciful to me! what have I committed, to be plagu'd with ſuch Animals?—Where are my new Japan Salvers?—Broke, o'my Conſcience! All to Pieces, I'll lay my Life on't.

Cham. No, indeed, Madam, but your Huſband——

Lure. How? Huſband, Impudence! I'll teach you Manners [*Gives her a Box on the Ear*] Huſband! Is that your *Welſh* Breeding? Hav'n't the Col. a Name of his own?

Cham. Well then, the Col. He us'd 'em this Morning, and we ha'n't got 'em ſince.

Lure. How! the Col. uſe my Things! How dare the Col. uſe any Thing of mine?—But his Campaign Education muſt be pardon'd—And I warrant they were ſitted about among his dirty Levee of Diſbanded Officers?—Faugh! The very Thoughts of them Fellows with their eager Looks, Iron Swords, ty'd-up Wigs, and tuck'd-in Cravats, make me ſick as Death—Come, let me ſee.—[*Goes to take the Chocolate, and ſtarts back.*] Heav'ns protect me from ſuch a Sight! Lord, Girl! When did you waſh your Hands laſt? And have you been pawing me all this Morning with them dirty Fiſts of yours? [*Runs to the Glaſs.*] I muſt dreſs all over again—Go, take it away, I elſe.—Here, Mrs. Monſter, call up my Tav hear? You, Mrs. Hobbyhorſe, ſee if my Com to Cards yet.

Enter the Taylor.

Oh, Mr. *Remnant!* I don't know what you have made me; but ſomething is like 'em

Rem. I am very ſorry for that, does your Ladyſhip find?

Lure. I don't know where the Fault lies; but in ſhe don't like 'em; I can't tell how; the Things are enough made, but I don't like 'em.

Rem. Are they too wide, Madam?

Lure. No.

Rem. Too ſtraight, perhaps?

Lure. Not at all! they fit me very well; but—I bleſs me! Can't you tell where the Fault lies?

Rem. Why truly, Madam, I can't tell.—But your La ſhip, I think, is a little too ſlender for the Faſhion.

Lure. How! too ſlender for the Faſhion, ſay you?

Rem. Yes, Madam; there's no ſuch Thing as a g Shape worn among the Quality: Your fine Waiſts are c out, Madam.

Lure. And why did not you plump up my Stays to faſhionable Size?

Rem. I made 'em to fit you, Madam.

Lure. Fit me! fit my Monkey—What d'ye think I w Cloaths to pleaſe myſelf! Fit me! fit the Faſhion, pray; matter for me—I thought ſomething was the Matter, I wan Quality-air.—Pray, Mr. *Remnant*, let me have a Bulk Quality, a ſpreading Counter. I do remember now, Ladies in the Apartments, the Birth Night, were moſt 'em two Yards about——Indeed, Sir, if you contrive Things any more with your ſcanty Chamber-maid's A you ſhall work no more for me.

Rem. I ſhall take Care to pleaſe your Ladyſhip for future. [*E*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my Maſter deſires——

Lure. Hold, hold, Fellow; for Gad's Sake hold: thou touch my Cloaths with that Tobacco Breath of thi I ſhall poiſon the whole Drawing-Room. Stand at Door pray, and ſpeak. [Ser. *goes to the Door and ſpea*

Ser. My Maſter, Madam, deſires——

Lure. Oh hideous! Now the Raſcal bellows ſo loud, t he tears my Head to Pieces.—Here, Aukwardneſs, go ta the Booby's Meſſage, and bring it to me. [*Maid goes to Door, whiſpers and retur*

Cham. My Maſter deſires to know how your Ladyſ reſted laſt Night, and if you are pleas'd to admit of a Vi this Morning?

Lu

Lure. Ay——Why this is civil.——'Tis an inſupportable Toil tho' for Women of Quality to model their Huſbands to good Breeding.

Enter Standard.

Stand. Good morrow, deareſt Angel. How have you reſted laſt Night?

Lure. Lard, Lard, Col! What a Room have you made me here with your dirty Feet! Bleſs me, Sir! Will you never be reclaim'd from your ſlovenly Campaign Airs? 'Tis the moſt unmannerly Thing in Nature to make a ſliding Bow in a Lady's Chamber with dirty Shoes; it writes Rudeneſs upon the Boards.

Stand. A very odd Kind of Reception this, truly!—I'm very ſorry, Madam, that the Offences of my Feet ſhould create an Averſion to my Company: But for the future I hall honour your Ladyſhip's Apartment as the Sepulchre at *Jeruſalem*, and always come in bare-foot.

Lure. Sepulchre at *Jeruſalem!* Your Compliment, Sir, is very far-fetch'd: But your Feet indeed have a very travelling Air.

Stand. Come, come, my Dear, no ſerious Diſputes upon Trifles, ſince you know I never contend with you in Matters of Conſequence. You are ſtill Miſtreſs of your Fortune, and Marriage has only made you more abſolute in your Pleaſure, by adding one faithful Servant to your Deſires.—Come, clear your Brow of that uneaſy Chagrin, and let that pleaſing Air take Place that firſt enſnar'd my Heart. I have invited ſome Gentlemen to Dinner, whoſe Friendſhips deſerve a welcome Look. Let their Entertainment ſhew how bleſs'd you have made me by a plentiful Fortune, and the Love of ſo agreeable a Creature.

Lure. Your Friends, I ſuppoſe, are all Men of Quality?

Stand. Madam, they are Officers, and Men of Honour.

Lure. Officers, and Men of Honour! That is, they will daub the Stairs with their Feet, ſtain all the Rooms with their Wine, talk Bawdy to my Woman, rail at the Parliament, then at one another, fall to cutting of Throats, and break all my China.

Stand. Admitting that I keep ſuch Company, 'tis unkind in you, Madam, to talk ſo ſeverely of my Friends.—But my Brother, my Dear, is juſt come from his Voyage, and will be here to pay his Reſpects to you.

Lure. Sir, I ſhall not be at Leiſure to entertain a Perſon of his *Wapping* Education, I can aſſure you.

Enter Parly, *and whiſpers her.*

Sir, I have ſome Buſineſs with my Woman; you may entertain your Sea-monſter by yourſelf; you may command a Diſh of Pork and Peaſe, with a Bowl of Punch, I ſuppoſe; and ſo, Sir, much good may do you.—Come, *Parly.*

[*Exeunt* Lure. *and* Par.

Stand. Hell and Furies!

Enter Fireball.

Fire. With all my Heart—Where's your Wife, Brother?—Ho' now Man, what's the Matter?—Is Dinner ready?

Stand. No—I don't know—Hang it, I'm ſorry that I invited you:—For you muſt know that my Wife is very much out of Order; taken dangerous ill of a ſudden—So that———

Fire. Pſhaw! Nothing, nothing but a Marriage Qualm; breeding Children, or breeding Miſchief. Where is ſhe, Man? Prithee let me ſee her; I long to ſee this fine Lady you have got.

Stand. Upon my Word ſhe's very ill, and can't ſee any Body.

Fire. So ill that ſhe can't ſee any Body! What, ſhe's not in Labour ſure! I tell you, I will ſee her. Where is ſhe?

[*Looking about.*

Stand. No, no, Brother; ſhe's gone abroad to take the Air.

Fire. What the Devil! dangerous ſick, and gone out! So ſick, that ſhe'll ſee nobody within, yet gone abroad to ſee all the World!—Ah, you have made your Fortune with a Vengeance!—Then, Brother, you ſhall dine with me at *Locket's*; I hate theſe Family Dinners, where a Man's oblig'd to, O Lard, Madam; no Apology, dear Sir—'Tis very good indeed, Madam.—For yourſelf, dear Madam.—Where between the rubb'd Floor under-foot, the China in one Corner, and the Glaſſes in another, a Man can't make two Strides without Hazard of his Life. Commend me to a Boy and a Bell; Coming, coming, Sir. Much Noiſe, no Attendance, and a dirty Room, where I may eat like a Horſe, drink like a Fiſh, and ſwear like a Devil. Hang your Family Dinners; come along with me.

As they are going out, enter Banter; *who ſeeing them ſeems to retire.*

Stand. Who's that? Come in, Sir. Your Buſineſs, pray Sir?

Ban.

m. Perhaps, Sir, it may not be ſo proper to inform you; ou appear to be as great a Stranger here as myſelf.

re. Come, come away, Brother; he has ſome Buſineſs your Wife.

m. His Wife! Gad ſo! A pretty Fellow, a very pretty w, a likely Fellow, and a handſome Fellow; I find ing like a Monſter about him: I wou'd fain ſee his ead tho'—Sir, your humble Servant.

nd. Your's Sir—But why d'ye ſtare ſo in my Face?

m. I was told, Sir, that the Lady *Lurewell*'s Huſband omething very remarkable over his Eyes, by which he t be known.

re. Mark that, Brother. [*In his Ear.*

nd. Your Information, Sir, was right; I have a croſs over my left Eye that's very remarkable—But pray, Sir, hat Marks are you to be known?

m. Sir, I am dignify'd and diſtinguiſh'd by the Name Title of *Beau Banter*; I'm younger Brother to Sir *y Wildair*; and I hope to inherit his Eſtate with his our, for his Wife, I'm told, is dead, and has left no l.

nd. Oh, Sir! I'm your very humble Servant; you're unlike your Brother in the Face; but methinks, Sir, don't become his Humour altogether ſo well; for 's Nature in him, looks like Affectation in you.

m. Oh Lard, Sir! 'tis rather Nature in me, what is ir'd by him; he's beholding to his Education for his Now where d'ye think my Humour was eſtabliſh'd?

nd. Where?

m. At *Oxford.*

nd. } At *Oxford!*
re. }

m. Ay: There have I been ſucking my dear *Alma r* theſe ſeven Years: Yet in Defiance to Legs of Mutton, Beer, crabbed Books, and four-fac'd Doctors, I can e a Minuet, court a Miſtreſs, play at Piquet, or make oli, with any *Wildair* in *Chriſtendom.* In ſhort, Sir, in of the Univerſity, I'm a pretty Gentleman.—Colonel, e's your Wife?

re. [*Mimicking him.*] *In ſpite of the Univerſity, I'm a Gentleman.*—Then, *Colonel, where is your Wife?*——

Hark ye, young *Plato*, Whether wou'd you have your Noſe ſlit, or your Ears cut?

Ban. Firſt tell me, Sir, which would you chuſe, to be run through the Body, or ſhot through the Head?

Fire. Follow me, and I'll tell ye.

Ban. Sir, my Servants ſhall attend ye, if you have no Equipage of your own.

Fire. Blood, Sir!

Stand. Hold, Brother, hold; he's a Boy.

Ban. Look ye, Sir, I keep half a dozen Footmen that have no Buſineſs upon Earth but to anſwer impertinent Queſtions: Now, Sir, if your fighting Stomach can digeſt theſe ſix brawny Fellows for a Breakfaſt, their Maſter, perhaps, may do you the Favour to run you through the Body for a Dinner.

Fire. Sirrah, will you fight me? I received juſt now ſix Month's Pay, and by this Light, I'll give you the half on't for one fair Blow at your Skull.

Ban. Down with your Money, Sir.

Stand. No, no, Brother; if you are ſo free of your Pay, get into the next Room; there you'll find ſome Company at Cards, I ſuppoſe; you may find Opportunity for your Revenge; my Houſe protects him now.

Fire. Well, Sir, the Time will come. [*Exit.*

Ban. Well ſaid, Brazen-head.

Stand. I hope, Sir, you'll excuſe the Freedom of this Gentleman; his Education has been among the boiſterous Elements, the Winds and Waves.

Ban. Sir, I value neither him, nor his Wind and Waves neither; I'm privileg'd to be very impertinent, being an *Oxonian*, and oblig'd to fight no Man, being a *Beau*.

Stand. Sir, I admire the Freedom of your Condition.—But pray, Sir, have you ſeen your Brother ſince he came laſt over?

Ban. I ha'nt ſeen my Brother theſe ſeven Years, and ſcarcely heard from him but by Report of others. About a Month ago he was pleas'd to honour me with a Letter from *Paris*, importing his Deſign of being in *London* very ſoon, with a Deſire of meeting me here. Upon this, I chang'd my Cap and Gown for a long Wig and Sword, came up to *London* to attend him, and went to his Houſe; but that was all in Sable for the Death of his Wife; there I

was

was told that he deſign'd to change his Habitation, becauſe he wou'd avoid all Remembrances that might diſturb his Quiet. You are the firſt Perſon that has told me of his Arrival, and I expect that you may likewiſe inform me where to wait on him.

Stand. And I ſuppoſe, Sir, this was the Buſineſs that occaſion'd me the Honour of this Viſit.

Ban. Partly this, and partly an Affair of greater Conſequence. You muſt know, Sir, that tho' I have read ten thouſand Lies in the Univerſity, yet I have learn'd to ſpeak the Truth myſelf; and to deal plainly with you, the Honour of this Viſit, as you were pleas'd to term it, was deſign'd to the Lady *Lurewell.*

Stand. My Wife, Sir!

Ban. My Lady *Lurewell*, I ſay, Sir.

Stand. But I ſay, my Wife, Sir—What!

Ban. Why, look ye, Sir; you may have the Honour of being called the Lady *Lurewell*'s Huſband; but you will never find in any Author, either antient or modern, that he's called Mr. *Standard*'s Wife. 'Tis true, you're a handſome young Fellow; ſhe lik'd you, ſhe marry'd you; and tho' the Prieſt made you both one Fleſh, yet there's no ſmall Diſtinction in your Blood. You are ſtill a diſbanded Colonel, and ſhe is ſtill a Woman of Quality, I take it.

Stand. And you are the moſt impudent young Fellow I ever met with in my Life, I take it.

Ban. Sir, I'm a Maſter of Arts, and I plead the Privilege of my Standing.

Enter a Servant, and whiſpers Banter.

Ser. Sir, the Gentleman in the Coach below, ſays, he'll be gone unleſs you come preſently.

Ban. I had forgot——Col. your humble Servant.

[*Exit.*

Stand. Sir, you muſt excuſe me for not waiting on you down Stairs.——An impudent young Dog.

[Exit *another Way.*

SCENE *changes to another Apartment in the ſame Houſe.*

Enter Lurewell, Ladies, Monſ. Marquis *and* Fireball, *as loſing Gameſters, one after another, tearing their Cards, and flinging 'em about the Rooms.*

Lure. Ruin'd! Undone! Deſtroy'd!

1ſt La. Oh Fortune! Fortune! Fortune!

2d. La. What will my Huſband ſay?

Monſ. Oh *malheur! malheur! malheur!*

Fire. Blood and Fire, I have loſt Six Months Pay.

Monſ. A hundred and ten Piſtoles, ſink me.

Fire. Sink you? ſink me, that have loſt two hundred and ten Piſtoles.—Sink you indeed!

Lure. But why wou'd you hazard the Bank upon one Card?

Monſ. Becauſe me had loſe by de Card tree Times before —Look, dere Madam, de very next Card had been out. Oh *Morbleu! qui ſa?*

Lure. I rely'd altogether on your ſetting the Cards; you us'd to *Tailée* with Succeſs.

Monſ. Morbleu, Madam, me never loſe before: But dat Monſieur Sir *Arry*, dat Chevalier *Wildair* is de Devil —— Vere is de Chevalier?

Lure. Counting our Money within yonder.—Go, go, be gone; and bethink yourſelf of ſome Revenge.——Here he comes.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Fifteen hundred and ſeventy *Louis d'Ors!*——Tall dall de rall. [*Sings.*] Look ye, Gentlemen, any Body may dance to this Tune; ——Tall dall de rall. I dance to the Tune of fifteen hundred Pounds, the moſt elevated Piece of Muſic that ever I heard in my Life; they are the prettieſt Caſtagnets in the World. [*Chinks the Money.*] Here, Waiters, there's Cards and Candles for you. [*Gives the Servants Money.*] Mrs. *Parly*——here's Hoods and Scarfs for you: [*Gives her Money.*] And here's fine Coaches, ſplendid Equipage, lovely Women, and victorious *Burgundy* for me.—— Oh ye charming Angels! the Loſers Sorrow, and the Gainer's Joy: Get ye into my Pocket.—Now, Gentlemen and Ladies, I am your humble Servant——You'll excuſe me, I hope, the ſmall Devotion here that I pay to my good Fortune—Ho'now! Mute!—Why, Ladies, I know that Loſers have Leave to ſpeak; but I don't find that they're privileg'd to be dumb.——*Monſieur!* Ladies! Captain!

[*Claps the Captain on the Shoulder.*

Fire. Death and Hell! Why d'ye ſtrike me, Sir?

[*Drawing.*

Wild.

Wild. To comfort you, Sir.—Your Ear, Capt.—The King of *Spain* is dead!

Fire. The King of *Spain* dead!

Wild. Dead as *Julius Ceſar*; I had a Letter on't juſt now.

Fire. Tall dall de rall. [*Sings.*] Look ye, Sir, pray ſtrike me again if you pleaſe.—See here, Sir, you have left me but one ſolitary Guinea in the World. [*Puts it in his Mouth.* Down it goes i'faith.——Allons for the *Thatch'd Houſe* and the *Mediterranean.*——Tall dall de rall. [*Exit.*

Wild. Ha, ha, ha!—Bravely reſolv'd, Captain.

Lure. Bleſs me, Sir *Harry!* I was afraid of a Quarrel. I'm ſo much concern'd!

Wild. At the Loſs of your Money, Madam. But why, why ſhould the Fair be afflicted? your Eyes, your Eyes, Ladies, much brighter than the Sun, have equal Power with him, and can transform to Gold whate'er they pleaſe. The Lawyer's Tongue, the Soldier's Sword, the Courtier's Flattery, and the Merchant's Trade, are Slaves that dig the Golden Mines for you. Your Eyes unty the Miſer's knotted Purſe. [*To one Lady*] Melt into Coin the Magiſtrate's maſſy Chain.—Youth mints for you Hereditary Lands. [*To another.*——And Gameſters only win when they can loſe to you. [*To* Lureweil.]——This Luck is the moſt rhetorical Thing in Nature.

Lure. I have a great Mind to forſwear Cards as long as I live.

1ſt La. And I. [*Exit.*

2d La. And I. [*Crying, and Exit.*

Wild. What, forſwear Cards! Why, Madam, you'll ruin our Trade.—I'd maintain, that the Money at Court circulates more by the Baſſet-Bank, than the Wealth of the Merchants by the Bank of the City. Cards! the great Miniſters of Fortune's Power, that blindly ſhuffle out her thoughtleſs Favours, and make a Knave more pow'rful than a King.—What Adoration do theſe Pow'rs receive [*Lifting up a Card.*] from the bright Hands and Fingers of the Fair, always lift up to pay Devotion here! And the pleaſing Fears, the anxious Hopes, and dubious Joy that entertain our Mind! The Capot at Piquet, the Paroli at Baſſet;—And then Ombre! who can reſiſt the Charms of Mattadors?

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry*; and then the *Sept le Va, Quinze la Va, & Trante le Va!*

Wild. Right, right, Madam.

Lure. Then the Nine of Diamonds at Comet, three Fives at Cribbidge, and Pam in Lanteraloo, Sir *Harry!*

Wild. Ay, Madam, theſe are Charms indeed.——Then the Pleaſure of picking our Huſband's Pocket over night, to play at Baſſet next Day! Then the Advantage a fine Gentleman may make of a Lady's Neceſſity, by gaining a Favour for fifty Piſtoles, which a hundred Years Courtſhip cou'd never have produc'd.

Lure. Nay, nay, Sir *Harry*, that's foul Play.

Wild. Nay, nay, Madam, it is nothing but the Game; and I have play'd it ſo in *France* a hundred Times.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, no more on't. I'll tell you in three Words, that rather than forego my Cards, I'll forſwear my Viſits, Faſhions, my Monkey, Friends and Relations.

Wild. There ſpoke the Spirit of true-born *Engliſh* Women of Quality, with a true *French* Education.

Lure. Look ye, Sir *Harry*, I am well born, and I was well bred; I brought my Huſband a large Fortune; he ſhall mortgage, or I will elope.

Wild. No, no, Madam! there's no Occaſion for that: See here, Madam!

Lure. What, the ſinging Birds! Sir *Harry*, let me ſee.

Wild. Pugh, Madam, theſe are but a few.--But I cou'd wiſh, *de tout mon cœur*, *fort quelque Commodite*, where I might be handſomely plunder'd of 'em.

Lure. *Ah! Chevalier! tous jour obligeant, engageant, & tout ſa*——

Wild. *Allons, Allons, Madam, tout à votre ſervice.*

[*Pulls her.*

Lure. No, no, Sir *Harry*, not at this Time o'day; you ſhall hear from me in the Evening.

Wild. Then, Madam, I'll leave you ſomething to entertain you the while. 'Tis a *French* Pocket-book, with ſome Remarks of my own upon the new Way of making Love. Pleaſe to peruſe it, and give me your Opinion in the Evening. [*Exit.*

Lure. [*Opening the Book*] A *French* Pocket-book, with Remarks upon the new Way of making Love! Then Sir *Harry* is turning Author I find.—What's here?—Hi, hi, hi! A Bank Bill for a hundred Pounds.—The new Way of making

making Love!—*Pardie cêt fort Gallant*—One of the prettieſt Remarks that ever I ſaw in my Life! Well now, that *Wildair*'s a charming Fellow;—Hi, hi, hi!—He has ſuch an Air, and ſuch a Turn in what he does! I warrant now there's a Hundred home-bred Blockheads wou'd come,—Madam, I'll give you a Hundred Guineas if you'll let me ——Faugh! hang their nauſeous immodeſt Proceedings.—Here's a Hundred Pounds now, and he never names the Thing; I love an impudent Action with an Air of Modeſty with all my Heart. [*Exit.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter Lurewell *and* Monſieur Marquis.

Lure. WELL, *Monſieur*, and have you thought how to retaliate your ill Fortune?

Monſ. Madam, I have tought dat Fortune be one blind Bitch. Why ſhou'd Fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan to de France Marquis? Ave I not de bon Grace? Ave not I de Perſonage? Ave I not Underſtanding? Can de Anglis Chevalier dance better dan I? Can de Anglis Chevalier fence better dan I? Can de Anglis Chevalier play Baſſet better dan I? Den why ſhould Fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan de France Marquis?

Lure. Why? Becauſe Fortune is blind.

Monſ. Blind! Yes begar, and dum and deaf too.—Vell den, Fortune give de Anglis Man de Riches, but Nature gave de France Man de Politique to correct de unequal Diſtribution.

Lure. But how can you correct it, Monſieur!

Monſ. Ecoute, Madam. Sir *Arry Wildair* his Vife be dead.

Lure. And what Advantage can you make of that?

Monſ. Begar, Madam.—Hi, hi, hi!—De Anglis Man's dead Vife ſall Cuckold her Uſband!

Lure. How, how, Sir, a dead Woman cuckold her Huſband!

Monſ. Mark! Madam: We France-men make de Diſtinction between de Deſign and de Term of de Treaty.—She canno touch his Head, but ſhe can Cuckold his Pocket of ten touſan Livres.

Lure. Pray explain yourſelf, Sir.

Monſ. I ave Sir *Arry Wildair* his Vife in my Pocket.

Lure. How! Sir *Harry*'s Wife in your Pocket!

Monſ. Hold, Madam, dére is an autre Diſtinction between de Deſign and dé Term of de Treaty.

Lure. Pray, Sir, no more of your Diſtinctions, but ſpeak plain.

Monſ. Wen de France-man's Politique is in his Head, dere is noting but Diſtinction upon his Tongue.—See here, Madam! I ave de Picture of Sir *Harry*'s Vife in my Pocket.

Lure. Is it poſſible?

Monſ. Voyez.

Lure. The very ſame, and finely drawn. Pray, Monſieur, how did you purchaſe it?

Monſ. As me did purchaſe de Picture, ſo me did gain de Subſtance, de dear, dear Subſtance, by de bon mien, de France Air, chatant, charmant, de Politique à la Tête, and dançant à la Pie.

Lure. Lard bleſs me! How cunningly ſome Women can play the Rogue! Ah! have I found it out! Now, as I hope for Mercy, I am glad on't. I hate to have any Woman more virtuous than myſelf.——Here was ſuch a work with my Lady *Wildair*'s Piety! my Lady *Wildair*'s Conduct! and my Lady *Wildair*'s Fidelity, forſooth! Now, dear Monſieur, you have infallibly told me the beſt News that I ever heard in my Life. Well, and ſhe was but one of us! heh!

Monſ. Oh, Madam! me no tell Tale, me no ſcandalize de Dead; de Picture be dumb, de Picture ſay noting.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, no more Diſtinctions; I'm ſure it was ſo. I wou'd have given the World for ſuch a Story of her while ſhe was living. She was charitable, forſooth! and ſhe was devout, forſooth! and every Body was twitted i'th' Teeth with my Lady *Wildair*'s Reputation: And why don't you mark her Behaviour, and her Diſcretion? She goes to Church twice a Day.—Ah! I hate theſe Congregation-Women. There's ſuch a Fuſs, and ſuch a Clutter about their Devotion, that it makes more Noiſe than all the Bells in the Pariſh. — Well, but what Advantage can you make now of the Picture?

Monſ. De Advantage of ten touſan Livres, parde.—— *Attendez vous*, Madam. Dis Lady ſhe die at *Montpellier* in *France*; I ave de Broder in dat City dat write me one Account dat ſhe die in dat City, and dat ſhe ſend me dis Pic-

ture

ture as a Legacy, wid a touſan baſe mains to de dear Marquis, de charmant Marquis, mon cœur le Marquis.

Lure. Ay, here was Devotion! here was Diſcretion! here was Fidelity! Mon cœur le Marquis! Ha, ha, ha!—Well, but how will this procure the Money?

Monſ. Now, Madam, for de France Politique.

Lure. Ay, what is the *French* Politic?

Monſ. Never to tell a Secret to a Voman.—Madam, *je ſui votre ſerviteur.* [*Runs off.*

Lure. Hold, hold, Sir, we ſha'n't part ſo; I will have it. [*Follows.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball.

Fire. Hah! Look! look! look you there, Brother! See how they coquet it! Oh! there's a Look! there's a Simper! there's a Squeeze for you! ay, now the Marquis is at it. *Mon cœur, ma foy, pardie, allons:* Don't you ſee how the *French* Rogue has the Head, and the Feet, and the Hands, and the Tongue, all going together?

Stand. [*Walking in Diſorder.*] Where's my Reaſon? Where's my Philoſophy? Where's my Religion now?

Fire. I'll tell you where they are, in your Forehead, Sir.—Blood! I ſay Revenge.

Stand. But how, dear Brother?

Fire. Why ſtab him, ſtab him now.—*Italian* him, *Spaniard* him, I ſay.

Stand. Stab him! Why Cuckoldom's a Hydra that bears a thouſand Heads; and tho' I ſhou'd cut this one off, the Monſter ſtill wou'd ſprout. Muſt I murder all the Fops in the Nation; and to ſave my Head from Horns, expoſe my Neck to the Halter?

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir, can't you kick and cuff? Kick one.

Stand. Cane another.

Fire. Cut off the Ears of a third.

Stand. Slit the Noſe of a fourth.

Fire. Tear Cravats.

Stand. Burn Perukes.

Fire. Shoot their Coach-horſes.

Stand. A noble Plot.——But now 'tis laid, how ſhall we put it in Execution? for not one of theſe *Fellows* ſtirs about without his Guard du Corps. Then they're ſtout as Heroes; for I can aſſure you, that a Beau with ſix Footmen ſhall fight you any Gentleman in *Chriſtendom.*

Enter

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's Mr. *Clincher* below, who begs the Honour to kiſs your Hand.

Stand. Ay, why here's another Beau.

Fire. Let him come, let him come; I'll ſhew you how to manage a Beau preſently.

Stand. Hold, hold, Sir; this is a ſimple inoffenſive Fellow, that will rather make us Diverſion.

Fire. Diverſion! Ay. Why, I'll knock him down for Diverſion.

Stand. No, no: prithee be quiet; I gave him a Surfeit of Intriguing ſome Months ago before I was marry'd.—— Here, bid him come up. He's worth your Acquaintance, Brother.

Fire. My Acquaintance! What is he!

Stand. A Fellow of a ſtrange Weathercock Head, very hard, but as light as the Wind; conſtantly full of the Times, and never fails to pick up ſome Humour or other out of the public Revolutions, that proves diverting enough. Some Time ago he had got the Travelling Maggot in his Head, and was going to the *Jubilee* upon all Occaſions; but lately, ſince the new Revolution in *Europe*, another Spirit has poſſeſs'd him, and he runs ſtark mad after News and Politics.

Enter Clincher.

Clinch. News, News, Col. great—Eh! what's this Fellow? Methinks he has a Kind of ſuſpicious Air.——Your Ear, Col.—The Pope's dead.

Stand. Where did you hear it?

Clinch. I read it in the public News. [*Whiſpering.*

Stand. Ha, ha, ha!—And why d'ye whiſper it for a Secret?

Clinch. Odſo! Faith that's true—But that Fellow there; what is he?

Stand. My Brother *Fireball*, juſt come home from the *Baltick*.

Clinch. Odſo! Noble Captain, I'm your moſt humble and obedient Servant, from the Poop to the Forecaſtle.—— Nay, a Kiſs o't'other Side, pray.——Now, dear Captain, tell us the News.——Odſo! I'm ſo pleas'd I have met you! Well, the News, dear Captain — You ſail'd a brave Squadron of Men of War to the *Baltick*.——Well, and what then? eh!

Fire.

Fire. Why then——we came back again.

Clinch. Did you, faith!—Fooliſh! fooliſh! very fooliſh! a right Sea Captain—But what did you do? How did you fight? What Storms did you meet? and what! Whales did you ſee?

Fire. We had a violent Storm off the Coaſt of *Jutland.*

Clinch. Jutland! Ay, that's Part of *Portugal.*——Well, and ſo,——you enter'd the *Sound*;——and you maul'd *Copenhagen*, 'faith.—And then that pretty, dear, ſweet, pretty King of *Sweden!*—What Sort of Man is he, pray?

Fire. Why, tall and ſlender.

Clinch. Tall and ſlender! Much about my Pitch? Heh!

Fire. Not ſo groſs, not altogether ſo low.

Clinch. No! I'm ſorry for't; very ſorry, indeed.——[*Here* Parly *enters and ſtands at the Door*; Clincher *beckons her with his Hands behind, going backwards, and ſpeaking to her and the Gentlemen by Turns.*] Well, and what more? And ſo you bombarded *Copenhagen.*—[Mrs. *Parly.*]—Whiz, flap went the Bombs. [Mrs. *Parly.*] And ſo—Well, not altogether ſo groſs, you ſay——[Here's a Letter, you Jade.] Very tall, you ſay? Is the King very tall?——[Here's a Guinea, you Jade.]—*She takes the Letter, and the Col. obſerves him.*]—Hem! hem! Col. I'm mightily troubled with the Ptyſic of late.——Hem! hem! a ſtrange Stoppage of my Breaſt here. Hem! but now it is off again.——Well, but Captain, you tell us no News at all.

Fire. I tell you once Piece that all the World knows, and ſtill you are a Stranger to it.

Clinch. Bleſs me! What can this be?

Fire. That you are a Fool.

Clinch. Eh! Witty, witty Sea Captain. Odſo! and I wonder, Captain, that your Underſtanding did not ſplit your Ship to Pieces.

Fire. Why ſo, Sir?

Clinch. Becauſe, Sir, it is ſo very ſhallow, very *ſhallow*, There's Wit for you, Sir——

Enter Parly, *who gives the Col. a Letter.*

Odſo! A Letter! Then there's News.—What, is it the foreign Poſt? What News, dear Col. what News? Hark ye, Mrs. *Parly.*

[*He talks with* Parly *while the Col. reads the Letter.*

Stand. The Son of a Whore! Is it he? [*Looks at* Clincher.

[*Reads.*]

[*Reads.*] Dear Madam,

I Was afraid to break open the Seal of your Letter, leſt I ſhou'd violate the Work of your fair Hands—(Oh! fulſome Fop!) *I therefore with the Warmth of my Kiſſes thaw'd it aſunder.* (Ay, here's ſuch a Turn of Stile, as takes a fine Lady!) *I have no News, but that the Pope's dead, and I have ſome Packquets upon that Affair to ſend my Correſpondent in Wales; but I ſhall weave all Buſineſs, and haſten to wait on you at the Hour appointed, with the Wings of a Flying-Poſt. Yours,*

Toby Clincher.

Very well, Mr. *Toby*——Hark'e, Brother, this Fellow's a Rogue.

Fire. A damn'd Rogue.

Stand. See here! a Letter to my Wife!

Fire. S'death! let me tear him to Pieces.

Stand. No, no, we'll manage him to more Advantage. Take him with you to *Locket*'s, and invent ſome Way or other to fuddle him.—Here, Mr. *Clincher*, I have prevail'd on my Brother here to give you a particular Account of the whole Voyage to the *Sound* by his own Journal, if you pleaſe to honour him with your Company at *Locket*'s.

Clin. His own Journal! Odſo, let me ſee it.

Stand. Shew it him.

Fire. Here, Sir.

Clin. Now for News—[*Reads.*] Thurſday, Auguſt *the* 17*th, from the* 6*th at Noon to this Day Noon Winds variable, Courſes* per *Traverſe, true Courſe protracted, with all Impediments allow'd, is North* 45 *Degrees, Weſt* 60 *Miles, Difference of Latitude* 42 *Miles, Departure Weſt* 40 *Miles, Latitude* per *Judgment* 54 *Degrees* 13 *Minutes, Meridian Diſtance current from the Bearing of the Land, and the Latitude is* 88 *Miles.*—Odſo! Great News, faith.—Let me ſee. *At Noon broke our Main-Top-Sail Yard, being rotten in the Sling; two Whales Southward,*—Odſo! A Whale! Great News, faith. Come, come along, Captain. But, d'ye hear? with this Proviſo, Gentlemen, that I won't drink; for, hark'e, Captain, between you and I, there's a fine Lady in the Wind, and I ſhall have the Longitude and Latitude of a fine Lady, and the——

Fire.

Fire. A fine Lady! Ah the Rogue! [*Aſide.*

Clin. Yes, a fine Lady, Colonel, a very fine Lady. Come, no Ceremony, good Captain.

[*Exeunt* Fireball *and* Clincher.

Stand. Well, Mrs. *Parly*, how go the reſt of our Affairs?

Par. Why, worſe and worſe, Sir; here's more Miſchief ſtill, more Branches a ſprouting.

Stand. Of whoſe planting, pray?

Par. Why, that impudent young Rogue, Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Brother, has commenc'd his Suit, and feed Counſel already.—Look here, Sir, two Pieces, for which, by Article, I am to receive four.

Stand. 'Tis a hard Caſe now, that a Man muſt give four Guineas for the good News of his Diſhonour. Some Men throw away their Money in debauching other Men's Wives, and I lay out mine to keep my own honeſt: But this is making a Man's Fortune!—Well, Child, there's your Pay; and I expect, when I come back, a true Account how the Buſineſs goes on.

Par. But ſuppoſe the Buſineſs be done before you come back?

Stand. No, no; ſhe ha'nt ſeen him yet; and her Pride will preſerve her againſt the firſt Aſſaults. Beſides, I ſha'n't ſtay. [*Exeunt* Col. *and* Par.

SCENE *changes to another Room in the ſame Houſe.*

Enter Wildair *and* Lurewell.

Lure. Well now, Sir *Harry*, this Book you gave me! As I hope to breathe, I think 'tis the beſt penn'd Piece I have ſeen a great while; I don't know any of our Authors have wrote in ſo florid and genteel a Stile.

Wild. Upon the Subject, Madam, I dare affirm there is nothing extant more moving.—Look ye, Madam, I am an Author rich in Expreſſions; the needy Poets of the Age may fill their Works with Rhapſodies of Flames and Darts, and barren Sighs and Tears, their ſpeaking Looks and amorous Vows, that might in *Chaucer*'s Time, perhaps, have paſs'd for Love; but now, 'tis only ſuch as I can touch that noble Paſſion, and by the true, perſuaſive Eloquence, turn'd in the moving Stile of *Louis d'Ors*, can raiſe the raviſh'd Female to a Rapture.—In ſhort,

ſhort, Madam, I'll match *Cowly* in Softneſs, o'ertop *Milton* in Sublime, banter *Cicero* in Eloquence, and Dr. *Swan* in Quibbling, by the Help of that moſt ingenious Society, call'd the Bank of *England*.

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry*, I begin to hate that old Thing call'd Love; they ſay 'tis clear out in *France*.

Wild. Clear out, clear out, nobody wears it: And here too, Honeſty went out with the ſlaſh'd Doublets, and Love with the cloſe-body'd Gowns. Love! 'tis ſo obſolete, ſo mean, and out of Faſhion, that I can compare it to nothing but the miſerable Picture of *Patient Grizzel* at the Head of an old Ballad——Faugh!

Lure. Ha, ha! ha!—The beſt Emblem in the World.—Come, Sir *Harry*, faith we'll run it down.—Love!—Ay, methinks I ſee the mournful *Melpomene* with her Handkerchief at her Eye, her Heart full of Fire, her Eyes full of Water, her Head full of Madneſs, and her Mouth full of Nonſenſe.—Oh! hang it.

Wild. Ay, Madam. Then the doleful Ditties, piteous Plaints, the Daggers, the Poiſons!

Lure. Oh the Vapours!

Wild. Then a Man muſt kneel, and a Man muſt ſwear.—There is a Repoſe, I ſee, in the next Room. [*Aſide.*

Lure. Unnatural Stuff.

Wild. Oh, Madam, the moſt unnatural Thing in the World; as fulſome as a Sack-Poſſet, [*Pulling her towards the Door.*] ungenteel as a Wedding-Ring, and as impudent as the naked Statue was in the Park. [*Pulls her again.*

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry*; I hate Love that's impudent. Theſe Poets dreſs it up ſo in their Tragedies, that no modeſt Woman can bear it. Your Way is much the more tolerable, I muſt confeſs.

Wild. Ay, ay, Madam; I hate your rude Whining and Sighing; it puts a Lady out of Countenance. [*Pulling her.*

Lure. Truly ſo it does—Hang their Impudence. But where are we going?

Wild. Only to rail at Love, Madam. [*Pulls her in.*

Enter Banter.

Ban. Hey! Who's here? [Lurewell *comes back.*

Lure.

Lure. Pshaw, prevented by a Stranger too! Had it been my Husband now—Pshaw—very familiar, Sir. [Banter *takes up* Wildair's [illegible] *in Room.*

Ban. Madam, you have drop'd your Hat.

Lure. Discover'd too by a Stranger!—What shall I do?

Wild. [*From* [illegible]]—Madam, you have got the most confounded Pens here. Can't you get the Colonel to write the Superscriptions of your Letters for you?

Lure. Bless me, Sir [illegible]. Don't you know that the Colonel can't write *French*? Your Time is it [illegible]!

Wild. Shall I direct by way of *Roan* or *Paris*?

Lure. Which you will.

Ban. Madam, I very much applaud your Choice of a Secretary; he understands the Intrigues of most Courts in *Europe* they say.

Enter Wildair *with a Letter.*

Wild. Here, Madam, I presume, his right—This Gentleman a Relation of yours, Madam? Dem him.—[*Aside.*

Ban. Brother, your humble Servant.

Wild. Brother! By what Relation, Sir?

Ban. Begotten by the same Father, born of the same Mother, Brother Kindred, and Brother Beau.

Wild. Hey-day! How the Fellow strings his Genealogy! —Look ye, Sir, you may be Brother to *Tom Thumb* for aught I know; but if you are my Brother—I cou'd have wish'd you in your Mother's Womb for an Hour or two longer. [*Aside.*

Ban. Sir, I receiv'd your Letter at *Oxford*, with your Commands to meet you at *London*; and if you can remember your own Hand, there it is. [*Gives a Letter.*

Wild. [*Looking over the Letter.*] Oh! Pray, Sir, let me consider you a little.—By *Jupiter* a very pretty Boy; a handsome Face, good Shape, [*Walks about and views him.*] well dress'd—The Rogue has got a Leg too.—Come kiss me, Child.—Ay, he kisses like one of the Family, the right Velvet Lip.—Can'st thou dance, Child?

Ban. Ouy, Monsieur.

Lure. Hey-day! *French* too: Why sure, Sir, you cou'd never be bred at *Oxford!*

Ban. No, Madam, my Cloaths were made in *London*—Brother, I have some Affairs of Consequence to communicate, which require a little Privacy.

Lure.

Lure. Oh, Sir! I beg your Pardon, I'll leave you. Sir *Harry*, you'll ſtay Supper?

Wild. Aſſurement, Madam.

Ban. Yes, Madam, we'll both ſtay.

Wild. Both!—Sir, I'll ſend you back to your Mutton-Commons again. How now?

Ban. No, no; I ſhall find better Mutton-Commons by meſſing with you, Brother—Come, Sir *Harry*; if you ſtay, I ſtay; if you go, allons.

Wild. Why, the Devil's in this young Fellow.—Why, Sirrah, haſt thou any Thoughts of being my Heir? Why, you Dog, you ought to pimp for me; you ſhou'd keep a Pack of Wenches o'purpoſe to hunt down Matrimony. Don't you know, Sir, that lawful Wedlock in me is certain Poverty to you? Look ye, Sirrah, come along; and for my Diſappointment juſt now, if you don't get me a new Miſtreſs To-night, I'll marry To-morrow, and won't leave you a Groat—Go, Pimp, like a dutiful Brother. [*Puſhes him out, and* Exit.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A Tavern.*

Enter Fireball, *hauling in* Clincher.

Fire. COme, Sir; not drink the King's Health!

Clin. Pray now, good Captain, excuſe me. Look here, Sir; the [*Pulling out his Watch.*] critical Minute, the critical Minute, faith.

Fire. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Clin. The Lady's critical Minute, Sir.—Sir, your humble Servant.

Fire. Well! the Death of this *Spaniſh* King will—

Clin. [*Returning.*] Eh! What's that of the *Spaniſh* King? Tell me, dear Captain, tell me.

Fire. Sir, if you pleaſe to ſit down, I'll tell you that old Don *Carlos* is dead.

Clin. Dead! Nay, then [*Sits down.*]—Here, Pen and Ink, Boy; Pen and Ink preſently; I muſt write to my Corre-

Correſpondent in *Wales* ſtrait—Dead! [*Riſes and walks about in Diſorder.*

Fire. What's the Matter, Sir?

Clin. Politics, Politics, ſtark mad with Politics.

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir, what have ſuch Fools as you to do with Politics?

Clin. What, Sir? The Succeſſion.—Not mind the Succeſſion!

Fire. Nay, that's minded already; 'tis ſettled upon a Prince of *France.*

Clin. What, ſettled already!—The beſt News that ever came into *England.*—Come, Captain, faith and troth, Captain, here's a Health to the Succeſſion.

Fire. Burn the Succeſſion, Sir. I won't drink it.—What, drink Confuſion to our Trade, Religion, and Liberties!

Clinch. Ay, by all Means.—As for Trade, d'ye ſee, I'm a Gentleman, and hate it mortally. Theſe Tradeſmen are the moſt impudent Fellows we have, and ſpoil all our good Manners. What have we to do with Trade?

Fire. A trim Politician, truly!—And what do you think of our Religion, pray?

Clinch. Hi, hi, hi!—Religion!—And what has a Gentleman to do with Religion, pray?—And to hear a Sea Captain talk of Religion! That's pleaſant, faith.

Fire. And have you no Regard to our Liberties, Sir?

Clinch. Pſhaw! Liberties! that's a Jeſt. We Beaux ſhall have Liberty to whore and drink in any Government, and that's all we care for.—

Enter Standard.

Dear Colonel, the rareſt News!

Stand. Damn your News, Sir; why are you not drunk by this?

Clinch. A very civil Queſtion, truly!

Stand. Here, Boy, bring in the Brandy——Fill.

Clinch. This is a Piece of Politics that I don't ſo well comprehend.

Stand. Here, Sir; now drink it off, or [*Draws.*] expect your Throat cut.

Clinch. Ay, this comes o'th' Succeſſion; Fire and Sword already.

Stand. Come, Sir, off with it.

Clinch. Pray, Colonel, what have I done to be burnt alive?

Stand.

Stand. Drink, Sir, I ſay—Brother, manage him, I muſt be gone. [*Aſide to* Fireball, *and Exit.*

Fire. Ay, drink, Sir.

Clinch. Eh! What the Devil, attack'd both by Sea and Land!—Look ye, Gentlemen, if I muſt be poiſon'd, pray let me chuſe my own Doſe—Were I a Lord now, I ſhou'd have the Privilege of the Block; and as I'm a Gentleman, pray ſtifle me with Claret at leaſt! don't let me die like a Bawd, with Brandy.

Fire. Brandy, you Dog! abuſe Brandy! Flat Treaſon againſt the Navy Royal.—Sirrah, I'll teach you to abuſe the Fleet—Here, *Shark*—

Enter Shark.

Get three or four of the Ship's Crew, and preſs this Fellow aboard the *Belzebub.*

Sha. Ay, Maſter. [*Exit.*

Clinch. What! aboard the *Belzebub!*—Nay, nay, dear Captain, I'll chuſe to go to the Devil this Way. Here, Sir, your good Health;—and my own Confuſion, I'm afraid. [*Drinks it off.*] Oh! Fire! Fire! Flames! Brimſtone! and Tobacco! [*Beats his Stomach.*

Fire. Here, quench it, quench it then.—Take the Glaſs, Sir.

Clinch. What, another Broadſide! nay then, I'm ſunk downright.—Dear Captain, give me Quarter, conſider the preſent Juncture of Affairs; you'll ſpoil my Head, ruin my Politics; faith you will.

Fire. Here, *Shark.*

Clinch. Well, well, I will drink—The Devil take *Shark* for me. [*Drinks.*] Whiz, Buz—Don't you hear it? Put your Ear to my Breaſt, and hear how it whizzes like a hot Iron.—Eh! Bleſs me, how the Ship rolls!—I can't ſtand upon my Legs, faith.—Dear Captain, give me a Kiſs.—Ay, burn the Succeſſion.—Look ye, Captain, I ſhall be Sea-ſick preſently. [*Falls into* Fireball's *Arms.*

Enter Shark, *and another with a Chair.*

Fire. Here, in with him.

Sha. Ay, ay, Sir—Avaſt, avaſt—Here, Boy.—No *Nants* left.— [*Tops the Glaſs.*

Fire. Bring him along.

Clinch. Politics, Politics, Brandy, Politics!

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Lurewell's *Apartment.*

Enter Lurewell *and* Parly.

Lure. Did you ever ſee ſuch an impudent young Rogue as that *Banter?* He follow'd his Brother up and down from Place to Place ſo very cloſe, that we cou'd not ſo much as whiſper.

Par. I reckon Sir *Harry* will diſpoſe him now, Madam, where he may be ſecur'd.—But I wonder, Madam, why *Clincher* comes not according to his Letter! it is near the Hour.

Lure. I wiſh, *Parly*, that no Harm may befal me to day; for I had a moſt frightful Dream laſt Night; I dreamt of a Mouſe.

Par. 'Tis ſtrange, Madam, you ſhou'd be ſo much afraid of that little Creature that can do you no Harm!

Lure. Look ye, Girl, we Women of Quality have each of us ſome darling Fright.—I now hate a Mouſe; my Lady *Lovecards* abhors a Cat; Mrs. *Fiddlefan* can't bear a Squirrel; the Counteſs of *Piquet* abominates a Frog, and my Lady *Swimair* hates a Man.

Enter Marquis *running.*

Mar. Madam! Madam! Madam! Pardie voyez.—— L'Argent! L'Argent! [*Shews a Bag of Money.*

Lure. As I hope to breathe, he has got it—Well, but how? How, dear Monſieur?

Mar. Ah, Madam! Begar, Monſieur Sir *Arry* be one Pigeaneau—Voyez, Madam! me did tell him dat my Broder in *Montpelier* did furniſe his Lady wid ten touſan Livres for de Expence of her Travaille; and dat ſhe not being able to write when ſhe was dying, did give him de Picture for de Certificate and de Credential to receive de Money from her Huſband. Mark ye!

Lure. The beſt Plot in the World.—You told him, that your Brother lent her the Money in *France*, when her Bills, I ſuppoſe, were delay'd.—You put in that, I preſume.

Mar. Ouy, ouy, Madam.

Lure. And that upon her Death-bed ſhe gave your Brother the Picture, as a Certificate to Sir *Harry* that ſhe had receiv'd the Money, which Picture your Brother ſent over to you, with Commiſſion to receive the Debt!

Mar. Aſſurement.—Dere was de Politique, de France Politique!—See, Madam, what he can do, de France Marquis!

quis! He did make de Angliſe Lady cuckle her Huſband when ſhe was living, and ſheat him when ſhe was dead, Begar: Ha, ha, ha!—Oh! Pardie, cet bon.

Lure. Ah! But what did Sir *Harry* ſay?

Mar. Oh! begar Monſieur Chevalier he love his Vife; he ſay, dat if ſhe takes up a Hundre Touſan Livres, he wou'd repay it; he knew de Picture, he ſay, and order me de Money from his Stewar—Oh, Notre Dame, Monſieur Sir *Arry* be one Dupe.

Lure. Well but, Monſieur, I long to know one Thing. Was the Conqueſt you made of his Lady ſo eaſy? What Aſſaults did you make? And what Reſiſtance did ſhe ſhew?

Mar. Reſiſtance againſt de France Marquis! Voyez! Madam; dere was tree Deux-yeux, one Serenade, and two Capre; dat was all, begar.

Lure. Chatillionte! There's nothing in Nature ſo ſweet to a longing Woman, as a malicious Story.—Well, Monſieur! 'tis about a Thouſand Pounds; we go Snacks.

Mar. Snacke! Pardie, for what? why Snacke, Madam? Me vill give you de Preſent of Fifty *Louis d'Ors*; dat is ver' good Snacke for you.

Lure. And you'll give me no more? Very well!

Mar. Ver' well! Yes begar, 'tis ver' well.—Conſidre, Madam, me be de poor *Refugee*, me ave noting but de religious Charite, and de *France* Politique, de Fruit of my own Addreſs; dat is all.

Lure. Ay, an Object of Charity, with a thouſand Pounds in his Fiſt! Emh! Oh Monſieur; that's my Huſband, I know his knock. [*Knocking below.*] He muſt not ſee you. Get into the Cloſet till by and by, [*Hurries him in.*] and if I don't be reveng'd upon *France* Politique, then have I no *Engliſh* Politique——Hang the Money! I wou'd not for twice a thouſand Pounds forbear abuſing this virtuous Woman to her Huſband.

Enter Parly.

Par. 'Tis Sir *Harry*, Madam.

Lure. As I cou'd wiſh. Chairs!

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Here, Mrs. *Parly*, in the firſt Place I ſacrifice a *Louis d'Or* to thee for good Luck.

Par. A Guinea, Sir, will do as well.

Wild

Wild. No, no, Child; *French* Money is always moſt ſucceſsful in Bribes, and very much in Faſhion, Child.

Enter Dicky, *and runs to Sir* Harry.

Dick. Sir, will you pleaſe to have your own Night-caps?

Wild. Sirrah!

Dick. Sir, Sir! ſhall I order your Chair to the Back-door by Five o'Clock in the Morning?

Wild. The Devil's in the Fellow. Get you gone.—[Dicky *runs out.*] Now, dear Madam, I have ſecur'd my Brother, you have diſpos'd of the Colonel, and we'll rail at Love till we ha'n't a Word more to ſay.

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry*—Pleaſe to ſit a little, Sir.—You muſt know I'm in a ſtrange Humour of aſking you ſome Queſtions.—How did you like your Lady, pray, Sir?

Wild. Like her! Ha, ha, ha!—So very well, faith, that for her very Sake I'm in Love with every Woman I meet.

Lure. And did Matrimony pleaſe you extremely?

Wild. So very much, that if Polygamy were allowed, I wou'd have a new Wife every Day.

Lure. Oh, Sir *Harry*! this is Raillery. But your ſerious Thoughts upon the Matter, pray.

Wild. Why then, Madam, to give you my true Sentiments of Wedlock: I had a Lady that I marry'd by Chance, ſhe was virtuous by Chance, and I lov'd her by great Chance. Nature gave her Beauty, Education and Air, and Fortune threw a young Fellow of five and twenty in her Lap.—I courted her all Day, lov'd her all Night; ſhe was my Miſtreſs one Day, and my Wife another: I found in one the Variety of a Thouſand, and the very Confinement of Marriage gave me the Pleaſure of Change.

Lure. And ſhe was very virtuous?

Wild. Look ye, Madam, you know ſhe was beautiful. She had Good-nature about her Mouth, the Smile of Beauty in her Cheeks, ſparkling Wit in her Forehead, and ſprightly Love in her Eyes.

Lure. Pſhaw! I knew her very well; the Woman was well enough. But you don't anſwer my Queſtion, Sir.

Wild. So, Madam, as I told you before, ſhe was young and beautiful, I was rich and vigorous; my Eſtate gave me a Luſtre to my Love, and a Swing to our Enjoyment; round, like the Ring that made us one, our golden Pleaſures circled without End.

Lure. Golden Pleaſures! Golden Fiddleſticks!—What d'ye tell me of your canting Stuff? Was ſhe virtuous, I ſay?

Wild. Ready to burſt with Envy; but I will torment thee a little. [*Aſide.*] So, Madam, I powder'd to pleaſe her, ſhe dreſs'd to engage me; we toy'd away the Morning in amorous Nonſenſe, loll'd away the Evening in the Park, or the Play-houſe, and all the Night—Hem!

Lure Look ye, Sir, anſwer my Queſtion, or I ſhall take it ill.

Wild. Then, Madam, there was never ſuch a Pattern of Unity.—Her Wants were ſtill prevented by my Supplies; my own Heart whiſper'd me her Deſires, 'cauſe ſhe herſelf was there; no Contention ever roſe, but the dear ſtriſe of who ſhou'd moſt oblige; no Noiſe about Authority; for neither would ſtoop to command, 'cauſe both thought it Glory to obey.

Lure. Stuff! Stuff! Stuff!—I won't believe a Word on't.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Then, Madam, we never felt the Yoke of Matrimony, becauſe our Inclinations made us one; a Power ſuperior to the Forms of Wedlock. The Marriage Torch had loſt its weaker Light in the bright Flame of mutual Love that join'd our Hearts before. Then——

Lure. Hold, hold, Sir; I cannot bear it; Sir *Harry*, I'm affronted.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Affronted!

Lure. Yes, Sir; it is an Affront to any Woman to hear another commended; and I will reſent it.——In ſhort, Sir *Harry*, your Wife was a————

Wild. Buz, Madam—No Detraction—I'll tell you what ſhe was.—So much an Angel in her Conduct, that tho' I ſaw another in her Arms, I ſhou'd have thought the Devil had rais'd the Phantom, and my more conſcious Reaſon had given my Eyes the Lye.

Lure. Very well! Then I a'n't to be believ'd, it ſeems.—But d'ye hear, Sir?

Wild. Nay, Madam, do you hear? I tell you, it is not in the Power of Malice to caſt a Blot upon her Fame; and tho' the Vanity of our Sex, and the Envy of yours, conſpir'd both againſt her Honour, I wou'd not hear a Syllable. [*Stopping his Ears.*

Lure. Why then, as I hope to breathe, you ſhall hear it—The Picture! the Picture! the Picture! [*Bawling aloud.*

Wild. Ran, tan, tan. A Piſtol-bullet from Ear to Ear.

Lure,

Lure. That Picture which you had juſt now from the *French* Marquis for a thouſand Pounds; that very Picture did your very virtuous Wife ſend to the Marquis as a Pledge of her very virtuous and dying Affection. So that you are both robb'd of your Honour, and cheated of your Money. [*A'oud.*

Wild. Louder, louder, Madam.

Lure. I tell you, Sir, your Wife was a jilt; I know it, I'll ſwear it.—She virtuous! She was a Devil.

Wild. [*Sings.*] Tal, lal, deral.

Lure. Was ever the like ſeen! He won't hear me!—I burſt with Malice, and now he won't mind me!—Won't you hear me yet?

Wild. No, no, Madam.

Lure. Nay, then I can't bear it. [*Burſts out a crying.*]—Sir, I muſt ſay that you're an unworthy Perſon, to uſe a Woman of Quality at this Rate, when ſhe has her Heart full of Malice; I don't know but it may make me miſcarry. Sir, I ſay again and again, that ſhe was no better than one of us, and I know it; I have ſeen it with my Eyes, ſo I have.

Wild. Good Heav'ns deliver me, I beſeech thee. How ſhall I 'ſcape?

Lure. Will you not hear me yet? Dear, Sir *Harry*, do but hear me; I'm longing to ſpeak.

Wild. Oh! I have it——Huſh, huſh, huſh!

Lure. Eh! What's the Matter?

Wild. A Mouſe! a Mouſe! a Mouſe!

Lure. Where? where? where?

Wild. Your Petticoats, your Petticoats, Madam! [*Lure ſhrieks and runs.*] O my Head! I was never worſted by a Woman before—But I have heard ſo much as to know the *Marquis* to be a Villain. [*Knocking.*] Nay then, I muſt run for't. [*Runs out, and returns.*]—The Entry is ſtopt by a Chair coming in; and ſomething there is in that Chair that I will diſcover, if I can find a Place to hide myſelf. [*Goes to the Cloſet-door.*] Faſt! I have Keys about me for moſt Locks about St. *James*'s—Let me ſee—[*Tries one Key.*]—No, no; this opens my Lady *Plantborn*'s Back-door.—[*Tries another.*]—Nor this; this is the Key to my Lady *Stakeall*'s Garden. [*Tries a Third.*] Ay, ay, this does it, faith. [*Goes into the Cloſet, and peeps out.*

Enter Shark *and another, with* Clincher *in a Chair*; Parly.

Par. Hold, hold, Friend; who gave you Orders to lug in your dirty Chair into the Houſe?

Sha. My Maſter, Sweet-heart.

Par. Who is your Maſter, Impudence?

Sha. Every Body, Sauce-box.—And for the preſent here's my Maſter! and if you have any Thing to ſay to him, there he is for ye. [*Lugs* Clincher *out of the Chair, and throws him upon the Floor.*] Steer away, *Tom.*

Wild. What the Devil, Mr. *Jubilee*, is it you?

Par. Bleſs me! the Gentleman's dead! Murder! Murder!

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Protect me! What's the matter, *Clincher?*

Par. Mr. *Clincher*, are you dead, Sir?

Clin. Yes.

Lure Oh! then it is well enough—Are you drunk, Sir?

Clin. No.

Lure. Well! certainly I'm the moſt unfortunate Woman living: All my Affairs, all my Deſigns, all my Intrigues, miſcarry.—Faugh! the Beaſt! But, Sir, what's the matter with you?

Clin. Po'itics.

Par. Where have you been, Sir?

Clin. Shark!

Lure. What ſhall we do with him, *Parly?* If the Colonel ſhou'd come home now, we were ruin'd.

Enter Standard.

Oh, inevitable Deſtruction!

Wild. Ay, ay; unleſs I relieve her now, all the World can't ſave her.

Stand. Bleſs me! What's here? Who are you, Sir?

Clin. Brandy.

Stand. See there, Madam!—Behold the Man that you prefer to me! And ſuch as He are all thoſe Fop-Gallants that daily haunt my Houſe, ruin your Honour, and diſturb my Quiet.—I urge not the ſacred Bond of Marriage; I'll wave your earneſt Vows of Truth to me, and only lay the Caſe in equal Balance; and ſee whoſe Merit bears the greater Weight, his, or mine.

Wild. Well argu'd, Colonel.

Stand.

Stand. Suppoſe yourſelf freely diſengag'd, unmarry'd, and to make a Choice of him you thought moſt worthy of your Love; wou'd you prefer a Brute? a Monkey? one deſtin'd only for the Sport of Man?—Yes; take him to your Bed; there let the Beaſt diſgorge his fulſome Load in your fair, lovely Boſom, ſnore out his Paſſion in your ſoft Embrace, and with the Vapours of his ſick Debauch, perfume your ſweet Apartment.

Lure. Ah nauſeous! nauſeous! Poiſon!

Stand. I ne'er was taught to ſet a Value on myſelf: But when compar'd to him, there Modeſty muſt ſtoop, and Indignation give my Words a Looſe, to tell you, Madam, that I am a Man unblemiſh'd in my Honour, have nobly ſerv'd my King and Country; and for a Lady's Service, I think that Nature has not been defective.

Wild. Egad, I ſhou'd think ſo too; the Fellow's well made.

Stand. I'm young as he, my Perſon too as fair to outward View; and for my Mind, I thought it cou'd diſtinguiſh right, and therefore made a Choice of you—— Your Sex have bleſs'd our Iſle with Beauty, by diſtant Nations priz'd; and cou'd they place their Loves aright, their Lovers might acquire the Envy of Mankind, as well as they the Wonder of the World.

Wild. Ah, now he coaxes—He will conquer, unleſs I relieve her in Time; ſhe begins to melt already.

Stand. Add to all this, I love you next to Heav'n; and by that Heav'n I ſwear, the conſtant Study of my Days and Nights have been to pleaſe my deareſt Wife. Your Pleaſure never met Controul from me, nor your Deſires a Frown.—I never mention'd my Diſtruſt before, nor will I now wrong your Diſcretion, ſo as e'er to think you made him an Appointment.

Lure. Generous, generous Man! [*Weeps.*

Wild. Nay, then 'tis Time for me; I will relieve her.—[*He ſteals out of the Cloſet, and coming behind* Standard, *claps him on the Shoulder.*] Colonel, your humble Servant.——

Stand. Sir *Harry*, how came you hither?

Wild. Ah, poor Fellow! Thou haſt got thy Load with a Witneſs; but the Wine was humming ſtrong; I have got a Touch on't myſelf. [*Reels a little.*

Stand. Wine, Sir *Harry!* What Wine?

Wild. Why, 'twas new *Burgundy*, heady Stuff. But the Dog was ſoon gone, knock'd under preſently.

Stand. What, then Mr. *Clincher* was with you, it ſeems? Eh!

Wild. Yes faith, we have been together all this Afternoon: 'Tis a pleaſant fooliſh Fellow. He would needs give me a Welcome to Town, on Pretence of hearing all the News from the *Jubilee*. The Humour was new to me; ſo to't we went.—But 'tis a weak-headed Coxcomb! two or three Bumpers did his Buſineſs.—Ah, Madam! What do I deſerve for this? [*Aſide to* Lurewell.

Lure. Look ye there, Sir; you ſee how Sir *Harry* has clear'd my Innocence—I'm oblig'd t'ye, Sir; but I muſt have you to make it out. [*To* Wild. *and* Ex.

Stand. Yes, yes; he has clear'd you wonderfully.—But, pray, Sir—I ſuppoſe you can inform me how Mr. *Clincher* came into my Houſe? Eh!

Wild. Ay: Why you muſt know that the Fool got preſently as drunk as a Drum; ſo I had him tumbled into a Chair, and ordered the Fellows to carry him home. Now you muſt know, he lodges but three Doors off; but the Boobies, it ſeems, miſtook the Door, and brought him in here, like a Brace of Loggerheads.

Stand. O yes; ſad Loggerheads, to miſtake a Door in *James-Street* for a Houſe in *Covent-Garden*——Here——

Enter Servants.

Take away that Brute. [*Servants carry off* Clincher. And you ſay 'twas new *Burgundy*, Sir *Harry*, very ſtrong.

Wild. Egad, there is ſome Trick in this Matter, and I ſhall be diſcover'd [*Aſide*] Ay, Colonel; but I muſt be gone: I'm engag'd to meet—Colonel, I'm your humble Servant. [*Going.*

Stand. But, Sir *Harry*, where's your Hat, Sir?

Wild. Oh Morbleu! Theſe Hats, Gloves, Canes, and Swords, are the Ruin of all our Deſigns. [*Aſide.*

Stand. But where's you Hat, Sir *Harry*?

Wild. I'll never intrigue again with any Thing about me but what is juſt bound to my Body. How ſhall I come off?——Hark ye, Colonel, in your Ear; I would not have your Lady hear it.—You muſt know, juſt as I came into the Room here, what ſhou'd I ſpy but a great Mouſe running acroſs that Cloſet-door: I took no notice, for fear your Lady ſhould be frighted, but with

h all my Force (d'ye ſee) I flung my Hat at it, and ſo :w it into the Cloſet, and there it lies.

tand. And ſo, thinking to kill the Mouſe, you flung r Hat into that Cloſet.

Vild. Ay, ay; that was all. I'll go fetch it.

tand. No, Sir *Harry*, I'll bring it out.

[*Goes into the Cloſet.*

Vild. Now have I told a Matter of twenty Lies in a ath.

tand. Sir *Harry!* Is this the Mouſe that you threw your at?

[Standard *comes in with the Hat in one Hand, and bawling in the* Marquis *with the other.*

Vild. I'm amaz'd!

lar. Pardie, I'm amaze too.

tand. Look'e, Monſieur *Marquis*, as for your Part, I l cut your Throat, Sir.

Vild. Give me Leave, I muſt cut his Throat firſt.

lar. Vat! Bote cut my Troat! Begar, Meſſieurs, I but one Troat.

Enter Parly, *and runs to* Standard.

'ar. Sir, the Monſieur is innocent; he came upon :her Deſign. My Lady begins to be penitent, and, ou make any Noiſe, 'twill ſpoil all.

'and. Look'e, Gentlemen, I have too great a Confi- :e in the Virtue of my Wife, to think it in the Power ou, or you, Sir, to wrong my Honour: But I am nd to guard her Reputation, ſo that no Attempts be e that may provoke a Scandal. Therefore, Gentle- , let me tell you, it is Time to deſiſt. [*Exit.*

Vild. Ay, ay; ſo it is, faith. Come, Monſieur, I muſt with you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, Standard's *Houſe.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball.

d. IN ſhort, Brother, a Man may talk till Doom's day of Sin, Hell, and Damnation: But your toric will ne'er convince a Lady that there's any Thing Devil in a handſome Fellow with a fine Coat. You

muſt ſhew the Cloven-foot, expoſe the Brute, as I have done; and tho' her Virtue ſleeps, her Pride will ſurely take th' Alarm.

Fire Ay, but if you had let me cut off one of the Rogue's Ears before you ſent him away—

Stand. No, no; the Fool has ſerv'd my Turn, without the Scandal of a public Reſentment; and the Effect has ſhewn that my Deſign was right: I've touch'd her very Heart, and ſhe relents apace.

Enter Lurewell *running.*

Lure. Oh! my Dear, ſave me! I'm frighted out of my Life.

Fire. Blood and Fire! Madam, who dare touch you?

[*Draws his Sword and ſtands before her.*

Lure. Oh, Sir! a Ghoſt! a Ghoſt! I have ſeen it twice.

Fire. Nay then, we Soldiers have nothing to do with Ghoſts; ſend for the Parſon. [*Sheaths his Sword.*

Stand. 'Tis Fancy, my Dear, nothing but Fancy.

Lure. Oh dear Colonel! I'll never lie alone again: I'm frighted to Death; I ſaw it twice; twice it ſtalk'd by my Chamber-door, and with a hollow Voice utter'd a piteous Groan.

Stand. This is ſtrange! Ghoſts by Day light!—Come, my Dear, along with me; don't ſhrink, we'll ſee to find this Ghoſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Wildair, Marquis, *and* Dicky.

Wild. Dicky?

Dick. Sir.

Wild. Do you remember any Thing of a Thouſand Pounds lent to my Wife in *Montpelier* by a *French* Gentleman?

Mar. Ouy, Monſieur *Dicky*, you remembre de Gentleman, he was one Marquis.

Dick. Marqui, Sir! I think, for my Part, that all the Men in *France* are Marqui's. We met above a thouſand Marqui's, but the Devil of one of 'em could lend a Thouſand Pence, much leſs a Thouſand Pounds.

Mar. Morbleu, qui dit vous, Bougre le Chien?

Wild. Hold, Sir, pray anſwer me one Queſtion—What made you fly your Country?

Mar.

Mar. My Religion, Monſieur.

Wild. So you fled for your Religion out of *France*; and are a downright Atheiſt in *England?* A very tender Conſcience truly!

Mar. Begar, Monſieur, my Conſcience be de ver' tendre; he no ſuffre his Maſtre to ſtarve, pardie.

Wild. Come, Sir, no Ceremony; refund.

Mar. Refunde! Vat is dat refunde? Parlez *François*, Monſieur?

Wild. No, Sir; I tell you in plain *Engliſh*, return my Money, or I'll lay you by the Heels.

Mar. Oh! Begar dere is de Anglis-man now. Dere is de Law for me. De Law! Ecoute, Monſieur Sir *Arry*—Vóyez ſa—De *France* Marquis ſcorn de Law. My Broder lend your Vife de Money, and here is my Witneſs.

[*Draws.*

Wild. Your Evidence, Sir, is very poſitive, and ſhall be examin'd; but this is no Place to try the Cauſe; we'll croſs the Park into the Fields; you ſhall throw down the Money between us, and the beſt Title, upon a fair Hearing, ſhall take it up —Allons!

Mar. Oh! de tout mon Cœur—Allons! Fient á la Tate, begar. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Lurewell's *Apartment.*

Enter Lurewell *and* Parly.

Lure. Pſhaw! I'm ſuch a frighted Fool! 'Twas nothing but a Fancy—Come, *Parly*, get me Pen and Ink, I'll divert it. Sir *Harry* ſhall know what a Wife he had, I'm reſolv'd. Tho' he wou'd not hear me ſpeak, he'll read my Letter ſure. [*Sits down to write.*

Ghoſt, from within.—Hold!

Lure. Protect me!—*Parly*, don't leave me.—But I won't mind it.

Ghoſt. Hold!

Lure. Defend me! Don't you hear a Voice?

Par. I thought ſo, Madam.

Lure. It call'd, Hold! I'll venture once more.

[*Sits down to write.*

Ghoſt. Diſturb no more the Quiet of the Dead.

Lure. Now it is plain. I heard the Words.

Par. Deliver us, Madam, and forgive us our Sins! What is it?

Ghoſt enters, Lurewell *and* Parly *ſhriek, and run to a Corner of the Stage.*

Ghoſt. Behold the airy Form of wrong'd *Angelica*,
Forc'd from the Shades below to vindicate her Fame;
Forbear, malicious Woman, thus to load
With ſcandalous Reproach the Grave of Innocence.
Repent, vain Woman!
Thy Matrimonial Vow is regiſter'd above,
And all the Breaches of that ſolemn Faith
Are regiſter'd below. I'm ſent to warn thee to repent.
Forbear to wrong thy injur'd Huſband's Bed,
Diſturb no more the Quiet of the Dead. [*Stalks off.*

[Lurewell *ſwoons, and* Parly *ſupports her.*

Par. Help! help! help!

Enter Standard *and* Fireball.

Stand. Bleſs us! What, fainting! What's the Matter?

Fire. Breeding, breeding, Sir.

Par. Oh, Sir! we're frighted to Death; here has been the Ghoſt again.

Stand. Ghoſt! Why you're mad, ſure! What Ghoſt?

Par. The Ghoſt of *Angelica*, Sir *Harry Wildair's* Wife.

Stand. Angelica!

Par. Yes, Sir; and here it preach'd to us the Lord knows what, and murder'd my Miſtreſs with mere Morals.

Fire. A good Hearing, Sir; 'twill do her good.

Stand. Take her in, *Parly.* [Parly *leads out* Lurewell.] What can this mean, Brother?

Fire. The Meaning's plain. There's a Deſign of Communication between your Wife and Sir *Harry*; ſo his Wife is come to forbid the Bans, that's all.

Stand. No, no, Brother. If I may be induc'd to believe the walking of Ghoſts, I rather fancy that the rattle-headed Fellow her Huſband has broke the poor Lady's Heart; which, together with the Indignity of her Burial, has made her uneaſy in her Grave.—But whatever be the Cauſe, it's fit we immediately find out Sir *Harry*, and inform him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Park.*

Company walking; Wildair *and* Marquis *paſſing haſtily over the Stage, one calls.*

Lord. Sir *Harry*.

Wild.

ld. My Lord?—Monſieur, I'll follow you, Sir.
[*Exit.* Marquis.

I muſt talk with you, Sir.

ld. Pray, my Lord, let it be very ſhort, for I was in more Haſte in my Life.

May I preſume, Sir, to enquire the Cauſe that 'd you ſo late laſt Night at my Houſe?

ld. More Miſchief again!—Perhaps, my Lord, I not preſume to inform you.

Then perhaps, Sir, I may preſume to extort it you.

ld. Look ye, my Lord, don't frown; it ſpoils Face.—But if you muſt know, your Lady owes me hundred Guineas, and that Sum I will preſume to t from your Lordſhip.

Two hundred Guineas! Have you any Thing to for it?

ld. Ha, ha, ha! Shew for it, my Lord, I ſhew'd t and Quatorz for it; and to a Man of Honour, as firm as a Bond and Judgment.

Come, Sir, this won't paſs upon me; I'm a Man onour.

ld. Honour! Ha, ha, ha!—'Tis very ſtrange that Men, tho' their Education be never ſo gallant, ne'er learn Breeding! Look ye, my Lord, when you I were under the Tuition of our Governors, and ers'd only with old *Cicero*, *Livy*, *Virgil*, *Plutarch*, the like; why then ſuch a Man was a Villain, and a one was a Man of Honour: But now, that I have n the Court, a little of what they call the *Beaumonde*, he *Belle eſprit*, I find that Honour looks a ridiculous *oman* Buſkins upon your Lordſhip, or my full Pe- upon *Scipio Africanus*.

Why ſhould you think ſo, Sir?

ild. Becauſe the World's improv'd, my Lord, and nd that this Honour is a very troubleſome and im- nent Thing—Can't we live together like good hbours and Chriſtians, as they do in *France*? I you my Coach, I borrow yours; you dine with me, with you; I lie with your Wife, and you lie with .—Honour! That's ſuch an Impertinence!—Pray, Lord, hear me. What does your Honour think of lering your Friend's Reputation; making a Jeſt of

his Misfortunes; cheating him at Cards; debauching his Bed; or the like?

Lo. Why rank Villainy.

Wild. Piſh! Piſh! Nothing but good Manners; Exceſs of good Manners. Why you ha'n't been at Court lately. There 'tis the only Practice to ſhew our Wit and Breeding—As for Inſtance: Your Friend reflects upon you when abſent, becauſe 'tis good Manners; rallies you when preſent, becauſe 'tis witty; cheats you at Piquet, to ſhow he has been in *France*; and lies with your Wife, to ſhew he's a Man of Quality.

Lo. Very well, Sir.

Wild. In ſhort, my Lord, you have a wrong Notion of Things. Shou'd a Man with a handſome Wife revenge all Affronts done to his Honour, poor *White*, *Chaves*, *Morris*, *Locket*, *Pawlet* and *Pontack*, were utterly ruin'd.

Lo. How ſo, Sir?

Wild. Becauſe, my Lord, you muſt run all their Cuſtomers quite through the Body. Were it not for abuſing your Men of Honour, Taverns and Chocolate-Houſes cou'd not ſubſiſt; and were there but a round Tax laid upon Scandal and falſe Politics, we Men of Figure wou'd find it much heavier than four Shillings in the Pound.—Come, come, my Lord, no more on't, for Shame; your Honour is ſafe enough, for I have the Key of its Back-door in my Pocket.

[*Runs off.*

Lo. Sir, I ſhall meet you another Time. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Fields.*

Enter Marquis *with a Servant carrying his fighting Equipage, Pumps, Cap, &c. He dreſſes himſelf accordingly, and flouriſhes about the Stage.*

Mar. Sa, ſa, ſa, ſient à la Tate. Sa, Embaracade: Quart ſur redouble. Hey!

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! the Devil! Muſt I fight with a Tumbler? Theſe *French* are as great Fops in their Quarrels, as in their Amours.

Mar. Allons! Allons! Stripe, ſtripe!

Wild. No, no, Sir, I never ſtrip to engage a Man; I fight as I dance.—Come, Sir, down with the Money.

Mar. Dere it is, pardie.

[*Lays down the Bag between 'em.*

Allons!

Enter

Enter Dicky, *and gives* Wildair *a Gun.*

Morbleu! que ſa?

Wild. Now, Monſieur, if you offer to ſtir, I'll ſhoot you through the Head.—*Dicky*, take up the Money, and carry it home.

Dick. Here it is, faith: And if my Maſter be kill'd, the Money's my own.

Mar. Oh Morbleu! de Anglis-man be one Coward.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Where is your *French* Politique, now? Come, Monſieur, you muſt know I ſcorn to fight any Man for my own; but now we're upon the Level; and ſince you have been at the Trouble of putting on your Habiliments, I muſt requite your Pains. So come on, Sir.

[*Lays down the Gun, and uſes his Sword.*

Mar. Come on! For war, wen de Money is gone? De *France-man* fight were dere is no Profit! Pardonnez moy, pardie. [*Sits down to pull off his Pumps.*

Wild. Hold, hold, Sir; you muſt fight. Tell me how you came by this Picture?

Mar. [*Starting up.*] Wy den, begar, Monſieur Chevalier, ſince de Money be gone, me will ſpeak de veritie:—Pardie, Monſieur, me did make de Cuckle of you, and your Vife ſend me de Picture for my Pain.

Wild. Look ye, Sir, if I thought you had Merit enough to gain a Lady's Heart from me, I wou'd ſhake Hands immediately, and be Friends: But as I believe you to be a vain ſcandalous Liar, I'll cut your Throat. [*They fight.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball, *who part 'em.*

Stand. Hold, hold, Gentlemen.——Brother, ſecure the Marquis——Come, Sir *Harry*, put up; I have ſomething to ſay to you very ſerious.

Wild. Say it quickly then; for I am a little out of Humour, and want ſomething to make me laugh.

[*As they talk*, Marquis *dreſſes, and* Fireball *helps him.*

Stand. Will what's very ſerious make you laugh?

Wild Moſt of all.

Stand. Pſhaw! Pray, Sir *Harry*, tell me what made you leave your Wife?

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! I knew it——Pray, Colonel, what makes you ſtay with your Wife?

Stand. Nay, but pray anſwer me directly; I beg it as a Favour.

Wild.

Wild. Why then, Colonel, you muſt know we were a Pair of the moſt happy, toying, fooliſh People in the World, till ſhe got, I don't know how, a Crotchet of Jealouſy in her Head. This made her frumpiſh; but we had ne'er an angry Word: She only fell a crying over Night, and I went for *Italy* next Morning.—But pray no more on't.—Are you hurt, Monſieur?

Stand. But, Sir *Harry*, you'll be ſerious when I tell you that her Ghoſt appears.

Wild. Her Ghoſt! Ha, ha, ha! That's pleaſant, faith.

Stand. As ſure as Fate, it walks in my Houſe.

Wild. In your Houſe! Come along, Colonel; by the Lard I'll kiſs it. [*Exeunt* Wild. *and* Stand.

Mar. Monſieur le Captain, Adieu.

Fire. Adieu! No, Sir, you ſhall follow Sir *Harry*.

Mar. For wat?

Fire. For, what! Why d'ye think I'm ſuch a Rogue as to part a Couple of Gentlemen when they're fighting, and not ſee 'em make an End on't:——I think it a leſs Sin to part Man and Wife,——Come along, Sir.

[Exit, *pulling Monſieur.*

SCENE, Standard's *Houſe.*

Enter Wildair *and* Standard.

Wild. Well then; this, it ſeems, is the inchanted Chamber. The Ghoſt has pitch'd upon a handſome Apartment however.—Well, Colonel, when do you intend to begin?

Stand. What, Sir?

Wild. To laugh at me; I know you deſign it.

Stand. Ha! By all that's powerful, there it is.

Ghoſt walks croſs the Stage.

Wild. The Devil it is—Emh! Blood, I'll ſpeak to't.—Vous, Mademoiſelle Ghoſt, parlez vous François?—No! Hark ye, Mrs Ghoſt, will your Ladyſhip be pleas'd to inform us who you are, that we may pay you the Reſpect due to your Quality. [*Ghoſt returns.*

Ghoſt. I am the Spirit of thy departed Wife.

Wild. Are you, faith! Why then here's the Body of thy living Huſband, and ſtand me if you dare. [*Runs to her, and embraces her.*]—Ha! 'tis Subſtance, I'm ſure.—But hold,

Lady

Lady Ghoſt, ſtand off a little, and tell me in good Earneſt now, whether you are alive or dead.

Ang. [*Throwing off her Shrowd.*]—Alive! alive! [*Runs and throws her Arms about his Neck.*] and never liv'd ſo much as in this Moment.

Wild. What d'ye think of the Ghoſt now, Colonel? [*She hangs upon him.*] Is it not a very loving Ghoſt?

Stand. Amazement!

Wild. Ay, 'tis Amazement, truly.—Look ye, Madam, I hate to converſe ſo familiarly with Spirits: Pray keep your Diſtance.

Ang. I am alive, indeed I am.

Wild. I don't believe a Word on't. [*Moving away.*

Stand. Sir *Harry*, you're more afraid now than before.

Wild. Ay, moſt Men are more afraid of a living Wife than a dead one.

Stand. 'Tis good Manners to leave you together however. [*Exit.*

Ang. 'Tis unkind, my Dear, after ſo long and tedious an Abſence, to act the Stranger ſo. I now ſhall die in earneſt, and muſt for ever vaniſh from your Sight.

[*Weeping and going.*

Wild. Hold, hold, Madam. Don't be angry, my Dear; you took me unprovided: Had you but ſent me Word of your coming, I had got three or four Speeches out of *Oroonoko* and the *Mourning-Bride* upon this Occaſion, that wou'd have charm'd your very Heart. But we'll do as well as we can; I'll have the Muſic from both Houſes; *Pawlet* and *Locket* ſhall contrive for our Taſte; we'll charm ours with *Abel*'s Voice; feaſt our Eyes with one another; and thus, with all our Senſes tun'd to Love, we'll hurl off our Cloaths, leap into Bed, and there—Look ye, Madam, if I don't welcome you home with Raptures more natural, and more moving, than all the Plays in *Chriſtendom*—I'll ſay no more.

Ang. As mad as ever.

Wild. But eaſe my Wonder firſt, and let me know the Riddle of your Death.

Ang. Your unkind Departure hence, and your avoiding me abroad, made me reſolve, ſince I cou'd not live with you, to die to all the World beſides: I fancy'd, that tho' it exceeded the Force of Love, yet the Power of Grief perhaps might

might change your Humour, and therefore had it given out that I dy'd in *France*; my Sickneſs at *Montpelier*, which indeed was next to Death, and the Affront offer'd to the Body of our Ambaſſador's Chaplain at *Paris* conduc'd to have my Burial private. This deceiv'd my Retinue; and by the Aſſiſtance of my Woman, and your faithful Servant, I got into Man's Cloaths, came home into *England*, and ſent him to obſerve your Motions abroad, with Orders not to undeceive you till your Return—Here I met you in the Quality of Beau *Banter*, your buſy Brother, under which Diſguiſe I have diſappointed your Deſign upon my Lady *Lurewell*; and, in the Form of a Ghoſt, have reveng'd the Scandal ſhe this Day threw upon me, and have frighted her ſufficiently from lying alone. I did reſolve to have frighted you likewiſe, but you were too hard for me.

Wild. How weak, how ſqueamiſh, and how fearful are Women, when they want to be humour'd! and how extravagant, how daring, and how provoking, when they get the impertinent Maggot in their Head!—But by what Means, my Dear, could you purchaſe this double Diſguiſe? How came you by my Letter to my Brother?

Ang. By intercepting all your Letters ſince I came home. But for my ghoſtly Contrivance, good Mrs. *Parly* (mov'd by the Juſtneſs of my Cauſe, and a Bribe) was my chief Engineer.

Enter Fireball *and* Marquis.

Fire. Sir *Harry*, if you have a Mind to fight it out, there's your Man; if not, I have diſcharg'd my Truſt.

Wild. Oh, Monſieur! Won't you ſalute your Miſtreſs, Sir?

Mar. Oh, Morbleu! Begar me muſt run to ſome oder Country now for my Religion.

Ang. Oh! what the *French* Marquis! I know him.

Wild. Ay, ay, my Dear, you do know him, and I can't be angry, becauſe 'tis the Faſhion for Ladies to know every Body: But methinks, Madam, that Picture now! Hang it, conſidering 'twas my Gift, you might have kept it—But no matter; my Neighbours ſhall pay for't.

Ang. Picture, my Dear! Cou'd you think I e'er wou'd part with that? No; of all my Jewels, this alone I kept, 'cauſe 'twas given by you. [*Shews the Picture.*

Wild.

Wild. Eh! Wonderful!—And what's this?

[*Pulling out t'other Picture.*

Ang. They're very much alike.

Wild. So alike, that one might fairly paſs for t'other.—Monſieur Marquis, *ecouté*—You did lie wid my Viſe, and ſhe did give you de Picture for your Pain. Eh! Come, Sir, add to your *France* Politique a little of your Native Impudence, and tell us plainly how you came by't.

Mar. Begar, Monſieur Chevalier, wen de *France-man* can tell no more Lie, den vill he tell Trute.—I was acquaint wid de Paintre dat draw your Lady's Picture, an I give him ten Piſtole for de Copy.—An ſo me ave de Picture of all de Beauty in *London*; and by dis Politique, me ave de Reputation to lie wid dem all.

Wild. When perhaps your Pleaſure never reach'd above a Pit-Maſque in your Life.

Mar. An begar, for dat Matre, de Natre of Women, a Pit-Maſque is as good as de beſt. De Pleaſure is noting, de Glory is all, Alamode de France. [*Struts out.*

Wild. Go thy ways for a true Pattern of the Vanity, Impertinence, Subtlety, and the Oſtentation of thy Country.—Look ye, Captain, give me thy Hand; once I was a Friend to *France*; but henceforth I promiſe to ſacrifice my Faſhions, Coaches, Wigs, and Vanity, to Horſes, Arms, and Equipage, and ſerve my King *in propria Perſona*, to promote a vigorous War, if there be Occaſion.

Fire. Bravely ſaid, Sir *Harry:* And if all the Beaux in the Side-boxes were of your Mind, we would ſend 'em back their *L'Abbe*, and *Balon*, and ſhew 'em a new Dance, to the Tune of *Harry* the Fifth.

Enter Standard, Lurewell, Dicky *and* Parly.

Wild. Oh Colonel! Such Diſcoveries!

Stand. Sir, I have heard all from your Servant; honeſt *Dicky* has told me the whole Story.

Wild. Why then let *Dicky* run for the Fiddles immediately.

Dick. Oh, Sir; I knew what it would come to; they're here already, Sir.

Wild. Then, Colonel, we'll have a new Wedding, and begin it with a Dance—Strike up. [*A Dance here.*

Stand. Now, Sir *Harry*, we have retriev'd our Wives; yours from Death, and mine from the Devil; and they are, at preſent very honeſt. But how ſhall ſhe keep 'em ſo?

Ang.

Ang. By being good Huſbands, Sir; and the great Secret for keeping Matters right in Wedlock, is never to quarrel with your Wives for Trifles: For we are but Babies at beſt, and muſt have our Play things, our Longings, our Vapours, our Frights, our Monkies, our China, our Faſhions, our Waſhes, our Patches, our Waters, our Tattle and Impertinence; therefore, I ſay, 'tis better to let a Woman play the Fool, than provoke her to play the Devil.

Lure. And another Rule, Gentleman, let me adviſe you to obſerve; never to be jealous; or if you ſhou'd, be ſure never to let your Wife think you ſuſpect her; for we are more reſtrain'd by the Scandal of the Lewdneſs, than by the Wickedneſs of the Fact; when once a Woman has borne the Shame of a Whore, ſhe'll diſpatch you the Sin in a Moment.

Wild. We're oblig'd to you Ladies, for your Advice; and in Return, give me Leave to give you the Definition of a good Wife, in the Character of my own.

The Wit of her Converſation never out-ſtrips the Conduct of her Behaviour: She's affable to all Men, free with no Man, and only kind to me: Often chearful, ſometimes gay, and always pleas'd, but when I am angry; then ſorry, not ſullen: The Park, Play-houſe, and Cards, ſhe frequents in Compliance with Cuſtom; but her Diverſions of Inclination are at home; She's more cautious of a remarkable Woman, than of a noted Wit, well knowing that the Infection of her own Sex is more catching than the Temptation of ours: To all this, ſhe is beautiful to a Wonder, ſcorns all Devices that engage a Gallant, and uſes all Arts to pleaſe her Huſband.

So, ſpite of Satire 'gainſt a marry'd Life,
A Man is truly bleſt with ſuch a Wife.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

Ventre bleu! vere is dis dam Poet? vere
Garzoon! me vil cut off all his two Ear:
Je ſuis Enrage—now he is not here.
He has affront de French! Le vilainē Bête!
De French! your beſt Friend!—you ſuffre dat?
Parbleu! Meſſieurs a ſerait fort Ingrate!
Vat have you Engliſh dat you can call your own?
Vat have you of grand Pleaſure in dis Town,
Vidout it come from France, *dat vil go down!*
Picquet, Baſſet; your Vin, your Dreſs, your Dance;
'Tis all, you ſee, tout Alamode de France.
De Beau dere buy a hondre Knick-knack;
He carry out Wit, but ſeldom bring it back:
But den he bring a Snuff-box Hinge, ſo ſmall
De Joint, you canno ſee de Vark at all,
Coſt him five Piſtoles, dat is cheap enough,
In tre Year it ſall ſave half an Ounce of Snuffe.
De Coquet, ſhe ave her Ratafia dere,
Her Gown, her Complexion, Deux yeux, her Lovere.
As for de Cuckold—dat indeed you can make here,
De French it is dat teach de Lady wear
De ſhort Muff, wit her vite Elbow bare;
De Beaux de large Muff, wit his Sleeve down dere. *
Ve teach your Vifes to ope dere Huſbands Purſes,
To put de Furbelo round dere Coach, and dere Horſes.
Garzoon! ve teach you every Ting de Varle;
For vy den your damn Poet dare to ſnarle?
Begar, me vil be revenge upon his Play,
Tre touſan Refugee (Parbleu c'eſt vray)
Sall all come here, and damn him upon his tird Day.

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* Pointing to his Fingers.

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What d'ye call it?
Wild Gallant
Wit without Money
Woman's a Riddle
Wonder, by Centlivre
Zara, by A Hill, Eſq.

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